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~~ENTOMOLOGY~~

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Experiments, and Winter Work Therein.

BY WILDER GRAHAME

Friend Doolittle hit the nail on the head when he says in Dec. Bee-Keeper that the occupation of the apiarist petween November and May is a pretty good indication of his success during the honey season. In fact a great part of the success of that season depends wholly upon previous preparations of our supplies and of ourselves.

The progressive bee-keeper is never satisfied. Not a season passes but some experiment is either tried or considered. Hardly a day passes but some improvement or its need in the construction of our impliments is suggested, in many cases to be again dismissed because of insufficient time during the busy season to follow out the idea.

The bee man who divides his time into the busy and idle season manufactures for himself a great deal of unnecessary hurry and lost labor. There shonld but one season—all busy—and that would then be far less exacting than under the spasmodic system. During the summer months however, the work will be largely physical, and in the winter mental. Of course I do not mean *exclusively* by *largely* Mental and physical labor can never be divorced in successful bee management in any season.

There is no time like the winter months for making improvements in our summer tools. Schemes and devices originated in the field of action during the summer must too often be set aside or adopted with too little deliberation. Doubtless many an idea of real merit has been lost to the world because when first put into use in its immature crudity it failed to equal expectations. On the other hand more than one bee keeper has tried to his sorrow experiments that a little deliberation would have prompted him to modify or reject entirely.

The honey season in its height demands action, prompt and unhesitating—the poorest condition in the world for experimenting. Yet without experiments there can be no progress. The way out is to perfect the experiments and all apparatus accompanying them before the time for their trial. Often, generally, in fact, any great defect will show itself in the model before put into service if time can be taken to look

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subject fully. If the invention of itself is valuable no doubt any defect may be overcome by a little patient study, such as we are not able to give in summer. Important discoveries as a rule are the results of deliberate study rather than of instantaneous revelation. And the study is not done when the bees are in active protest at our presence either.

To illustrate my own idea of the best way of conducting experiments I will relate one I am myself preparing. Perhaps it is not an experiment with some, but it is wholly so with me as I have never heard of a similar method being used :

In my own apiary, which is by no means a large one, is an eye sore, or rather, two of them. Any one who has ever had one or two old-fashioned box hives in the midst of the later patterns will understand what I mean. Everything must be carried in three sizes in my apiary, and during such operations as packing for winter, etc., one finds about as large a list of inconveniences attached to such an assortment as can well be imagined; in fact I mentally, perhaps audibly, vowed last autumn when I packed them that it was for the last time. True, I said the same a year ago, but dreaded the job of transferring, besides I hadn't the time when it should have been done. I divided my year into busy and idle seasons, you see, so had to "get along" in more things than one in consequence.

My proposed experiment is to be in connection with this transferring, and part of it is to be done this winter; at least the part of thinking it over and talking about it with other apiarists. Then I have carefully measured my box hives and am constructing a secure but easily removable rim around the tops of two of my empty Simplicity hives. This is just right for the other hive to rest on and includes a strip so placed as to close the entrance to the box hive when in place.

Next spring these prepared hives will be placed upon their summer stands in the usual manner, the racks already supplied with empty comb or starter. No cover or cloth will be used. Upon the top of this, on the rim platforms, the box hive is to be set when taken from the packing box. The result will be simply a two-story hive, the only unusual feature of which will be the two kinds of hives used for the two stories, and the fact that the colony is located in the upper story. After a few days the top story will be examined and any of the outside racks containing no brood or honey removed. a cloth below, and division board at the side, shutting the bees away from this empty part of the hive. Frequent examinations thereafter will doubtless allow the removal of more racks one by one. As the bees begin their work I believe they will direct much of it to the lower story. Then only such racks above as contain brood need be left. By this time I hope the queen will have gone below, or at least be easily driven there. By constant care and a little patience I do not see why the transfer cannot be made with no shock whatever to the colony. This gradual method may be objected to by some on the ground that it takes up too much of the bee's active season before they are settled in their new quarters, but I do not think it will be hardly a disturbance to them at all. There will be no loss of brood. The comb, with whatever honey it contains, as removed from above may be fastened into Simplicity racks that may ultimately replace any remaining empty in the lower story when the upper one has been removed. And throughout the entire process there need be no violent disturbance of the bees or their arrangements. I believe one of the great secrets in bee management consists in performing all work with the least possible disturbance to the bees, and I don't believe the above method of transferring will disturb them to any great extent. After the box hive is empty of bees, or so nearly so that they may easily be driven down, I will remove it, and, taking off the rim on which it set, replace with a Simplicity story. In this I will feed them liberally for a while and endeavor to have them fairly well stocked up by the time the real honey flow begins.

Is there anything radically wrong in my plans and theory?

Is there not reason enough for expecting it to succeed to warrant its trial?

Will it do any harm to try, beyond the loss of time and labor?

If it succeeds is it not an improvement over the old method?

Such are the questions one should ask himself and study upon before trying an experiment and there is no time for deliberative study like the winter season. Talk it over with neighboring bee men. Submit it to your favorite journal for discussion among more distant apiarists, not forgetting to put a little study on the plans that others submit, too. (Please remember mine, just outlined, in your comments), and if this, with the work outlined by brother Doolittle, does not keep you occupied during the "idle months" it will at least lighten your labors and make them more effective during the " busy season."

A Bit of Experience.

BY MRS. L. HARRISON.

By reason of so many poor seasons following each other in succession, many bee-keepers are neglecting their apiaries. Is this wisdom, after much time and labor has been expended in acquiring the knowledge of how to manage these industrious little insects? It is questionable whether manufacturers who shut down rather than run their works at a loss, do not lose more in the end by the deterioration of their machinery, than if they had continued in operation. And when the demand for their goods came, they would be in condition to supply it.

There are fewer colonies of bees in the country now, than there was previous to the seasons of drouth, and great care should be exercised to preserve as many colonies as possible during the winter. Many persons commence bee-keeping with a brass band and a grand flourish of trumpets, and close with the sheriff. I have such a one in remembrance: he purchased the apiary of a first-class bee-keeper who was about to emigrate to the far West; it was Spring, and the colonies were ready for business. A good season followed, and the apiary stored a large amount of honey; the owner boasted that he was going to show us all how to keep bees, and that his bees had already paid all expenses, and he now had all his bees and hives beside. Did he invest in standard works on bee-culture, or periodicals devoted to their care? Not much! he kept it in his pocket. The winter following was a severe one, and the following summer a huge pile of hives, their only tenants being moths, was all there was left of a once valuable apiary when intelligently and carefully managed. He consoled himself that he had not lost anything.

Since the advent of poor seasons, the increase of colonies has not been equal to winter losses. Last spring in this locality, fruit bloom was mostly destroyed by the March freeze; after a careful investigation of the prospect of honey in the future, we came to the conclusion that it would not pay to feed. There was no white clover to speak of, and the basswood usually yields only a day or so. The colonies made a living from wild-cherry, locust, dandylion and other flowers, and from forty colonies, ten swarms issued. They were in fine condition for the fall flow, and when the surplus honey was removed it averaged 12½ lbs. to a colony, mostly comb of fair quality. As there had been no outlay in money and very little labor expended, we concluded that they paid very well. The combs not in use had been stored the previous summer in the cellar, with the windows protected with wire gauze. After the combs had been carefully looked over three times and all grubs of the moth removed, no more appeared, as not one had been allowed to mature. This summer they remained in the cellar and required no care, for no moth could enter to deposit her eggs in them.

THE OUTLOOK.

The wise man says what has been, will be again, and from present prospect there will be next season a crop of white clover. The pastures were never better during September. By reason of long continued warm, slow rains, white clover has returned.

Peoria, Ill.

Italianizing, Etc.

BY CHAS. H THIES.

In reply to F. J. C.'s queries on page 180, Dec. No., I will try and give my views:

1st. What is the best way to Italianize an apiary of 50 colonies? This depends a good deal upon conditions, some of which are your experience, your surroundings, what kind of bees you and your neighbors have. If you have black or hybrid bees in your surrounding country it will be useless for you to try to rear your Italian queens, as all will surely be hybrids, but if the bees in your territory are already largely Italians you may succeed in having a goodly number of purely mated queens. Then, after testing them, those that are found to be mismated may be replaced with more young queens which will also need to be tested, but this is slow work and will require a whole season or more, therefore if you want to Italianize and do it quick it would be best to get untested queens from some good breeder whose surroundings are of such a nature that 99 in 100 of untested queens will prove to be purely mated. I am supposing that you have read enough bee literature to be thoroughly posted in rearing good queens. If I am wrong in this then this letter may be of little benefit to you and you should ask which is the best method of rearing good queens. Of course in rearing your own queens you should have a good queen to breed from. You should not only consider the color and markings of a breeding queen, but gentleness, prolificness, and longivity, etc. In conclusion of this question, will say the best way usually is to get untested queens and introduce them to your 50 full colonies.

2d. What is the cheapest way to do so and when? The cheapest way surely would be to buy a good breeder and rear your 50 queens, i e., if your time will permit, and you have the necessary experience, knowledge and surroundings. As to the time of Italanizing I would say in the spring when the heavy flow begins, but before honey is coming in, in earnest. Any season of the year will do when it is warm enough to handle bees, but it is always best when a little honey is coming in, as then they will be most easily and successfully introduced.

3d. Are Italians any better than hybrids for comb honey? No, or at least usually not. I think hybrid bees give comb honey a nicer finish than do Italians, if any difference, but there are other things to be considered. Italians are able to get honey where blacks and often hybrids are unable to get at it. Italians are usually more industrious, and always more quiet and gentle in handling. I believe it would be safe to say that two Italian colonies can be worked or handled while you handle one hybrid colony, or at least I know I can, and often would prefer to handle three Italian to one hybrid colony. This will be a saving in time, and should be considered if time is money. Last, but least, they are a nice looking bee. Give me Italians every time for honey and for working with. If I have failed in answering your questions to the point, will try again if so requested.

Steeleville, Ill.

Some of the Rocks upon which my Bee-craft was Wrecked.

BY MRS. L. HARRISON.

In the early days of my bee keeping I eagerly read all papers from beekeepers who described their ways of performing work in the apiary. I was determined to "get there," and thought that if I followed in the footsteps of those who were there I would untimately reach the goal. Many of these writers were so well versed in bee lore, that they could not comprehend, that many of their readers knew comparatively nothing about bees, and were not explicit enough in their *modus operandi.* A friend told me how to make soap with lime, and when I attempted it, the result was neither soap nor whitewash: when I told her of my failure, she said "you didn't do it right, you should have done so and so." If she had given directions, "so and so" at first, I would not have failed, and so it has been with bees.

SPREADING BROOD.

One very cold winter made havoc with our apiary. There was only a remnant of bees left, and it was our thought day and night how to increase their number so as to occupy our tenantless hives. Mr. Doolittle had given directions about spreading brood, so I put on my spectacles, and took the Bee Journal into the apiary, laid it open upon a hive, and weighted down so it would not blow shut, read and worked according to directions. The result of my pains-taking labor was that I destroyed all the colonies where I spread the brood. Mr. Doolittle would have known that the medicine was too strong for such weaklings, but I did not realize it. I've no doubt but that if I had let these colonies alone they would have pulled through all right, but separating the brood and inserting an uncapped comb was too strong medicine. I've come to the conclusion that all feeding had better be done in the fall; do not excite them to activity in the spring, but keep them warm and let them alone.

ARTIFICIAL SWARMING.

That bug-bear of my early days in bee-keeping, that my bees would swarm and run off, pursued me by night and day, and like Banquo's ghost "would not down." To prevent their running off, when a colony was working in surplus boxes, I would divide them. Authorities told me to give these new swarms a queen cell, which I did, and was chagrined to find it soon destroyed, and that they had constructed queen cells. I learned that if I had left the new made colony until they had first constructed cells and then had given them a mature one that it would have been respected, and when the queen emerged she would have destroyed all the others. I am in hopes that the seasons will return when bees will swarm. I prefer to have colonies swarm once and no more.

Peoria, Ill.

We are now furnishing the Higginsville Hive Covers, having arranged with the inventors to manufacture them.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ED. AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir:—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you. The sections and foundation which you sent me arrived all right. The sections were perfect in every respect. I do not see how they could be made any nicer. Have not yet opened the foundation.

In the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, page 94, you give instructions to dampen sections in the grooves before folding. I think that this is wrong. I always dampen mine on the outside, because the groove is cut so exact that it closes up tightly when folded. Now if water is put into the groove the ends of the wood take up the water very fast, which swells them so as to change bevel, and when folded the faces of the grooves come together before the sections are folded up square, thus straining the outside of the corner and often breaking them open.

My bees had a nice flight on December 15th. Yours truly,

S. M. KEELER.

Chenango Bridge, N. Y., Dec. 23, '94.

(You are quite right about dampening sections in the grooves, There is more or less loss by breaking. We have never tried dampening them on the outside, but think quite likely that it is the better way.—Ed.)

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

OUR EXTRACTOR

BEE PARALYSIS.

We have never seen but one case of this disease, which seems to be quite a formidable impediment to honey production in the south, though of no special importance in this latitude. Prof. Cook has examined many cases and decides that starvation is the cause, though the first of last June he thought it a sort of la grippe. While this decision is from a wise man on the subject in question, allow your co-worker in practical apiculture to take issue with the learned professor, and when time may prove us correct, and the salaried gentleman wrong, please recall to mind what we said about it.

Starving bees act quite similar to those with the paralysis, but successful robbers are more like them in appearance. It would be as logical to charge the effects up to robbing as to starvation, but neither would be correct in our opinion. We do not pretend to know, but from reports and the one case we have examined, we believe the following, taken from the American Bee Journal is correct. It is on page 240, present volume, from the pen of Getaz Adrian, of Knoxville, Tenn.. We quote:

"Some of the readers of the Bee Journal will be somewhat astonished to learn that bee paralysis has always existed here, more or less, in all or nearly all the apiaries; at least for seven or eight years, and probably much longer. Nevertheless it is a fact. The malady is much worse some years than others, ahd generally much worse in the spring, precisely when we can the least spare the bees. Workers, drones and queens are infected, I have seen drones with the symptoms of the disease ejected from a queenless hive, the same as diseased workers. Frequently I have had queens not more than one or two years old, disappear during the honey-flow, or at some other unexpected time. I suppose they were superseded when found too sick to do their duty.

The first spring than my bees died in considerable number, I thought they had been poisoned by somebody spraying his trees too soon. A year or two later I fed outside and concluded that the shiny bees, dying around the feeders, had been daubed in the syrup, and the others had pulled their hair in trying to lick the syrup.

It is a fact that the diseased bees will hang around the feeders longer than the others, but perhaps it is because they are not strong enough to fly in the fields.

My first eye-opener on the question, was during a honey-flow. I had accidentally left some honey from burr-combs close to the hive, and when I came back I found the pretended robbers trying to get into the hive, and the burr-combs untouched.

Well, what is the disease? Cheshire says it is a bacillus much smaller than the one that produces foul brood, and of a much slower growth. It is found in the grown bees more than in the broods, and more in the queen than in the workers. Cheshire calls it *Bacillus Gaytoni*, his attention has been called to it by Miss Gayton. Miss Gayton thought the disease was connected with the queen. and has succeeded in curing it by changing of queens.

Somebody may ask here what bacillus is.

Bacilli are microscopic critters' in the shape of a stick. These sticks grow rapidly under favorable circumstances, and when they reach a certain length, break into two or more pieces. These pieces grow as well as the first ones, and break also, and so on as long as there is plenty to eat, and the other circumstances are favorable,

When the feed is about to give out, the last 'stick,' instead of growing and breaking, contracts themselves into. egg-shaped 'spores.' These spores are to the sticks exactly what the seeds are to the plants. They can be kept like seed perhaps for years, under certain circumstances, without any change, and then when placed in the right conditions, develop into sticks again, and these sticks multiply like the original ones as long as they are favorably placed to do so.

Foul brood is caused by a bacillus called *Bacillus alvei*, which developes rapidly in the brood, but seemingly under difficulties in the bodies of the grown bees, though it is found there also. The spores are transported from one cell to another, also from one hive to another, by the bees, and even the apiarist. The disease can be prevented from spreading to the healthy hives by spraying the diseased bees with some antiseptic (phenol or salicylic acid). The operator is also to wash his hands and instruments carefully.

But these spores cannot live exposed to the air very long, some say not more than a few hours. On the other hand, they will keep their vitality almost indefinitely in honey, and when honey containing spores is fed to larval bees, the 'sticks' develop at once with astonishing rapidity.

Owing to the impossibility of reaching everywhere into the hive, and in all the honey, with anticeptics, the treatment with such have generally (not always) failed.

There is a similar disease attacking the silk-worms, but of a more slow growth, and developing itself in the moth as well as in the worm. If the attack is strong, that is, if the bacilli are numerous, the worm will succumb before spinning its cocoon, but usually dies in the cocoon. Often the silk-moth comes out of the cocoon and lays her eggs as usual. In such cases spores are found not only in the body of the silk moth, but also in the eggs: and of course these eggs hatch diseased worms.

Generally, the spores come from the excreta of the diseased worms, or the putrified bodies of the dead ones, and are swallowed by other worms when eating.

By what proceeds, it seems as though bee paralysis is much more like silk-worm disease than foul brood. Like silk-worm disease, bee paralysis developes itself gradually, and attains its full development in the grown insect. I have never seen any brood that did not look perfectly healthy, but for all that it might be diseased already—only on account of the slow development of the *Bacillus Gaytoni*,the disease would not show itself until much later

The silk-worm disease is disastrous; bee paralysis comparatively not. This may be due to the fact that as bees void their excrement, and also die outside the hive (except in winter) the spores contained in their bodies are generally carried out. I do not know whether the queen transmits the disease to the brood by her eggs or not, but the fact that removing the queens has often cured the disease, seems to point to that direction

What can be done? The treatment used to cure silk-worm disease cannot be applied to bees. The chief part of it consists in a microscopical examination of the eggs to acertain if there are any spores in them, and reject all but the healthy ones.

Two processes suggest themselves: Since the disease resides chiefly in the grown bees it is probable that salicylic acid administered in syrup, or some other antiseptic, would destroy the disease. The other consists in removing the queen to be sure she cannot transmit the disease to her brood through her eggs or otherwise; and at the same time spraying the bees and combs with some antiseptic (salicylic acid, phenol, sulphur or prehaps salted water) in order to destroy what spores might be in the hive, and repeating the process until all the diseased bees should be gone.

The bees themselves help a good deal in checking the disease, by ejecting and literally carrying out the diseased bees; and since bees void their excrement outside, and also die generally outside of the hive, most of the spores are thus carried away. Someone has insisted, however, that the dead bees ought to be collected and burnt so as to avoid any danger from that source· I have not tried any thing yet.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 30."

Someone will be asking us what we are going to do about it? Well, we have not got the lesser plague in our apiaries, and the first thing we are going to do is what we have been doing, viz., be careful not to borrow it by bringing queens or any other supply into our apiaries from any other until we are assured of freedom from all contagious diseases. We have kept bees in large numbers over a quarter of a century and none of these troubles yet.—Dowagiac Times.

ITALIANIZING AN APIARY.

A subscriber wishes me to tell in the Review the best way to Italianize an apiary of fifty colonies. He also wishes to know which is the cheapest method. That for which we pay the least money is not always the cheapest. The best is usually the cheapest in the long run. Yes, he asked me one more question, and that is, if the Italians are any better than hybrids for comb honey. I think I better answer the last question first, as, if he means by hybrids a cross between the Italians and blacks, I can simply say "no," and it is done with. As I take another look at his letter I see he also wishes to know when he better do the work. This better be cleared away before attacking the main question. I would do it after the main harvest is over. If the queens are to be bought they can then be secured at the lowest price, and are probably as good as those that are reared earlier in the season. My next choice would be quite early in the season, before much honey was coming in or the brood nest had become very much extended. The greatest objection to this time of year is extra price that must be paid for queens. From the approach of the main honey flow to its end I would not disturb the reigning queen of a colony that I was working comb honey. Any slack in egg-laying allows the workers to take the advantage by storing honey in the brood nest, and once they get the start of the queen, the colony is ruined for honey purposes.

The point as to which is preferable, buying or rearing queens is something that each bee-keeper must decide for himself. If the owner of fifty colonies does not propose to do any other work during the working season except taking care of his bees, he will certainly have abundant time in which to rear his queens. If he has some other work whereby he is earning good wages, and the bees are a sort of side-issue, it will probably be cheaper and better to buy the queens in the fall.

If the queens are to be reared, how shall the work be done? I must confess that I never have been called upon to Italianize an apiary of fifty colonies, rearing my own queens, but I think that I should go at it in something this fashion: Early in the spring I should buy two tested Italian queens and introduce them to two of the colonies, allowing these colonies a great abundance of drone comb. I should then examine all the other colonies, cutting out the drone combs and replacing it with worker comb. Of course, the bees will crowd in a few drone cells in corners, but, by using queen and drone traps any stray drone can be caught, and I would like the traps anyway to catch the queens when the bees swarm. When a hive contains a young queen nearly old enough to mate, the trap must be removed until she has flown. This will occasionlly liberate a few drones, perhaps, but they will pe so outnumbered by the Italian drones that but few queens will be mismated—perhaps none.

When the honey harvest is well under way I would remove the queens from two populous colonies. In about three days I would place a nice, clean, dry, worker comb, not more than a year or two old, in the center of each of my colonies containing the Italian queens. About the time that all of the brood is sealed in the colonies deprived of their queens, the eggs will just be hatching in the combs given to the Italian queens. I would then cut out all of the queen cells that had been built in the queenless colonies, giving the combs of just hatching larvæ. Cutting a few holes in the comb just where the larvæ are beginning to hatch will greatly increase the number of cells built. Two or three days before the queens were ready to hatch I would start as many nuclei as there were cells. This I would do by taking a single comb of bees and brood from a colony and placing it in a hive close by the side of the hive from which it was taken, and by the side of the comb I would place an empty comb. The next day I would cut out the cells and give them to the nuclei, giving the queenless colonies another comb of eggs from which to build another batch of cells with which I would start more nuclei. If I found it necessary to start more cells I should give the cell-building colonies more bees by shaking them from the combs of other colonies, or else by taking a queen from a swarm and dividing the bees between the two colonies. When these

Italian cells are the right age, any colony that swarms can have its cells cut out, and an Italian cell given it, which will settle the matter for that colony.

By this management I should expect that the end of the harvest would find me with a few Italian queens already introduced, as just explained, and by the side of each colony not thus furnished with a queen would be a nucleus containing a laying Italian queen. I would then remove the black queens, leave the colonies queenless until they have sealed over some queen cells, when I would cut out the cells and introduce the Italian queens by simply lifting the combs, bees, and queens from each nucleus and setting them in the queenless hive. Possibly the precaution of leaving the bees queenless so long is not needed, but it is a sure thing.

I should be glad of criticisms and suggestions upon the above.—*Bee-Keepers' Review*

WINTERING BEES IN CLOSED APARTMENTS.

In warm countries, as in Italy, for instance, the hives are often placed in frame buildings, each hive having a hole in the southern wall, through which the bees can fly out. The room is carefully closed in winter, and, as the outside temperture gets rarely lower than a few degrees under the freezing point, the bees can stay in good health for the winter, even when they have nothing else to live on but heath honey or honey-dew. But in this country, such a dwelling would not succeed. We have seen it tried, and the owner of the bees lost all—about 40 colonies—when he made the experiment.

It is true such a room could be warmed, but the result would be about the same, for it is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the temperature of the room exactly between 45° and 46°; for, very often, a warm day is followed by a very cold night, or *vice versa.* When the mercury rises to 48°, or more, the queen begins to lay, and the bees, unable to fly out, become uneasy. On the other hand, at 35° or 38°, the bees eat more to raise the temperature, and as soon as their intestines are filled, they get the diarrhea. Besides, in both cases, they suffer from dampness.

It is therefore less difficult and more safe to winter bees in silos or in cellars. I have tried the silos for three years. These silos were dug in a sound well-drained field. They consisted in ditches as long, large and deep as was necessary to accommodate the hives. On the bottom of these ditches I placed two scantlings to support the hives a few inches above the the ground. When the hives, without tops or bottoms, were placed, I covered the ditch with a slanting roof made also of scantlings, on which I spread a good coat of straw, then of earth, and a second coat of straw and earth. To give some air to bees, I built two chimneys, two inches square inside, at both ends of the silos.

During the first two years, the winter having been dry and cold, I succeeded splendidly; but, when I unearthed my hives after the third winter, I found every comb damp, or even moldy, a part of the colonies were dead, and all the others were more or less depopulated, the winter having been warm and moist during the usually coldest months.

Some bee-keepers, built on purpose, cellars which are half below and half above the surface of the soil. I have never tried them, and I suppose that such cellars may succeed on the condition that their walls are sufficiently thick, and furnished with double doors for the entrance, with straw between to shield the inside against the fluctuations of the outside temperature,

As to the cellars under inhabited houses, I have tried them with success, yet I prefer to winter bees on the summer stands.

As a part of the subscribers of this paper live farther North than I do, and as bees cannot endure a seclusion of two or three months, I will give the conditions which I think the best to succeed.

The cellar ought to be mice-proof, dark, well aerated, and as dry as possible; yet I have seen water wetting the soil under the hives without bad results.

The cellar ought to be deep enough under the surface of the soil to prevent its temperature from being too much influenced by the outside fluctuations of the weather. Of course its ceiling, unless it is vaulted, ought to be plastered, or otherwise well protected. The space of ours, between the floor above and the ceiling, is filled with sawdust, and the bee-room is seperated from the part of the cellar used for the needs of the household, by a double wall made of boards with sawdust between the sides.

A bee-cellar must be provided with some ventilation from the outside. Some bee-keepers ventilate their cellars by means of pipes dug in the earth. I did not try these pipes. My cellar has two windows and shutters with a wire-gauze petween. The air that slips through them seems to suffice, although these windows and shutters are nearly always closed; for we never open them, except during cold nights, when the weather has been to warm in daytime. Of course we keep a thermometer in the cellar; but we could do without it, for, as long as the thermometer remains between 42° and 46°, and the bees are so quiet that it seems that they are all, or nearly all, dead; while at 48°, or more, the bees are uneasy, the queens have begun to lay, if this temperature has been maintained for a few days, and the workers are impatient to fly out. On the other hand, when the temperature of the cellar goes down to 40° or less, the workers flap their wings to raise it; then they eat more, their intestines are soon filled, and they get the diarrhea. So the noise of the bees is a good indication in the wintering in cellars.

Some German bee-writers advise bee-keepers to give water to bees wintered in cellars. I tried it long ago. with bad results.

A wise precaution, not to be forgotten, is never to put bees into a cellar but after a clear, warm day, during which all the bees have flown outside to get rid of their feces, as there is more room in their bowels to keep the residues of their digestion during their long captivity.

I consider it also necessary to mark the place of every colony in the apiary, so as to return them as exactly as possible on the same spot, and to commence the moving of the bees by those which are located the farthest.

The best time to bring the hives in the cellar is during a cold day following a warm one. If the bottoms of the hives are movable, it is better to leave them on their place, using a false bottom to convey them to the cellar, where a bottom is not useful. As soon as a hive is placed, its top ought to be moved, so as to give the bees a current of air inside, and wedges about two inches in thickness should be laid on the top of the ceiling to separate the hives from one another.

The bees ought to remain undisturbed in the cellar until March or April, according to the latitude. They should be removed in the morning of a warm day, to give them a chance of flying out. As soon as about 10 are returned to their old place. it is well to wait about 10 or 15 minutes before removing another batch, to prevent a too crowded flight of bees at the same time for sometimes they fly out in such numbers that they mix together and go in the most populous hives, to the detriment of the weaker ones.

When bees have not suffered during their seclusion, this removal is easy; but if they have become uneasy, especially if they have suffered from the warmth of the cellar, during one or two weeks or more, they are ready to leave the hive in whibh they have suffered, and desert in crowds. They mix with others. Then you find hives with two or three balled queens, which have deserted their own with all the bees. You try to return these queens with some bees, but you do not succeed very often, and cure the business. I have experienced such annoyances, which have deterred me from wintering bees in cellars.—*Chas. Dadant, in Prairie Farmer.*

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

TERMS:

50 cents a year in advance ; 2 copies, 85 cents ; 3 copies, $1.20 ; all to be sent to one postoffice.

Postage prepaid in the U.S. and Canada; 10 cents extra to all countries in the postal union and 20 cents extra to all other countries.

ADVERTISING RATES:

15 cents per line, 9 words; $2.00 per inch. 5 per cent. discount for 2 insertions; 7 per cent. for 3 insertions; 10 per cent. for 6 insertions; 20 per cent. for 12 insertions.

Advertisements must be received on or before the 20th of each month to insure insertion in month following. Address,

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

☞A blue cross on this paragraph indicates that your subscription expired last month. Please renew.

EDITORIAL.

A new year ! What joys, sorrows, successes or failures it has in store for each of us is happily hidden from us, that we may be the more contented with our present circumstances, and should the best be our fortune we can enjoy it yet more, while, on the other hand, should misfortune be our lot, we need not suffer twice o'er in anticipation of it. It is better to be an optimist and look always on the brightest side of things than to suffer doubly by constantly being on the look-out for something "bad" to turn up. The optimist is naturally of a cheerful disposition, you can recognize him almost instantly, while the pessimist, he who sees little good not only in himself and his prospects, but in his fellow men, is always living in constant dread of what *may* happen, and he finds little real enjoyment.

The optimist often makes success of failure, the pessimist more often failure of success, he looks for misfortune, anticipates it, gets ready for it, and is disappointed if it does not come.

The successful bee keeper is naturally an optimist, were he not, bee keeping would soon be of little consequence as an agricultural pursuit. We must look always for a better season next year than has been, and use all diligence to make it successful. The past year was a series of trials for many bee keepers, manufacturers and publishers. Those who pulled through are entitled to a reward the coming season, and let us hope they will receive it. We shall try to make the American Bee Keeper much more interesting, and have in contemplation several changes which will make it of much more value to our subscribers. We have endeavored to run a journal for the special benefit of the beginners in bee keeping, and to that end have used great care in the selection of articles, and have kept our columns free from all scientific contributions, etc. To do this has at times been a rather difficult matter, as the subjects pertaining to bee keeping are not unlimited and it is necessary to often "rehash" old subjects. We trust our readers will appreciate this and be lenient with us accordingly if at times we present subjects that seem worn out

"There has been a good deal written in regard to advertising, but I think there is one point which has not as yet been fully emphasized; viz.: that the advertiser must not be disappointed, nor blame any one, if he gets no return from one insertion of an advertisement, especially if he is a new man. We will say that Mr. A, for instance, orders one insertion of an advertisement, offering queens. He is a new man, and is apt to expect that, within four or five days after the appearance of his card, he will get a large number of responses; but he forgets that Mr. B, a well-known queen-breeder, offers queens just as cheap, just as good, and is *known* to be reliable. It is the most natural thing in the world for bee-keepers to buy of those who are well known. I do not mean to discourage one-insertion advertisements, but usually they do not pay unless some special inducement is offered in the way of extra quality, extra low price, or something novel, that everybody wants to see and get. But even then a plurality of insertions is far more liable to get better returns for the money invested."

The above item which recently appeared in *Gleanings* has been copied in some of the bee journals with an "amen" attached, and while we will not disagree altogether with the ideas set forth, our own experience, which has extended through several years and amounts to thousands of dollars, has convinced us that a single insertion of an advertisement pays better on the amount invested than a continuous run. Also a certain amount is invested to greater profit in a single advertisement than a like amount which is invested in a continued ad. The first time an advertisement appears it is seen by a large proportion of regular readers and if of interest to them it has the desired effect, should it appear twice, a half dozen or more times it is seen by but a few more readers. Newspaper publishers and advertising agents invariably argue that "continuous advertising pays best." It is certainly in their interest to do so, but granting that their opinions are unbiased, are they in positions to judge? Is not the advertiser the one who knows? *All* advertising, either "continuous" or "spasmodic" does not pay. It all depends upon the wording of the advertisement, or the articles advertised as well as the character and circulation of the paper in which the advertisement appears. There is no doubt continuous advertising pays (if any kind will) but if one has a certain amount to spend he will receive more returns if a single advertisement is placed in several papers than if it is placed several successive times in a single paper.

The first 25 subscriptions received after January 15th, either new or renewals will receive free two sheets of popular music with beautifully lithographed covers. Original value, 60 cents a copy. This is a great offer.

The remarks made by us recently in reference to a "mutual admiration" society have touched some tender spots among our fellow publishers. We are glad this is so, still the spirit of our remarks have in some instances been sadly misconstrued. No one likes to have "everything harmonious" more than the writer, at the same time one should preserve at all times his individuality and independence, remembering that what appears in the columns of his paper should be of interest to *all* his readers and not some individual one. For instance, who cares if "Bro. A. has lost a valuable cow," or "Editor B. had the grippe last week?" If Bro A." or "Editor B." is a personal friend convey your sympathy to him by a personal communication. Don't take valuable space in your editorial columns to do so.

W. M. Gerrish, of East Nottingham, N. H., carries a large stock of our supplies and will furnish them at our catalogue prices, so any of our customers who live nearer to Mr. Gerrish than to us will save some freight by getting their supplies from him.

On Jan. 29, 30, 31 will be held in Mayville, N. Y., the first annual exhibition of poultry, pigeons and pet stock of the Chautauqua Lake Poultry Club. Entries close January 22. A large lot of valuable premiums will be offered.

The first number of the American Bee Journal for 1895, has appeared in an enlarged form. It is much improved in other ways.

Our annual catalog for 1895 will be mailed about Feb. 1st to all our customers and subscribers and those who have asked for a copy during the past year.

The annual meeting of the Ontario County, N. Y., Bee Keepers Association will be held at Canandaigua, N. Y., Jan. 25, 26, 1895. This will be the most interesting meeting of bee keepers that will be held in N. Y. state this winter. A special invitation is extended to bee keepers living out of the county. *Come Early.* Everybody come. By order Prest.

VERMONT.—The next annual convention of the Vermont Bee Keepers Association will be held in Middlebury, Vt, on Jan. 30 and 31, 1895. Programs will be prepared and mailed later. Let every Vermont bee keeper begin NOW to prepare to attend, and all those who can reach Middlebury, whether you live in Vermont or not, we want you to come. Barre, Vt. H. W. SCOTT, Sec.

GREAT OFFER! We have made arrangements by which we will furnish a copy of the latest edition of A. B. C. of BEE CULTURE (paper cover) with *Gleanings* and the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER one year for only $1.75, or the A. B. C. and BEE KEEPER for 90 cents. If cloth binding is wanted, same will be furnished for 25c extra. THIS OFFER ONLY GOOD UNTIL JAN. 1ST.

The above offer appeared in our December number. We have made arrangements to keep the offer open until February 1st.

The *trade discount* on orders until February 1st is 3 per cent.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE FINEST OLIVE OIL.

Curiously enough the crudest and most barbarous process of all produces the very finest grade of oil, a grade so fine and rare, indeed, that it is seldom used, in America, at any rate, except for the lubrication of watches and delicate machinery, and in surgery. A stone vat is built with a small internal depression. Over this is erected a heavy frame of untrimmed timber supporting at its center, which is also the center of the vat, a vertical spindle which supports a horizontal rod upon which is affixed a heavy roller of hard wood, in the Oran district of Algiers, or of porous stone in Morocco and in the hill region of Tunis. In some of these regions the women are the oil makers, and may be seen tramping round and round the vat, tugging the pole in pairs, while another woman stirs the mass in the stone trough, the children, generally in a state of Adamic simplicity of attire, standing or squatting about watching the proceedings with infantine interest. When the pulp has been sufficiently mashed. the women scoop it up in small quantities into bags which are wrung into stone jars and pots. These latter are sealed with cloths coated with wax, and in this shape are shipped to Europe, where the contents are carefully decanted into flasks and vials containing a few ounces each, and bringing a high price in the large cities of the world, chiefly, as has been said, for extra fine mechanical purposes, though, like the "truffles of Avignon," it also reaches the table of the epicure.—*From "The Olive and Olive Oil," in Demorest's Magazine for January.*

WHERE DUCKS BREED.

The breeding-places of the Chesapeake ducks are in Canada, where they are being destroyed in vast numbers by the cutting away of the forests which shelter the lakes and pools where they harbor, and by the use and sale of their eggs. Thousands of these eggs are annually marketed, and by these methods, rather than by the numbers actually shot, they have been greatly diminished. This condition of things seems to be beyond remedy, since a State cannot make a treaty with a foreign power; and the general government is not likely to interfere on behalf of what is practically a Maryland industery, or to provide such compensation as Canada might see fit to ask if a proposal were made to her to protect the ducks in their native habitant. So the prospect is that fifty years will see the extermination of the finest wild fowl in the world, and one of the most prized delicacies of the table.

The range of the wild duck reaches almost from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle. It lives through the summer in the far north, in Greenland, in Iceland, Lapland, Siberia, and, as we have shown, in Canada, until the time when the waters in those regions become frozen, so that it can no longer obtain its food. Then begins its flight southward, sometimes reaching as far as India and Egypt, and, in this hemisphere, the Isthmus of Panama.—*Calvin Dill Wilson, in January Lippincott's.*

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Dec. 20, 1894.—Good demand for honey. Large supply. Price of white comb 15c. per lb.; Amber 12c per lb.; Extracted, white 7c per lb.; amber 5@6c per lb. Market is well stocked with fine white comb honey and will sell low.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 21, 1894.—Fair demand for honey. Supply better than expected. Price of comb 14@15c per lb. Extracted 6@7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 24@25c per lb. There seems to be more honey thanwas looked for and the market is well supplied.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1894.—Steady demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 9@14c per lb Extracted 5@6½@7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax at 28@30c per pound. Light supply. Owing to the warm weather the honey demand has been good. and think it will continue so until after she holidays.

H. R. WRIGHT.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1894.—Fair demand for honey. Ample supply. Price of comb 10@14c. per lb Extracted 5½@7c per lb. Demand very good. Supply light. Prices of beeswax 26c to 28c per lb. Light supply. The trade is now quite generally supplied with honey and the demand not so great.

CHAS. MCCULLOCH & CO.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 20, 1894.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 14c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb.

E. E. BLAKE & CO.,
57 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 20. 1894.—Fair demand for honey Fair supply. Price of comb 14 to 16c per lb. for best white. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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VOL. V. FEBRUARY 1895. NO. 2.

Section Holders.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes me asking if there are any section holders used by any one which can be contracted and expanded at the pleasure of the apiarist, so that as few or as many sections csn be used at any time according to the requirements of different colonies or the wishes of the apiarist. As I have used something along the line wanted, for several years, perhaps it will not be amiss for me to describe what I use in the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER so that any can make use of what suits me, if they so desire, for the same is not applicable to any bee hive now in use which has a cap or hood. All that is necessary is to make the sections and wide frames so they will fit the top of the hive you wish to use Get all the pieces out true and square, after which nail them up over a true square form, so that each wide frame will fit true and square against its neighbor, for our section holder or surplus arrangment is to be made out of a number of wide frames. We will also use separators on these wide frames if we wish universally nice honey. If we wish to use them on the tiering up plan, the tops and bottoms are to be slotted out so that they are a plump quarter of an inch narrower tnan the ends. If never to be tiered up, then the bottoms only are to be slotted as above as far as the sections come for if the tops and bottoms are made a ¼ inch narrower their whole length the bees could run out at the ends of the wide frames. Having the wide frames made, the next thing is to nail on the separators. After using several kinds of material for separators, I prefer tin to anything else. The nailing on of this tin has much to do with our liking or disliking wide frames, for if nailed on loosely so as to kink and bulge, the operator will become disgusted with them. The first year or two, to draw the tin tight, I used a hand vise so arranged that I could pry over one end of the wide frame, thus stretching the tin so tightly that it would ring when hit a little. While thus working one day I noticed that in drawing the tin very tight I often sprung the top and bottom of the frame out or in, as the case might be and from this I soon had a way of putting on the tin perfectly every time. I made a form a trifle shorter than the frame was long, outside measure, this form being perfectly true and square, which gave advantage over the vise method, for with that the frame was sometimes drawn out of true. Next I made a block the size of the inside of the frame, except a little shorter, and of the same thickness, which was tacked to the form. To use it I sprung or bent the top and bottom barts of the frame just enough to shorten it until it went into the form, when I laid on the tin separator, placing a straight edge on top of the tin and a weight on this. I now had the tin just where I wished it, with all bulging taken out of it, when it was nailed fast to the wide frame. Upon removing it from the form the top and bottom bars sprung back into place again, thus drawing the separator as tight as a drum-head. After the wide frames are all made and the separators put on they are to to be fillәd with sections, when they are ready to be keyed together so as to form our section holder or surplus arrangement. I have tried all ways of keying these wide frames together, using a clamp or super, etc., all of which I did not like, for I wished a plan that wouid allow of my using as many wide frames on a hive as I pleased, as the correspondent suggests; from two up to twelve, according to the strength of the colony; for often with the old plans we are obliged to give too much surplus room to start with. Finally I accomplished what I was after by procuring some rubber bands about three-fourths of an inch wide which were cut into pieces about two and one-half inches long. To one end I attached a fine stout string, by means of a slip knot, about three inches long, and to the other end, about twenty inches long. The short string was firmly tied to a nail driven into the end of one of the two boards which go at the sides of the outside wide frame, used to shut the bees in the surplus arrangement, another being attached to the opposite end of this board in the same way. In each end of the other board which is to go opposite to the first, so that both sides may be closed, is driven a steel wire nail having a big flat head, the same being driven home to within about one thirty-second of an inch of its head, so that when a string is wound around it a little more than once, it is clamped as securely as if tied. The wide frames of sections are now placed on the hive, two, three, five, eight or twelve, as the colony or our wishes require, putting on the little outside boards to close all, draw the rubber till a strong tension is made, and wind the string around the tack. In this way the wide frames are held as in a vise, yet they give all the lateral movement required so as to use the right number which the apiarist may desire, and can be taken off as one super or each wide frame separately, tiered up, reversed. interchanged, etc., according to the views of the most exacting, by using enameled cloth or thin boards to cover that part of the top of the hive not covered by the wide frames, when less than the full number are used. Lately I have been using coil wire springs in place of the rubber bands on a part of my hives and find that these give a much stronger tension than the rubber bands, and are more durable. Still the rubber bands answer a good purpose, wearing well for four or five years, when they must be renewed, as they get weak and rotten; while the springs remain unchanged for a lifetime. As the season draws to a close, no more wide frames are put on to take the place of the full ones taken off, and so when the season closes we have no more on than when we commenced, thus doing away with many unfinished sections at the end of the year.

Borodino, N. Y.

In the Land of Flowers.

BY MRS. L. HARRISON.

Some bee-keepers get discouraged when the honey crop fails, or they lose their colonies by reason of the severe cold of winters, and get uneasy and want to change where every thing is all right. This Eldorado will prove an *ignis fatuous* to those who attempt to catch it.

On the 15th of December I left my home at Peoria, Illinois, and came to this land of flowers. On my arrival, vegetation had more the appearance of the month of June than December: rose-bushes were laden with bloom of every hue, and lemon trees had ripe and green fruit and bloom. Many pear trees were loaded with a second crop of half-grown fruit. Orange trees had golden fruit amid the green leaves, and were making young wood rapidly.

On the night of the 27th of December ice formed, and on the 28th the the thermometer went down to fifteen degrees above zero. Vegetation was in the very worst condition to stand a freeze: orange trees will lose their foilage, tender branches, and some will be killed to the ground. The extent of the damage cannot be estimated at present. Many lemon and fig trees will be killed to the ground. Satsoma oranges on trifoliate roots have suffered the least.

Bee-keeping in this locality is on the increase and improved fixtures are being slowly introduced. A bee-keeper told the writer, that his surplus honey the past season, averaged forty pounds to the colony, which he considers one-third of a crop: his apiary is located near the bay, so that his bees have only half of a circle, as honey producing plants do not grow in salt water. It is feared that many colonies will die of starvation, as the weather had been so very warm, that bees had been rearing brood rapidly, and consuming their stores.

St. Andrew's Bay, Fla. Jan. 9, 1895.

5-Banded vs. 3-Banded Bees.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

The subject now, going the rounds of the bee journals is Race of bees. By comparing the many different views and arguments, it appears to be about ½ doz. one way and six the other, although I have seen but little if anything said in the *Bee Keeper* on this line. I think a few remarks would be of some benefit to the readers of this journal, particularly to those that have never tried the 5-banded variety. I have bred both the 3-banded and 5-banded Italians for years both for my own use and for sale, therefore have had a little experience with them. I also invariably hear from queens sent to customers. From my own together with my patrons experience I have long ago come to the conclusion that one variety of bees give best return in one section of country, and another variety do better in another section or in another climate, and on different pastures, there is not a season but what I have noticed that different varieties of bees work on different blossoms, for instance we will take our fall honey plants, Heartsease, Spanish needle, Astor, and a few other honey plants, which all furnish honey at the same time to some extent, now if you have different varieties of bees in your vacinity, notice the different blossoms and you will invarably find, very yellow bees working on one class of plants, and dark bees on another class. If you have'n't the different variety of bees in your immediate vacinity you may find some 8 or 10 miles away. Again I have noticed when only one kind of blossoms were producing honey, that either the light or dark colored bees were very busy storing honey while the other variety was doing nothing. During past years I have had some inquiry for black queens the parties would state that by long experience they had found, that they were the only bees that would produce honey in their section of the country. Do you think this could be all in the minds of the bee-keepers? I think not. Now I would just say that I am not partial, in fact I would rather breed the 3-banded bees and queens, but the favorite bee for my location is the 5-banded variety, not because they are more beautiful and gentle, but because they produce more honey in my locality, winter well and late, but remember that while they do best with me, they may not with you, therefore I think the best way to answer this question would be to let every bee-keeper try for himself, first in a small way, whereby he will be out but little if anything, should certain varieties not prove profitable. While considering the quantity of honey produced by the different variety of bees, you should also consider the quality and appearance. Appearance with some may not improve the flavor or taste, but it surely has a great deal to do with others, as the difference in price if offered for sale will prove.

Steeleville Ill.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee-Keeper.—Dear Sir: I send you $1.00 in this letter. Please extend by subscription to the American Bee-Keeper for the amount overpaid.

Bees are wintering finely at this date. Their stores are nearly all golden-rod. I commenced the season with 67 colonies, mostly Carniolans and natives, increased to 100 but doubled back to 77 colonies which are in the cellar on L frames with one empty hive underneath. After 12 years experience I find this to be the best way for my locality. I have taken over 2000 pounds in $4\frac{1}{4}$ x $1\frac{5}{8}$ sections, and considering the fine quality of the honey and the large amount stored for winter use think the season is a good one with us.

I would just like to say how I unite colonies in the fall, which is very simple. The danger of loss I find is very small, not over one per cent. During the cool days in the latter part of September I select those colonies I wish to unite, always choosing two colonies of about equal strength. If possible the hives should be selected two and two, those which are nearest. No. 1 should be moved part way between, and the top removed and smoke blown on them. No. 2 should then be lifted from the bottom board and a little smoke blown under and then placed on No. 1. Stop up the second entrance at once and remove the other stand, bottom board &c.. Bees seem to be better satisfied if each have some stores, although I have united them when one was destitute and placed the feeder on at once, feeding the required amount for winter during the night. I find those colonies that are united are always the strongest in the spring, and strange to say they use less stores than the single colonies.

Henry Alley says that bees from two queens die off more rapidly when united. I find this a mistake in this locality, and contrary to his advise I find we have just so many more bees. These are the colonies that can be divided with profit long before the swarming time.

I pay no attention to queens without there is a difference, in that case I always remove the oldest one the day before, marking the hives to be united. I will say right here that I believe the Carniolan crossed with our native bees, for all purposes are the bees for this northern climate. I have bought several of these Queens from Mr. Lockhart the past season and find them all very prolific. I believe their crosses are an improvement. I find the crosses are not inclined to swarm more than other bees.

N. A. Blake.

Beebe Plain, Vt., Jan. 15, 1895.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

FARMERS' INSTITUTES AND THEIR RELATION TO APICULTURE.

Institutes have already become in some States a prominent factor in the promotion of a certain kind of knowledge, and they will grow in number, and increase in influence all over the country as the general public becomes better acquainted with the manner in which they are conducted, and the great good they may accomplish. Missouri held forty institutes this year, and I am informed that Illinois has made an appropriation of $50 for each institute and is to hold one in each county in the State. Other States are sure to follow in the footsteps of those already holding such meetings, just as soon as they realize how much benefit they are to the general public. In fact, a large number of the States are now holding such instituths every year.

There can be no question but what these institutes offer an excellent opportunity for the promulgation of a general knowledge of apriculture. From my standpoint there is no better opportunity than they offer for reaching the people of small towns and rural districts. I may remark in passing that I am not a very strong advocate of bee-keeping as an independent industry, especially in some localities. Take a State like Missouri for example, and I am inclined to think that the future of apriculture rests with the farmers and the fruit growers. In other words, I am confident that the sooner this industry is reconized as a legitimate branch of agriculture the better it will be. If one takes this view of bee-keeping, then surely there is no better place to talk bees and advanced apriculture than among the farmers. Institutes, however, are not made up entirely of farmers, as the towns and small villages are generally well represented, especially at the evening meetings. Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for men who believe in bee-keeping as a specialty to so educate the people with regards to the nature and value of honey as a food as to largely increase its consumption.

Perhaps it may be well before I go any further to explain the nature of institutes and how they are conducted, as all of your readers may not understand this fully. I will assume that they are conducted in the same way and along similar lines in all of the States, and take Missouri for my example, as I am better acquainted with the method of procedure in this State than I am with others.

These institutes are held under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture. This Board, in our State, is made up of one member from each congressional district, appointed by the Govenor for a term of three years. The Govenor, the Superintendent of Public Schools, and the Dean of the Agricultural College are ex-officio members. The board appoints a Secretary who, under its direction, conducts most of the business of the board, and has all to say about holding institutes, and the speakers to be employed. Each fall the secretary gives notice through the agricultural press that a certain number of institutes will be held in the State. From the applications he receives he selects such places as are the most accessible by public conveyance, and can be reached without to much loss of time by the speaker, and arranges for institutes in these localities, announcing the dates in advance. All expenses are paid by the State except that the local community is expected to furnish the hall in which the meetings are held. Sometimes they go to the further expense of furnishing music, and in some communities they offer quite liberal premiums on household and farm products. The State furnishes at its own expense speakers who are to open the discussions in their particular lines, and then a general discussion of the subject follows. Of course, the speaker is supposed to understand throughly the branch of agriculture which he represents, and the audience is permitted to ask as many questions as it desires, he being expected to answer them. This part of the meeting is very helpful and sometimes very interesting ; and, I may remark, would satisfy the most cranky crank on the question-box.

Now, surely, no one will fail to see that here is the bee-keeper's opportunity to sow good seeds, if the right man can be secured to represent the industry at these institutes. How, then, are we to secure a hearing? First, it may be brought about in this way : Let bee-keepers in each community see their local member of the Board of Agriculture and show up to him the importance of the industry, and thus a friendly feeling may be created for apriculture among the members, which may proove an entering wedge toward the securing of some good men to represent the industry at all of the institutes of the State. Failing to bring it about in this way, then let bee-keepers see the secretary, who as I said above, generally employs the speakers, and get him interested in in apiculture. and then the rest of the work will be comparatively easy. If he cannot be prevailed upon to employ a bee-keeper as one of the regular speakers, than let local bee-keepers in each community where institutes are held attend all of the meetings, and when an opportunity offers, talk bees the best he or she knows. Where there is a will, there will be found a way. Of course, no cranks on special lines, nor venders of patent hives should be permitted to represent the industry, for if they are, the institute people will soon shut down on the whole business. If the bee-keeper can talk poultry, as I have at the institutes in Missouri this year, or any other branch of agriculture, he will be that much more likely to get a hearing and get employed by the State. The secretaries, or those who engage the speakers, are always looking out for good men, and one may be assured, if he has something of value to say, and knows how to say it, and when to stop—a *very* important point—he will not want for a chance to tell what he knows. T. B. Terry spends all of his time during the winter in this kind of work, and is in constant demand, simply because he has something to tell of real value to the farmer, and the States are glad to pay him for telling it.

I may say further, that it will be better if the man who talks bees at a farmers' institute does so from the standpoint of apiculture on the farm, and not as a speciality. If he does not believe that the farmer and horticulturist should keep bees, he would better stay away from the institutes, in my opinion.

If all these plans fail in securing a hearing, then I think it would pay the State Societies of each State to employ a man at their own expense and send him to all of the institutes, held in the State. But if we can make the members of the various Boards of Agriculture feel that bee-keeping is an industry of some importance to the farmer, and that we as bee-keepers are ready to co-operate with them under all circumstances, then I do not think there will be any trouble to get a hearing.—E. T. Abbott in *Bee-Keepers' Review.*

APIARY CONVENIENCES.

Some bee keeper have "passed the stage of lugging around a tool box." I would inquire where they keep their small untensils. In the shop, I expect. Then when a queen is balled and they want a cage, they make a special trip to the shop. Of course the queen is secure. The bees will hold her. But suppose a colony has swarmed out and united with another colony, or is trying to enter a neighboring hive. The visiting queen is likely to be on the outside of the hive and the other inside, but in the midst of a ball of strange bees. On arriving at the shop the cages are not so soon picked up as they might be. A short search gives time for both queens to get inside the hive and become balled. Then when they are caged, it is impossible to tell which from which. Then when the intruding bees miss their queen, they will take wing again and perhaps try to join another colony. If they succeed another queen will be balled, and perhaps killed. At this point comes the idea of having a plentiful number of cages on a convenient shelf.

My experience with such shelves reminds me of a mixture of queen cages, dust, honey, and many other tools. Many cages necessitate a box to retain them, or they gradually spread out untill they drop off the ends of the shelves and are kicked about on the floor. If they are kept in a box, why not have the box follow after the apiarist, instead of the apiarist following after the box? There is nothing which is obliged to go out or in the shop besides the supers of sections or exacting combs, either empty or filled. The care of supers and honey is shop work. Four-fifths of the outisde work is queen rearing, and nearly all the queen rearing is yard work. Then the handiest place for a box of cases is setting on top of one of the central hives. It not only needs an opening in the side when the same is used as a seat, but there is advantage in a hinged cover to admit of easy access to several apartments, so that different untensils may be kept separate and be readily taken out. It must be absolutely dry, and if a hinged cover is no provided, a flat piece of tin may be attached with a nail in such a manner to be pushed to one side.

If the bees are bred up to a high stage of perfection in regard to working qualities, there might not be much need of to much extensive supersedure or rearing of queens, but in most apiaries I have seen strains of bees present a most uncertain admixture. This makes the need for much selection and breeding. Usually the new queen are selected by the cells of swarming colonies or by varied selection of queen mothers and promiscuous drones.

A better plan seems to be to select about four colonies out of the apiary, as breeders of queens and drones. Then rear queens by thirties and forties from each colony. Then introduce young queens in rotation by thirties and forties. In an apiary of 120 colonies, there would be only three or four different strains. These would be of the best, and provide a sufficient number of queens of each kind and age in particular, from which a selection could be made for the object of further improvement. With only three or four different strains or kinds, their department is easily remembered from year to year, and from week to week during the season. By ordinary modes of selection amongst many varying circumstances, there is a tendency to breed downward even more than upward.

I reared queens by forties this season, and although but 150 queens were wanted for supersedure, by a rigid method of sorting it required nearly 400 in order to get the 150.

By this method of queen rearing it requires about thirty-five introducing cages, seventy-five cell protectors, 150 zinc entrance guards, sixty escapes, several shipping cages, nails of several sizes, a bee brush, a long bladed knife, etc. A man with an apron to carry all these things would put Santa Claus in the shade, and amuse outsiders equal to Friends Dibbern and B. Taylor, with their swarm-catching apparatus in full blast.

After orange bloom there came a

spell when the bees did nothing. A few days later, I discovered some extensive fields of mustard, which were yielding an appreciable quantity of honey. It was concluded to move ninety colonies into the vicinity as soon as possible, and in finding a satisfactory location to place the hives, it took about twenty miles to travel on foot, and I arrived at the apiary at two o'clock. The queens were to be clipped before moving, and I went about the clipping that afternoon. By using the seat for four or five hours, I became thoroughly rested from my long forenoon tramp, so that by evening I was ready to wrestle with hives and take a load to the new location. Now the point is here—one is not obliged to use a seat unless they want to do so, but a standing posture long continued, or much travel, is sure to divide and absorb muscular and nerve force that should be concentrated upon the one particular part of the work.

Cages, cell protectors, escapes, entrance guards and record cards, should have a particular apartment. The brush, knife, pencil, chisel and scissors, pockets. Then a large apartment for a "catch-all." Nails for attaching entrance guards and drone traps, and tacks for queen cages and record cards, should there be kept in separate boxes. To make these boxes, take two screw caps, together with the screws, place the concave sides together in the manner of two cymbals, and solder together at the points of contact. There will be a screw cover on either side. These boxes may be carried from hive to hive, and are not easily tipped over when sitting, and instead of wearing away the finger nails in picking small nails from the corners of small apartments, they may be shaken out like powder from a flask. With covers screwed on they stay there, and keep the nails there, and when the tool box is overturned and water gets in, the nails will not rust and stick together. Toss the nail boxes into the "catch-all" apartment.—C.W. Dayton in *Progressive Bee Keeper.*

ITALIANS VS. HYBRIDS.—A STRONG PLEA FOR HYBRIDS.

The question has occurred to me whether apiarists have not laid too much stress on the supposed superior excellence of the Italian bees. I shall make no comparison of them here with the German bee nor shall I now question their superiority for the purposes of the student or of any who keep bees for pleasure or for the sake of open-air exercise; but for the specialist in the production of comb honey, I contend that the socalled hybrids, the cross between the German and the Italian bee is immeasureably superior. After several years' experience with hundreds of colonies, I take the ground with suprise that any should be found to differ, that he who makes the production of comb honey his principal business, cannot afford to spend his time in the busiest part of the season contending with the idiosyncrasies of the Italians.

My readers will bear in mind that I am looking solely from the standing point of the producer of comb honey; for the producers of extracted honey, the objections to the Italians are of somewhat less force. My chief reasons for the position above indicated are as follows:

First, the disposition which the

Italian possesses to keep on hand a large store of honey as near to the brood as possiable.

The evil of this appears as soon as the spring opens. The Italian is slow to attack capped honey especially that in the outer combs. She wants enough always in store to provide for some possible season of dearth. She chooses to rely on her own prudence and economy, rather than to exercise faith in the bounty of the opening season. The consequence is that the spread of the brood is not increased as rapidly as is desirable, and it requires considerable manipulation to overcome the disadvantage resulting this tendency.

Again, at the opening of the season for surplus honey, and from that time till the close of the season in the autumn there is an ever increasing inclination to clog the brood combs with honey, so that the force of the colony is greatly reduced before the close of the clover and linden season and rendered almost worthless so far as surplus from fall flowers is concerned. You may extract from the brood-chamber ; but, granting that that would in any degree remedy the evil, undertake to extract from two to three hundred comb-bridged brood chambers filled with clinging Italians in the height of the season, with swarms issuing and all the seasonable work crowding, and you will readily agree that it is impracticable. But suppose you should succeed in the work of extracting, what would be your chagrin to hear your yellow-banded economists chuckling with delight that you had given them a place to bestow their burdens without the necessity of prolonging their journey to the sections.

Someone may say, you have not tried "my" strain of Italians. I may not have tried the best strains of Italians, but suffer me to say that I have no faith in the purity of any strain that does not possess the above trait. There could not be a more fickle standard of purity than that of color. Many years ago I obtained two Italian queens, the first I had ever seen. From their first eggs I reared a lot of queens, which were mated before they were any Italian drones in my apiary, and I believe there were none in my neighborhood, as there never had been any indications of Italian blood among my bees until I had introduced it as above, yet one-half of this lot of queens produced bees as yellow as any I ever saw, the progeny of one of them being very plainly and uniformly marked with four yellow bands. Let him who is incredulous cross a white leghorn cock with dark brahma hens, and if color be the sole standard, the chicks from this cross will usually be the finest sort of white leghorns.

Second : my second objection to the Italian is the tenacity of her foothold.

This is some advantage in searching for queens and in other manipulations when it is not desired to divest the combs of bees, but in all other cases a vexatious, time-consuming drawback.

Smoke has little effect on your pure bur-footed Italians so far as driving them from the comb is concerned. In removing comb honey during the height of the honey flow this can be overcome without much difficulty. But the difficulty increases as the season progresses till at last it becomes almost unendurable. I think I am quite within bounds when I say that (except when the honey flow is not so great that the bees will not cease their work on the flowers to notice honey standing uncovered in the apiary), the work of removing honey from the hives will progress twice as rapidly with hybrids as with Italians, This is no small item when there are several tons to be remoevd.

Third : comb honey produced by Italians is never so regular in shape nor otherwise so fine in appearance. They never fail to bulge it or bridge it or fasten it to the separators on the slightest porvocation, and such defects not only cause much leaking and injure its sale, but cause much more time to be consumed in crating,

Fourth : Italians gather much larger quantities of propolis and dispose of it so as both to injure the appearance of the sections, and to interfere with the rapid manipulations of the different parts of the hive.

Fifth and the finally: in my somewhat extensive experience I find that the hybrids can be relied on to produce from twenty-five to forty per cent. more comb honey than Italians. The hybrids are always the ones from which I get my largest yields and all through the season they exhibit the more push. courage and enterprise.

And in my opinion there is but one point in which the hybrids suffer in comparison with the Italians and that is the irascibility of their temper. By the amateur and the beginner, this trait is greatly magnified and for such no doubt the Italian is the preferable bee. But for the experienced apiarist who has lost all concern about stings, I am forced to the conclusion, though formerly greatly prejudiced in favor of the Italians, that the hybrid is very much to be preferred.—R. L. Taylor in *American Apiculturist.*

FATE OF THE FARMER.

. The American farmer has long held a place greatly above that of the peasant of Continental Europe in his income and style of living, because he has been able to possess a larger tract of land, and greatly above the English tenant-farmer in his independence, because he has been able to own the ground he tilled. He will not continue another half century to hold this enviable position. The economic forces that have been at work in Europe have also been at work here, but not so long, and therefore they have not yet matured so much fruit. There have been Americans who imagined that our political constitution would protect us from the fate of the Old World. It would be as rational for a man to expect his knowledge of arithmetic to keep him dry in a thunderstorm.

Sometimes we find the American farmer slipping away from his acres, and sometimes we find his acres slipping away from him; as a result of both tendences there is a separation, widening with the lapse of time, between ownership and cultivation. The American farmer is following the English yeoman into extinction, and the creation of landlord and tenant classes has already made considerable progress here. Specialization is one of the incidents of evolution, and evolution in agriculture is giving us, instead of one class of farmers, who were simultaneously landlord, tenant and laborer, farmers of the three classes, permanently distinct.—Fred Perry Powers, in February *Lippincott's.*

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EDITORIAL.

This number of the BEE-KEEPER, as our subscribers and friends will notice, is double its former size. We have concluded that we have not been giving our readers enough for their money. Since we began the publication of the BEE-KEEPER we have endeavored to restrict the contents to subjects bearing directly upon beekeeping, and to that end have engaged at all times the services of the best "bee writers." Of late there has been a proneness on the part of nearly all the papers and magazines devoted to beekeeping to mix in matter foreign to that subject. We have in former issues found considerable fault with them for doing so, and we have not changed in our ideas on the subject. However, there seems to be a demand for something besides "beekeeping" in a magazine, something that will interest other members of the family perhaps, besides the bee man or woman as the case maybe. So we have decided to add a literary department which will be of interest we hope to everyone, at the same time taking care not to reduce the amount of pure bee matter. Of course to so greatly increase the size of the BEE-KEEPER, very much increases the cost of publishing it, but we will not increase the subscription price.

In a recent number we wrote somewhat at length concerning the holding of the next North American convention at Toronto, and deplored the fact that hotel acccommodations were likely to be scarce and rates high, and incidentally relating the Editor's experience while there in September last. Editor Holterman in the January number of the *Canadian Bee Journal* takes the subject in hand as follows :

> Friend Merrill we are surprised, but—tell it not in Canada, least the young men and maidens rejoice—that at last a Canadian has been able to get the better of an American cousin. In Canada it is generally considered that bargians too frequently result the other way. But laying all jokes aside in future when bee-keepers propose visiting the Toronto Industrial Exhibition drop brother Holterman a card and he will do his best to find a comfortable, convenient and moderate boarding place for you, or better still, he is generally at the Honey Department, call on him there and he will post you. For years, almost every year for the last fourteen years, we have attended the Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, and

it is the first time we have heard of very high rates being charged. Mr. O. Herscheiser, Buffalo, boarded at our boarding house this fall, within about half a mile of the exhibition grounds. The place was comfortable, we paid by the week $3.50, he paid for a day or so at the rate of 25 cts. for bed and 25 cts. for meals. Last year we got close to the grounds a dinner of turkey, celery, etc. etc. A good dinner, 15 cents. The hotels may on certain days be crowded, that is hotels near the center of the city to which everybody rushes. The details for the convention have of course to be worked out. but our idea at present is to get a hall not very far from the ground, in the same vicinity, there are good hotels at *reasonable rates*, and if a party of six, eight or ten want a good boarding house close to the hotel and hall at a rate of $1 per day or *less* probably, we will be able to direct you to them. Do not be afraid to come on the score of exorbitant rates, and if you have no friend and no other pointer and visit a strange city or deal with strangers take this with you:—*Before you buy anything ask the price.*

Now we are pleased to have things so clearly explained and we advise everyone who contemplates attending the next convention to write to Editor Holterman a few days previously, for we are not the only ones from the states who have been "taken in" by our Canadian cousins. The writer is acquainted with a gentlemen who actually paid $2 for a cot in a hotel corridor, but he could afford it as he is a bank president. In this instance the price was asked before the goods were bought, but it was either pay the price or sit up all night, and one is usually so tired when night comes after traveling all day that he will pay any price for a place to sleep—if he can afford it. Next time we will engage accomdations in advance.

By a series of unfortunate circumstances we have been delayed in getting out our annual catalogue. It is now being printed and will be mailed in a few days to all our customers and to those who have asked for a copy during the past year. On another page we give a synopsis of the most important changes from our last year catalogue. On orders of considerable size bee-keepers will find it to their advantage to write for estimate. Our goods are unqualled and prices low.

When we read of the long runs made by the Roots, A. I. and Ernest, on their wheels we almost turn green with envy. Such muscles, such endurance are almost phenominal, at least so it seems to the writer when he reads in January 15, *Gleanings*, where Ernest scored 109 miles in 9 hours, and the writer is a "century rider" too, in fact the captain of a "century club", but he don't take 109 mile spin in 9 hours for fun *very often.* Say Ernest, did you measure that run with a cyclometer or trust to the word of a "native"? Or did you have a 30 inch cyclometer on a 28 inch wheel? Honest, now!

This month we are sending a large number of sample copies to those who are not subscribers. We wish everyone who receives a copy to regard it as an urgent invitation to subscribe. The unusual inducements offered elsewhere ought to bring in many new subscribers.

What has become of the *Practical Bee-Keeper?* We haven't seen it for months.

The *American Bee Journal* began the year with a change in its form. It is now of 16 pages, each page about double the former size. While it has not materially increased the amount of composition the new form adds greatly to its appearance.

Advertisers will find the American Bee-Keeper one of the best paying mediums to be found anywhere. The fact that almost all our present advertisers have been with us continuously from one to four years is in itself the best recommendation we know of.

The spring crop of new bee papers has begun. The first to make an appearance is the *Nebraska Queen*, a very well gotten up 16 page mazazine. We wish it well.

Offer No. 1.

The American Bee-Keeper until January, 1896, for only 35 cents to new subscribers.

We are having a real old fashioned winter in this section, having had sleighing since about December 28th. Indications of a good spring business were never better. We are running our factory ten hours daily with over eighty hands, while a year ago at this time we were running but eight hours daily with only fifty hands.

Do not fail to read the list of valuable premiums offered for single subscriptions and clubs. Nothing like it has ever been before offered.

Every new subscriber gets a premium. Read the grand offers.

We have many customers in the New England states who would find it more convenient and a saving of freight to buy their supplies nearer home. For the benefit of such we have appointed W. M. Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H. as our eastern agent. Our goods can be obtained from him at our regular catalogue prices.

Offer No. 2.

To everyone whose subscription is received between the 15th and 20th of February, we will send free a beautiful sheet of music. (Sells at 75).

It is our intention always to mail the Bee-Keeper about the fifth of each month, but owing to our enlargement and an extra large edition we have been delayed a few days in getting out this number.

Great Offer To New Subscribers.

In order to increase the subscription list of the Bee-Keeper for 1895, we have decided to offer the magazine to new subscribers for only 35 cents from now until January, 1896, almost a full year. This offer will hold good only until April 1st, when it will be withdrawn. Enclose the amount in postage stamps.

At this writing we are experiencing the most severe run of cold weather that has been known in this locality for 30 years. For several days the thermometer has registered from 5° to 25° below zero, with more or less high winds and snow. No doubt many colonies of bees will be lost on account of such extreme cold.

PREMIUMS TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUBS.—Every single new subscriber received between February 15 and 20 will receive a beantiful sheet of music, retail price of which has been 75c. Any one sending two subscribers (at 35c for balance of year) will receive as a premium a genuine illuminum thimble (worth 25c) and two different pieces of music. For three subscribers, a copy of "How to Manage Bees" (worth 50c. With five subscriptions we will give one subscription free.

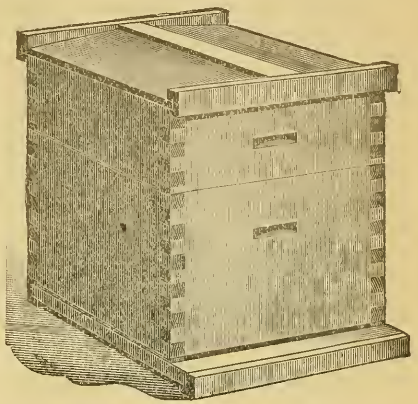
Only 35 cents for this 36 page magazine until 1896.

Our Catalogue for 1895

is now being printed. Although it will be thoroughly revised, the prices will not be much changed from those of 1894.

Owing to the advance in the value of crude beeswax, the price of Comb Foudation has advanced 5c a pound. This advance has been made by all large manufacturers.

Dovetailed hives will be furnished when so desired and requested with the Higginsville Cover, which is a combination of the Flat and Gable Covers, allowing the tiering up advantages of the Flat Cover and the water shedding feature of the Gable cover. Hives with this cover are same prices as with Flat Covers. Dovetailed Hives will also be supplied with Foundation Starters and nails, which will necessarily increase the cost about 20 cents a hive over last year.



We herewith show an illustration of Dovetailed Hive, with the Higginsville Cover. We have obtained permission to make this cover from the originators, the Leahy Manufacturing Co.

You will probably receive a copy of our catalogue within two weeks, but should you wish to order supplies of any kind or amount before then, you may do so from our 1894 catalogne, or that of any other first-class manufacturer, and we will fill your orders at our lowest prices, which are guaranteed always to be as low, and often lower, than those of any other reputable firm. Special care given to all orders entrusted to our care..

Order early and avoid the rush that

will surely occur later in the season. All goods can be shipped promptly now. Address plainly,

THE W. T. FALCONER MAN'F'G. CO.
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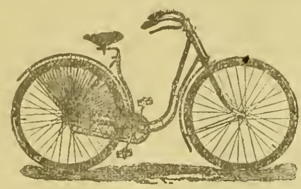

BICYCLE CHEAP.

We have a Lovell Ladies' Wheel, which was used a part of last season, and is now in perfect condition, which we will sell for $35.00 cash, or $40.00 in good wax. This wheel originally sold for $125.00, and at our price is a bargain. It has 28 in. wheels, Hartford pneumatic tires, Brake, very best grade saddle, Tools, etc., complete. Weight without tools, etc., 35 lbs. Also, a 22 lb. Rambler, purchased in August from the factory, now in perfect condition, good as new, belonging to the editor of this magazine, cost $125.00. Will sell for $65.00 cash, $70.00 in wax. This is equally as good a bargain as the offer on the Ladies' wheel. Address

AMERICAN BEE KEEPER,
Jamestown, N. Y.

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	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Sickrooms.

A medical journal urges, sensibly enough, that in the present extravagant expenditure in house building a little money should be laid out in arranging for a sickroom, built on the sunny side and equipped with at least the simple means for isolation and care of a sick person. Ventilation should be well considered. The walls may be of washable material—paint tiles or covered with waterproof bath paper. The plumbing should be out of but convenient to it. A little of the time and money invested in libraries, ballrooms and oriental parlors spent on an apartment whose use in an emergency not unusual to frail humanity may insure the comfort and safety to the family that is necessary to the enjoyment of the more luxurious rooms.

English Women's Shoes.

English women are teaching American women some important facts about footgear. We know today that a touch of patent leather removes the shoe from street use, except in case of walking to and from afternoon teas and luncheons. That only seal or calf skin suits the pavements; that low shoes are to be reserved for summer wear; that spats are not good form, except for men, and that laced shoes are the smart thing for the forenoon.

Health and Morality.

He who recklessly injures his health does not prove his unselfishness—he simply curtails his powers of doing good. And he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is thereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community.—Exchange.

Burns and Scalds.

A remedy for scalds and burns that one woman has used successfully for years is compounded as follows: Mix thoroughly equal parts of raw linseed oil, limewater and laudanum. Keep this mixture tightly corked, label it "poison" and set it on the top shelf of the most out of the way closet, so that inquisitive children will not get hold of it. It makes an excellent dressing, affording speedy relief from pain. Keep a soft linen cloth saturated with the mixture closely over the burn, excluding the air. Shake before using.—Washington Star.

TRUE TO A TRUST.

Mine is a railway family. One night, when it was just time to get out of the shed and take the 7 o'clock express, one of the cleaners comes to me to say: "Jim old So-and-so's took suddenly bad, and the doctor says he won't do any more engineering for days to come. You'd better see the superintendent."

Well, I trots off to the office, and when I got there, to my big surprise, I found the boss talking to my brother Jack. He'd just come in off a journey, and the superintendent was telling him he'd have to work the express through that night. "Here's your brother," says he, "will be with you, and you both of you know the road thoroughly well. You're about the only man on the spot that I can trust, and when I tell you that my own wife and little ones are going down by the 7 o'clock you'll see how much confidence I have in you."

Now, Jack, he'd never run an express before, but orders were orders, and we were nearly a minute behind as it was. So off we goes to the shed, Jack putting on the pea jacket he's just taken off and shouting to one of the lads to get him a tin bottle of tea and a crust. When we started out, we were nearly three minutes over the time, and it was one of those journeys where we had to look lively at ordinary times. We had to pull up those minutes somewhere on the line, and we went in to make the engine do her level best over a bit of straight road when we knew everything would be clear for a run of 15 miles.

We had got her up to a speed of over 60 miles an hour. We were fairly flying, and the old lady went leaping along like a greyhound. It's thundering hard work, let me tell you, is firing on a job like that. You'd hardly believe how the coals are gobbled up before you've hardly got them into the furnace.

And an engineer wants just two pairs of eyes and three hands, besides a cool brain, to look after his work, let me tell you. It looks easy enough to stand there and hang on to a lever and just keep your eyes open for signals, but an engine wants just as much humoring as a race horse, and the quicker you go the more she wants watching.

Well, Jack had just started the whistle in the usual way as we ran into a tunnel two miles long when a dreadful thing happened. The connecting rod on the right side of the engine broke. and I just heard Jack give one terrific yell as he saw it fly up and inward, when something seemed to come down upon me like forty thousand tons of pain and blackness, and I knew no more about it. I never heard exactly how it happened, but Jack said that everything seemed to go to pieces in front and around him, and he lost his senses too.

He woke up presently—it could only have been a second or two—in awful agony, burned and scalded and almost blind, to find himself lying on the tender, with the flesh all peeled on his hands. And then he remembered how the engine was rushing away to certain smash if he couldn't manage to get to the valve and shut off steam.

He said afterward that he could see the whole of the people in the carriages, like as in a mental photograph, laughing and chatting and carrying on, unconscious of the danger in front of them, and especially he thought of the superintendent's little yellow haired baby and his good natured wife, cuddling up in each other's arms as we had seen them just before we started.

How he did it he never could tell, for besides the rest of the damage one of his legs was badly broken, but he crawled down from the top of the coals, right into the blinding steam that kept on escaping from the broken gauge, and shut off the steam and wound down the brake. There was no Westinghouse then, and all we'd got was the old fashioned style of thing.

When the front guard jumped out to see what was the matter, he found that Jack had fallen insensible in the six foot way. As for me, they picked me up nearly a mile back of where the train came to a stand, and the two of us were taken away to the nearest house, while the guard went to the next signal box and got them to telegraph for help.

It was many a weary week before I was able to get about, and poor Jack, he lay between life and death for weeks longer. But he pulled through, and I must say that all the time we lay sick nobody could have been kinder than the officials of the company. As soon as we could go they sent us down to Seatown, and there we lived like fighting cocks till we were on the upward grade again.

At last, when we were just beginning to go for short walks together and pick up a bit, there came a sudden message that we were wanted at a meeting in the company's room, and off we toddled, wondering what it could be about. When we got there, the room was nearly full of folks, and there was the chairman of the line and the mayor of the town on the platform and a whole crowd of directors and other swells around them, with our superintendent and his wife and daughter. As soon as we entered there was such a hooray as you never heard before, and we were pushed along to the platform and helped up the steps before we'd time to ask a question. Then they gave us a seat each, and the chairman of the line he got up to speak.

Well, to cut it short, it turned out there'd been a collection made, and there was a gold watch and chain for Jack on the table, and a silver ditto for me, and a nice new silk purse chock full of money for my brother, and a crisp $50 note for yours truly.

Then Jack, he gets up and rubs the tears away with his sleeve, and he lifts up the child and kisses her. But he wouldn't take the money. Instead of that he takes hold of one ringlet of her pretty hair and says quite quietlike, "Can I have this instead, ma'am?"

And the superintendent's wife, she says, "To be sure you can!"

And then they cheered again and again till you'd have thought the roof would split, and Jack and me were driven home to our lodgings in the mayor's carriage, and there was no end of a to do. And when we were well enough there was a big dinner in Jack's honor among the people of the town, and another from the Aquarium people, and free tickets for us to everything in the place, and the ladies were sending him presents of books and a harmonium and all kinds of nice things till you couldn't rest until the nine days' wonder was over. And then they forgot us just as punctually as they always do in such cases.

Did I refuse to take my $50 bill? What do you think? No. I always admired Jack, both before and since those times, but if ever there was a soft hearted fool—well, no matter. We're not all made of the same metal, you see, and p'rhaps it's as well we're not. It's all over and done with now.—Exchange.

Two men in Mississippi had a fight in a room. One threw the other out of the window, and, thinking he had killed him, jumped himself. They fell a distance of 80 feet, and neither was hurt.

The Aroostook river took its name from an Indian word signifying good men.

A Trait In Common.

"My dear," said the man who had been waiting for his wife to get ready for the theater, "I'm inclined to believe that if you had been born a man you would have been a professional pugilist."

"Why?"

"Because it takes you so long to put on a pair of gloves."—Washington Star.

THE BURIALS OF POE.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE EXERCISES AT THE TWO CEREMONIES.

Mystery Veiling the Death of the Poet
The Latest Account Given by a Man Who Claims the Closest Personal Knowledge. Killed by a Drug.

In striking contrast were the first and last burials of Edgar A. Poe. On that dreary autumn afternoon in 1849, when the most original of American poets was laid to rest among his ancestors in Westminster churchyard, in Baltimore, only one carriage followed the body of the poet from the hospital where he died. The ceremony was scant, and the attendants scanter, for eight persons only were present. Poe had died under a cloud. His last hours were passed in the charity ward of a public hospital. He was buried in a poplar coffin, stained in imitation of walnut. It was a funeral such as a poor man, with few friends and relatives, might have had.

The mystery surrounding Poe's death has never been satisfactorily explained. The account given by Dr. John J. Moran, in his "Defense of Edgar A. Poe," is known to be incorrect and misleading. For instance, he gives the names of eight persons as present at the funeral, only two of whom were there. They were the Rev. W. T. D. Clemm and Henry Herring, both of whom were relatives of Poe. The other person who attended the first burial were Z. Collins Lee, afterward judge of the superior court of Baltimore, who had been a classmate of Poe at the University of Virginia; Neilson Poe, afterward chief judge of the orphans' court of Baltimore; Edmund Smith, a well known schoolteacher in Baltimore 50 years ago, and his wife, who was a first cousin of the poet; Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, the last editor of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, the paper from which Poe received the $100 prize offered for the best story.

Another of Dr. Moran's misstatements is that the body of the poet was laid in state in the large room in the rotunda of the college building adjoining the hospital; that hundreds of his friends and acquaintances came to see him; that at least 50 ladies received locks of his hair. Poe had few friends in Baltimore—not a dozen—and if "50 ladies received locks of his hair" they existed only in Dr. Moran's vivid imagination.

Poe was a mystery to the world during

life, his death was mysterious, and, although he has been dead 45 years, he remains a mystery still. Nine lives of the poet have been written, but the time and place of his birth have been differently mentioned by different biographers. The place of his burial was long a disputed point; the cause of his death and the circumstances attending it have not yet been definitely settled.

An old resident of San Francisco, formerly of Baltimore, gives what he says is a true account of Poe's last days and death. His story is:

"I was an intimate associate of Edgar Allan Poe for years. Much that has been said and written about his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the Widow Meagher's, an oyster stand and liquor bar down on the wharf much frequented by journalists. It was a respectable place, where parties could enjoy a game of cards or engage in social conversation.

"Poe was a sort of pet of the old woman, and he had a favorite seat just behind the stand. He went by the name of 'The Bard,' and when parties came into the place it was 'Bard, come up and take a nip!' or 'Bard, come and take a hand in this game.'

"It was in the Widow Meagher's little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper of a prize for the best original story, and it was there that he wrote his famous story, 'The Gold Bug,' which carried off the $100 prize. 'The Bard' had been shifting for several years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had not been in Baltimore for several months when he turned up one evening at the Widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in.

"He privately told me that he had been to Richmond and was on his way north to get ready for his wedding. It was the night before an election, and about 10 o'clock four of us, including Poe, started up town. We had not gone half a dozen squares when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the lookout for voters to 'coop.' It was the practice in those days to seize men, whether drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were open, then march them around to every precinct, where they were made to vote the ticket of the party that controlled the 'coop.' Our 'coop' was in the rear of an engine house, either on North or Calvert street.

"It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day we were voted at 31 different places and over and over again, it being as much as a man's life was worth to refuse. Poe was so badly drugged that after he was carried on two or three different rounds the leader of the gang said that it was no use to vote a dead man any longer, so they shoved him into a cab and sent him to a hospital to get him out of the way.

"The commonly accepted story that Poe died from the effects of dissipation is all bosh. It was nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum or something of the kind that was forced upon him in the coupe. He was in a dying condition when he was being taken around the city. The story by Griswold of Poe having been on a week's spree and being picked up on the street is false. I saw him shoved into the cab myself, and he told me that he had just arrived in the city."

The above account of Poe's last hours agrees in several respects with the account which the late Chief Justice Neilson Poe gave to the present writer.

The second burial of Edgar A. Poe took place on Nov. 17, 1875. The occasion was interesting and remarkable. An immense assembly, representing the education and culture of Baltimore, was drawn together to do honor to an American poet whose fame had gone abroad and whose genius was a subject of native pride. The ceremonies took place in the large hall of the Western Female high school, in West Fayette street, adjoining Westminster church, in the graveyard of which the body of the poet had rested for 26 years without a stone to show that it was the grave of the most unique genius that America had given to the world.—New York Herald.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS OF DEATH.

The Ingenuity of Some of Our Youngsters to Avoid the Inevitable.

Like the beginning of life, its termination, death, is one of the recurring puzzles of childhood, writes Professor Cully in The Popular Science Monthly. This might be illustrated from almost any autobiographical reminiscences of childhood. Here indeed the mystery is made the more impressive and recurrent to consciousness by the element of dread. A little girl of 8½ years asked her mother to put a great stone on her head, because she did not want to die. She was asked how a stone would prevent it and answered, with perfect childish logic, "Because I shall not grow tall if you put a great stone on my head, and people who grow tall get old and then die."

Death seems to be thought of by the unsophisticated child as the body reduced to a motionless state, devoid of breath and unable any longer to feel or think. This is the idea suggested by the sight of dead animals, which but few children, however closely shielded, can escape.

The first way of envisaging death seems to be as a temporary state like sleep, which it so closely resembles. A little boy of 2½ years, on hearing from his mother of the death of a lady friend, at once asked, "Will Mrs. P—— still be dead when we go back to London?"

The knowledge of burial leads the child to think much of the grave. The instinctive tendency to carry on the idea of life and sentience with the buried body is illustrated in C——'s fear lest the earth should be put over his eyes. The following observation from the Worcester collection illustrates the same tendency: "A few days ago H——, aged 4 years and 4 months, came to me and said, 'Did you know they'd taken Deacon W—— to Grafton?' I, 'Yes.' H——: Well, I s'pose it's the best thing. His folks (meaning his children) 'are buried there, and they wouldn't know he was dead if he was buried here.'" This reversion to savage notions of the dead in speaking of a Christian deacon has its humorous aspect. It is strange to notice here the pertinacity of the natural impulse. All thoughts of heaven were forgotten in the absorbing interest in the fate of the body.

A PIRATE'S DISCIPLINE.

The Rules of Conduct Observed on Board a Buccaneer.

The customs and regulations most commonly observed on board a buccaneer are worth noting. Every pirate captain doubtless had his own set of rules, but there are certain traditional articles that seem to have been generally adopted. The captain had a state cabin, a double vote in elections, a double share of booty. On some vessels it was the captain who decided in what direction to sail, but this and other matters of moment were often settled by a vote of the company, the captain's vote counting for two.

The officers had a share and a half or a share and a quarter of the plunder and the sailors one share each. Booty was divided with scrupulous care, and marooning was the penalty of attempting to defraud the general company, if only to the amount of a single goldpiece. Every man had a full vote in every affair of importance.

Arms were always to be clean and fit for service, and desertion of the ship or quarters in battle was punished with death. On one famous pirate's ship a man who was crippled in battle received $800 out of the common stock, and a proportionate sum was awarded for lesser hurts. Another allowed $725 for the loss of a limb, and other captains instituted a sort of tariff of wounds which extended to ears, fingers and toes.

In chase or battle the captain's power was absolute. He who first spied a sail, if she proved to be a prize, was entitled to the best pair of pistols on board her over and above his dividend. These pistols were greatly coveted, and a pair would sell for as much as $150 from one pirate to another.

In their own commonwealth the pirates were reported to have been severe upon the point of honor, and among one crew it was the practice to slit the ears or nose of any sailor found guilty of robbing his fellow.—New York Dispatch.

Easy Sum.

"What does 'quartered oak' mean, father?" inquired little Dennis McKay, who had been reading the advertisement of a large furniture manufacturing company.

"An here's the resoolts av iddication!" ejaculated Mr. McKay, with an expression of great contempt on his ruddy face. "Here's me b'y that's been a-addin an subthractin, mooltiplyin an dividin for the lasht sivin years coom nixt Daycimber, an has to ask his poor owld fayther the manin of a simple little soom loike that."

"Why, I didn't know"— began Dennis, much abashed, but his father gave a deprecatory wave of his right hand.

"And fwy didn't ye know?" he broke in. "Fwy? Because the cooltivation av common sinse is not included in your coorycoolum at school, that's fwy. Stand me oop in a row, an ask me how manny is elivin, sivinteen, twinty-wan and forrty-four, an it's mesilf that ud have nivver a wurrd to say. But let me casht me oy inter a windy where there's chape chairs an tables an other furnitoor, marked 'quarthered oak,' an the owld shtory av the apple cut inter four paces, that was larnt me as a b'y, cooms roight back to me.

"There's four quarthers to ivery blissed thin in this wurrld, Dennis, me son, an whin a table is 'quarthered oak' accoordin to the man that sells it, be the same token you may know it's thray quarthers poine, aven if he makes no mintion av it."—Youth's Companion.

Curran's Wit.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty."

"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practicing all night."

While thus lying ill, Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke.

"I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him

abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?"

"Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good humored priest, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."—Green Bag.

THE LONG ROD POLE.

The facts here related took place in the northwestern part of Maine about the year 1836, and although I was at that time very young, indeed a mere child, yet the peculiar character of the circumstances, the neighborhood excitement and the sad consequences which followed made an impression upon my mind that seems as fresh today as it did more than 50 years ago.

A few miles from my father's old farm there lived two well to do farmers whom we will call John and Calvin. They were related by way of marriage and were once great friends, but at the time my story commences they were most inveterate enemies. Their farms lay side by side on the county road, some few miles from the Androscoggin river. For many years they cut their hay in silence, each one mowing down to the dividing line with the precision of a master mechanic. Each owned a hundred rods, and through a part of the meadow ran a brook, which, like most meadow brooks, was very crooked.

Now, John thought it would be an excellent plan to ditch his 100 rods, making the brook straight, and thereby saving much land and making his field more convenient and productive. So he contracted with a man named Redman to dig 100 rods of ditch at $1 per rod, beginning at the lower line of his farm and following down the stream to Calvin's line. Redman came, and with his two grown-up boys he went merrily to work and John made him a rod pole for the occasion; but, being of a treacherous disposition, he made the measure a dozen inches longer than usual, that he might get a good return. In this he did not fail.

Redman worked diligently for some days. Calvin was interested in the operation and carefully watched the proceedings, often asking Redman how many rods he had accomplished and always getting an honest reply. One day, as he leaned upon his scythe, he called:

"I say, Redman, how many rods have you got along?"

"Eighty."

"Eighty! Well, you're getting along fast."

Now, Calvin saw at once that he was far too near his line for 80 rods, and, musing upon the circumstances, he decided there must be a mistake. Knowing John so well, he began to suspect, as he considered the subject further, that John might be trying to defraud Redman, so dropping his scythe and crossing the line he sat down near the rod pole and took off his hat to cool and rest himself.

"I say, Redman, this is hot weather."

"Yes."

While so sitting he took occasion to measure the pole which John had made, and to his delight he found it was just one foot too long. Now, here was fun for Calvin. Here was a chance to plague his enemy. Did he go and tell Redman? No, not he. He laughed quietly in his sleeve and waited for Redman to finish his work. This was done, and the honest digger presented to John his bill for $100, received his money and went his way.

Very soon after this was accomplished Calvin discovered, to his great surprise and indignation, of course, that some one had been trespassing on his meadow by digging a ditch about 100 feet long near the line which separated his land from John's. Sending to John, he demanded if that ditch was dug by his authority. John, not suspecting any trouble, replied that it was. Receiving this answer, Calvin at once started for the town and laid his case before the village lawyer, who at once saw that John had committed a great wrong, known to the law as willfully trespassing on the land of a neighbor. A writ was accordingly made out, and the deputy sheriff of the county, so much dreaded in those times, soon made his appearance before John, attached his property for the damage done to Calvin's land and summoned him to appear and show cause.

John was astonished. He visited the field and saw at a glance that the ditch was far over the line, and now for the first time the awful thought flashed upon him that in making his rod pole one foot too long he had actually dug 100 feet into Calvin's land. He stood aghast and then hastened to find the rod pole that he might destroy the proof of his guilt, but it was not to be found. He could not understand where it had gone, but when he appeared in court there that ghost of a rod pole met his astonished view. How it came there none but Calvin knew, and he was silent. The case was soon tried, and a verdict of guilty was rendered, with nominal damage and cost of court. This, with the advantage of his enemy and the withering rebuke of the lawyers, was a terrible retribution for poor John.

But more was yet in store. Redman saw, by the evidence at court, that he had been cheated out of 100 feet of ditch actually dug, so he commenced suit against John. Again came the sheriff, again he went to court, and again he received the cold cuts of the attorneys and the sneer of the people, with the verdict of guilty and the order of full pay to Redman and the costs of court.

And yet more was in store for him. The long rod pole was still kept for another use, the worst of all, for now the church, of which John had been to all outward appearances an exemplary member, took the case in hand and expelled him from their communion and fellowship.

Thus did the biter get bit. Thus swiftly did the retributive justice of God overtake the poor cheat who secretly tried to rob a poor honest man of the fruit of his toil. The wretched John never heard the last of the long rod pole. It was the standing joke for a generation, and, although nearly all the actors have long since settled their accounts with that Being who measures all things justly, the lesson still remains and should teach us that in all our dealings with our brother man God will only prosper us when we deal honestly and justly. When tempted to do otherwise, let us remember the story of John, who made his rod pole too long.—Exchange.

Living on Milk.

There is a "whole" milk treatment as well as a skimmilk cure, and an advocate of the former says that a patient requires from five to six quarts daily while confined to bed and from one to four quarts more when working. To digest all this free action of the skin, lungs and other organs must be secured by daily warm baths and an unlimited supply of fresh air night and day. Under this treatment the heart quickens, the alimentary canal enlarges, and its glands increase in size and number, and the arteries enlarge and furnish to all parts of the body an increased supply of blood. A patient with a supposed mortal disease was cured under this treatment between July 15 and Oct. 28, and during that time increased in weight from 106 pounds to 129 pounds 14 ounces.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

An Explanation of How Her Tricks May Easily Be Duplicated.

While in Chicago I saw the announcement of an electric girl who included in her repertory a new trick, or at least one that I had not yet seen. A stick about four feet long and as thick as a broomstick was produced, and I and another gentleman were requested to hold it in a vertical position before us while grasping it firmly in both hands. The girl, standing in front of and facing us, placed the palm of her open hand against the lower portion of the stick, resting it on the side nearest to us and farthest from herself. After rubbing her hand up and down for a few moments in order "to make better electric contact," as we were informed, and after enjoining us to hold the stick perfectly vertical, we were told to press down on it as hard as we could.

This we did until the veins seemed to stand out on our foreheads; but, exert ourselves as hard as we could, we, two strong men, were unable to press down hard enough to make the stick slip past the open palm of her hand. Had the girl grasped the stick with her two hands, I am sure she could not have withstood my downward pressure alone. I would have borne her, stick and all, to the floor. But there she stood, with but one open hand bearing against the side of the stick, and both us could not by our united efforts force the stick past that wonderful hand. Surely there seemed something uncanny about this. But it is very simply explained.

The whole secret consists in insisting upon the men holding the stick in a vertical position. When the girl's open hand is first placed against the lower portion of the stick, she moves it two or three times up and down, pulling gradually more and more against it. As this tends to pull the stick away from the vertical, she insists that the men keep it straight. Thus cautioned, they will exert more and more effort until, when she feels that the pressure against her hand is sufficient, she instructs them o push down with all their might. They do so and imagine that they are exerting a tremendous vertical thrust, whereas their vertical effort is actually very slight—insufficient even to overcome the friction of the stick against her moist hand. The men are really exerting a tremendous effort, but are deceived as to its direction. With their hands tightly grasping the upper end of the stick they are really trying to force the other end of the stick against the palm of her hand.—N. W. Perry in Cassier's Magazine.

HAD A CINCH.

Couldn't Tell Funny Stories, but Knew a Trick Worth Two of That.

A drummer, as the word drummer is understood in these piping times of peace, is a man who tells you a funny story and incidentally takes your order for goods. A faculty of making himself "solid" with his customers socially is one of the most valuable features of a successful drummer's equipment. The commercial traveler is a hail fellow well met wherever he goes. There are houses whose trade is so firmly established and its hold upon their patrons so strong that their goods sell themselves almost, and the solicitor has very little soliciting to do. But even with houses of this character a smooth tongue and a ready wit count for much.

Occasionally there is a man who departs from the old lines, invents a method of his own and makes a great success of it.

"What has become of that man Jones who used to travel for you?" asked one Randolph street jobber of another the other day. "I suppose he has gone off the road. I always thought he never would make a success of it. He was too chilly. He was the chilliest man I ever saw."

"There's just where you're wrong," replied the other jobber, who deals in linseed oil. "He was the most successful traveling man I ever knew. When he was on the road, he kept us jumping to fill his orders. The only reason he isn't traveling for us today is that another house offered him a good deal bigger salary than we were willing to pay, and he is representing the other house now. He was very chilly, as you say. He was that way with everybody, his customers included. He never had a word to say to them about politics and couldn't tell a funny story if he tried. He never talked anything but oil. As soon as he got an order he walked out and never tried to conceal the fact that that was all he had come for. Yet his customers thought he was the best friend they had in the world.

"This is how he did it. As a cold blooded business proposition he decided that the strongest hold he could get on a man would be a hold on his pocketbook. He left the other drummers to do the amusing part of it, but he studied the oil market. He seemed besides to have an intuition about the fluctuations of prices which was almost prophetic. When he saw that oil was about to go up, he sat down and telegraphed to all his customers, 'Buy oil.' They followed his advice, and in nine cases out of ten they saved a lot of money by it. It only took a few experiences like this to convince them that it was a serious mistake to buy oil of anybody else. He was hardly a solicitor at all. When he told a man to buy, he bought."—Chicago Tribune.

AS TO GIANTS.

For Some Reason the Big Fellows Are Not Long Lived.

As a rule, giants are not long lived. They have too many gantlets to run. Being giants—that being anything over 6 feet 6—they naturally drift into the show business and are thenceforth incarcerated in vans, close rooms and in the dingy and effluvia laden air of the exhibition room. Their not overresisting lungs here inhale the combined effluvia and aroma that arise from the lungs, skin and not overclean or over well aired clothes of their many admirers, all of which is not conducive to either health or to long life.

It would seem reasonable to believe that a giant—be he 7 or 10 feet tall—who is well formed, and who has every organ in a just proportion to his bulk, should live as long as a small man or as long as his heredity might otherwise permit. Reasoning theoretically, this would seem probable, but when we come to well analyze the subject and compare the actual facts we find that something or other always goes wrong, and that, owing to many an "if," we find that our giant dies early, as a rule. Some one organ goes wrong, and the great machine comes to a stop, or some organ does not keep pace with the rest of the increase in bulk, and he goes halting and squeaky, or either an overwork or an underwork here or there, and a physiological inadequacy of some sort is the result, with a general deterioration of the whole structure and with a finally premature death.

In other words, there is sure to be a failing link in the physiological scheme of these abnormal beings which, by giving way, breaks the continuity of the chain of life, and that independent of any of those moral delinquencies which are but too often the cause of an early breakdown. It is simply that the whole structure would not work abnormally in every detail.—National Popular Review.

Lived Though Terribly Injured.

Henry J. Lutton is 60 years old, and his home is in Clarendon, Warren county, Pa. On Aug 10, 1885, Lutton, who was an oil operator, was working at the foot of a derrick being built on the hillside. Through some cause or other a three-fourths inch iron bar 21 feet long fell from the top of the derrick, 74 feet. One end of the bar struck on the right of Lutton's neck, went in between the jugular and windpipe, came out 1½ inches from the right nipple, struck two inches below the groin on left limb, out 3½ inches above the right knee joint and took off one of his toes, the bar burying itself eight inches in the ground. Lutton was standing on the hillside at the time, and 9 feet 10 inches of the bar passed through him. It passed through 17 inches of his neck and body, and 11½ inches went through his limb. The victim was pinned to the ground, but showed his wonderful presence of mind by sliding down from the slight elevation he was standing on to the ground. He called on a man of the name of Phillips, who extracted the bar. Lutton lingered at the point of death for six weeks and lived six days and seven nights on beef blood and brandy, which was administered by means of a rubber tube.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Its Equivalent.

The prisoner had been before the court so many times for vagrancy that the judge concluded to give him a dose he wouldn't forget.

"So," he said sternly as he looked down on the chronic, "you are here again?"

"Yes, yeronner," replied the prisoner humbly.

"Same old charge, I suppose?"

"Yes, yeronner."

"All right. I'll just fine you $100 and send you down."

The prisoner threw up his hands like a drowning man. "Geerusalem, yeronner!" he exclaimed "Why don't you give me a life sentence and be done with it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Hinder Others.

Next in practical importance to the being possessed by a purpose of doing something in the world is the being possessed by the purpose of not hindering others in their doing whatever they have to do in the world.—Faith and Works.

A Certain Remedy.

"I wish," said Mrs. Corntossel, "that they wus some way ter keep people from talkin about ye behind yer back."

"They is," replied her husband.

"What?"

"Run fer office. Then they'll talk about ye ter yer face."—Washington Star.

'TWAS WINTER TIME.

A rose, a rose, a rich red rose
Upon my lady's breast,
Its petals large, its calyx deep,
Its stem with green leaves dressed.

'Tis rich with beauty, in color rare—
Oh, what a combination!—
The same as she whose smile on me
I see in adoration.

But the rose, the rose, the rich red rose
Which glows on her gown of gray
Is very scarce this time of year—
It cost my last week's pay.

—Minneapolis Times.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

In Paris one day I strolled into the establishment of a dealer in curios. A charming girl sat behind the counter and smiled upon me not unkindly. From that moment my fate was sealed. I fell madly in love with the fair Julie and was seldom far away from the shop in which she served.

But I never told her of my passion. How could I, a poor beggar without expectations, ask this lovely creature to be my wife? No, I must wait until I had something to offer her worthy of acceptance.

After some weeks spent in this way, I entered the service of Mr. X., the great astronomer, as his clerk or secretary. This took me from that part of Paris where Julie lived, and as my employer was exacting I saw her but seldom. When I did, her eyes were sadder than their wont, and I returned to my post uncheered.

Meanwhile my duties engrossed me. Mr. X., though a close student, was not wholly absorbed in scientific researches. He frequently fancied himself in love, and it became my duty from time to time to revise for him his love letters, that he might not appear ridiculous in the eyes of the porter's daughter or dress cutter whom he honored with his preference.

One morning while on my way toward the apartment where we were accustomed to work I heard a burst of laughter proceeding from it. Without knocking I entered slowly.

Seated on the divan was the modern Newton Beside him sat the most beautiful creature imaginable. She was from 18 to 20 years of age, with a skin of admirable whiteness, two dark eyes scintillating under the level eyebrows, and dark, abundant hair. I recognized her instantly. It was Julie.

She looked at me roguishly as, with a constrained air, I seated myself and began to read the newspapers. together with the letters received by post.

"I will not trouble you today, sir," said my employer kindly. "Amuse yourself as you will. I am engaged."

There was no help for it, and I reluctantly left the room. I shot an imploring glance at Julie, which she pretended not to see. Was it possible that she, so young and lovely, had promised herself to this old gray beard?

Ah, that was a wretched day! How I reproached myself for my lack of promptness and courage! It is true I was poor, but Julie had loved me once. Of that I felt sure. And now I had lost this adorable creature.

A day or so afterward I found Mr. X.'s valet packing his master's valise.

"Are you going on a journey, then?" I asked.

"No, not I, but the master departs tomorrow and for some time."

"Where is he going?"

"It is a secret. That is all he lets us know. But I suspect," he added mysteriously, "that it is to be an elopement."

At this moment the astronomer entered, dressed for traveling.

"A carriage, quick, Guglielmo! I am late."

"Ah!" said the valet. "You are going today, then!"

He hurried away, but returned quickly in a hired cab. Mr. X. entered the vehicle and gave his instructions to the coachman.

I resolved to follow him. If this was to be an elopement, I would prevent it—that is, if Julie was the woman in the case.

The carriage went on at a great pace. That demon of a Guglielmo had by chance found an excellent horse, but I ran madly after it. We were on the road to the depot. Yes, it was evidently to be an elopement, for Mr. X. alighted at the great gate, and hastily entering went toward the hall of outlet and began to search among the passengers. I well knew for whom. Though panting and disheveled, I had not lost sight of him for one moment. I hardly knew what I should do to prevent this catastrophe, this overthrow of all my hopes, but prevent it in some way I would, if I died for it.

"Hasten, monsieur. The train is about to depart," said the guard.

"You have not seen by chance a young lady, a brunette?" asked Mr. X.

"Of brunette young ladies there are more than 50 in the train, and the most of them wore a rosebud!" replied the man, laughing.

"Yes, yes," replied the astronomer. "But none of them is the one of whom I speak."

"All aboard! All aboard!"

Quickly I bought a second class ticket and hurried toward the train. My employer had reluctantly entered a compartment of the first class, irritated at not seeing her he sought. With one foot on the step I hesitated.

"After all," I had said to myself, "what shall I accomplish by following him? It may be that Julie will not keep her appointment. She may have repented, but remaining in town I shall"—

I was interrupted in these reflections by a hand being placed upon my shoulder. I turned. There stood Julie, smiling and bewitching, in a summer toilet that did not cost 5 francs, but which was enchanting. She bore a parasol of bright color, not large enough to give much shade, but suited to her tiny hand.

"You!" I exclaimed. "You!"

"No one else," she replied. "Are you displeased?"

At this moment the whistle of departure sounded, and there was a movement of the heavy train. From the window of the car the astronomer, who had seen us, made a despairing gesture.

"Stop—stop!" he cried. Then, with a telegraphic movement, impossible to describe, he added: "Sir, you are a rascal! Go! I discharge you!"

Julie laughed merrily, showing her pearly little teeth.

"Oh, Julie," I stammered in a transport, "I love you!"

"Ah, ah!" she said. "So I have aroused you, laggard?"

Passing her arm through mine, she turned with me, while the train lost itself in the distance.

We returned quickly to Paris, and the next day were surprised to receive a letter from Mr. X., in which he kindly recommended me to a friend and sent me 100 francs for the 15 due to me. He expressed much sorrow at being obliged to part with me on account of my sad lack of principle.

It was thus that the illustrious astronomer lost the transit of Venus, and see what happened to him! After a life of study he died a very old man without receiving any national recognition.

As for me, that would be but to relate the whole story over again. My life history begins and ends with Julie.—Bow Bells.

HER MIRROR.

A Japanese Story of Its Influence on a Motherless Girl.

At Y. M. C. A. hall Yeataso Okano, a Japanese, told the following story to a large audience:

"Once upon a time there lived in a little hamlet in Japan a young couple. They had one child—a beautiful little girl whom both loved very dearly. It came to pass while the child was still a baby girl that the father was obliged to take a long journey to the far distant city. It was too far for him to take his wife and child, so he left them at home and traveled alone.

"In that great city he saw many new things which, having lived in the peaceful little hamlet up among the mountains all his life, he had never seen before. He desired to take home to his wife some of these new things which seemed to him so wonderful. And the most wonderful gift he could take, it seemed to him, was a mirror. He wished to take home to his wife the pleasure and surprise he had experienced when he first looked into a mirror. So he took one home to his wife.

"When he arrived home' he gave the present to his wife, and for the first time she looked into a mirror. 'What do you see?' her husband asked. She replied: 'I declare! I see a very pretty woman. She wears her hair just as I do mine, and she smiles and moves her lips as if she were talking to me.' Her husband told her that the mirror was a present for her, and he hoped she would use it every day. But the wife thought it far too beautiful and rare and costly a gift to use every day, so she put it carefully away and never spoke about it to the little daughter, who grew more beautiful and more like her mother every day.

"By and by a great misfortune fell upon that little household. The wife and mother fell sick, and it was soon evident that she must die. As she lay upon her deathbed she called her little daughter to her and told her that she was going to lose her mother forever. She could point to no future life after death in which they should be reunited. but in the love and simplicity of her heart she did the best she could. She told her little daughter about the wonderful mirror. 'After I am dead,' she said, 'take down that box and look into the mirror that it contains. There you will see my face. And I want you to look into the mirror every day, that you may never forget your mother, and that you may grow like me more and more every day.'

"So the mother died. The little girl did as she had been told. and in the wonderful mirror she thought she saw her mother's face, young and beautiful—not as she had seen her, pale and ill as she lay dying, but fair and fresh as she had looked before the fatal illness. And the little girl looked into the mirror every day and thought of her mother and her many lovely ways, and so it came about that she grew to be more and more like her mother as the years went by."—Rochester Post-Express.

PICTURESQUE ECONOMY.

A Style of Laundry Work Said to Prevail In Boarding Houses.

A peculiar appearance in the front windows of an aristocratic boarding house on one of the leading avenues caused a discussion among passersby. In each pane was a square of white muslin, with embroidered edges, which was apparently glued to the pane.

"That's a queer way of keeping out the light," observed one citizen to another.

"Must be some new method of decoration," remarked another.

"Don't you know what that is?" said a young woman to her husband. "That's a window laundry."

"And what may that be?"

"It's the way ladies who board wash their fine handkerchiefs. You see, it dries and irons them at the same time."

"I see," answered the young man, "that they adhere like postage stamps. How do they do it?"

"Oh you first catch your window; then you wash the panes and place the handkerchief against them, wringing wet. They stick like a plaster, and when they come off are as smooth as satin. In that way every woman can be her own laundress."

"I see," said her husband thoughtfully, "why so many families board."—Detroit Free Press.

Women Can't Hold Office In Washington.

Judge McClinton of the superior court of Clallam county has virtually decided that under law women cannot hold office in this state. The case which came before him was that of Charles Russell, relator, against Ella Guptill. Miss Guptill was in November elected superintendent of schools in this county, and received the largest majority of any of the successful candidates, but on the strength of an opinion received from the attorney general it was decided to contest her election, with the result that Judge McClinton overruled the demurrer of the complaint, which decides the case as far as the superior court is concenred Miss Guptill's attorneys say that they will appeal the case to the supreme court.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Knew His Business.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of 'Trilby.' "

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."—Washington Star.

One street in Pompeii was called "Street of Dried Fruits," and in the shops considerable quantities of figs, raisins, plums and other fruits were found.

Some botanists believe that spelt is derived from wheat by a process of cross fertilization.

WHY WOMEN MAKE POOR DETECTIVES

A Secret Service Man Says the Opposite Sex Make Bad Spies.

"Women are not good detectives," said an experienced secret service man on being asked his opinion. "To begin with, there are many places to which a woman cannot go without exciting suspicion, and this defeats her object at the outset, but beyond this woman is unfitted by nature for detective work.

"In the first place, she jumps at a conclusion and acts on it in opposition to all human probabilities, possibilities and reason. As a rule, a woman does not reason. She looks on a thing as she wants it to be or thinks it ought to be, and will follow that theory. She is led by prejudices, favors or sympathies, regardless of facts.

"As a detective she is sometimes a success in entrapping a man, but her work generally ends in a blunder which betrays her. She is persevering only when moved by passion. She does not look at a case dispassionately. She at once decides that he or she is guilty or innocent and works on that theory.

"A woman enjoys the mysterious, and she is so elated at her position as detective that she is unable to conceal her identity or the secret investigations of a case.

"Women are even failures in running down criminals of their own sex. A woman criminal will mislead a woman detective by working on her vanity, credulity or sympathy, and, worst of all, if the detective be attractive and the man criminal handsome—well, a man is better for detective work, and besides a woman will sell out a case, and cheaply at that, relying upon her sex to escape punishment if detected."—New York Herald.

A MAN'S BEST IDEAS.

An Old Student Says They Come Into the Mind Unexpectedly.

Professor von Helmholtz, the great German scientist of imperishable fame, not long before his death gave an interesting review of his life work on the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, in which, among other things, he reveals some instructive features of his habits of study and the process by which he won his ideas as well as the time and manner in which it was his wont to commit the latter to paper: "As it has frequently been my lot to have to await in uncertainty the arrival of appropriate thoughts and conceptions, which then would break suddenly and unheralded upon me, I have just gained some experience in the management of these capricious ideas. This may be of utility to other students of like physiological temperament.

"The best ideas have often stolen silently into the current of my thoughts while the latter were not employed in seeking them. I know not by what process of unconscious cerebration they were evolved. I only knew that they were there. Nor could I at first fully estimate the importance of such unexpected but welcome visitors.

"These ideas never introduced themselves when my brain was tired and almost never at my writing table. I had first to turn my problem in all directions and envisage it from every side, and thereafter to consign it to my involuntary thoughts without even prematurely attempting to solve it within myself or committing my reflections to writing. Long and patient preliminary investigation was the unconditional prerequisite to success.

"No matter how urgent the necessity for action, I must always give my brain its time to relax from fatigue or strain and await the recurrence of a feeling of both physical and mental well being and contentment before writing for publication. My most valuable ideas have presented themselves in the morning on my awakening from a refreshing sleep, but the favorite period for them has been while I was seeking relaxation by roaming slowly over picturesque hills or through wooded parks in the bright sunlight. The slightest indulgence in alcoholic beverages sufficed to banish them from my grasp."—Baltimore Sun.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

The village of Meredith was seven miles from the Darrington homestead, and it was quite an event in the lives of the Darrington women when they could manage to secure a horse to take them so long a distance.

There were other farmhouses near, to be sure, but Mr. Darrington was opposed to "havin' his wife and darters gad about to all the neighbors," and everybody fell into the habit of letting the Darringtons severely along.

One morning, when Mr. Darrington announced his intention of driving to the village, Kate timidly ventured a request that she be allowed to accompany him. Her uncle John kept a store in Meredith, and she had not seen that store for ten months.

" 'Tain't nec'sary," the father answered testily. "If you want anything, I'll get it. You've got enough work to do in the house without gaddin around the town. I'll stop at John's store, and if his wagon is comin past here this mornin I'll order him to stop with a lot of groc'ries. Rob ain't goin today. It'll take me too consarned long at the blacksmith's."

Just before dinner Uncle John's wagon stopped with the groceries. Sophie was opening the basket to put the things away when she noticed some writing on the brown paper that was laid over them.

"Why, what's this?" she cried. "Father seems to have sent us a note."

"Well, what does he say, child?" asked her mother anxiously. "Read it out loud."

But before she could begin Kate and Mrs. Darrington looked over her shoulder, and this is what they saw:

"go around and inwite all the nabors to spend the evenin with us, and we'll have a genwin Surprise Party. don't forgit tom's folks. can't you make some cake?"

"What can have come over father I can't imagine," said Mrs. Darrington, looking bewildered, "but we'll have to do it, as he says so."

When Rob was informed of this new departure of his father's, he joined with the rest in being both surprised and delighted.

"To think of him even asking Tom's folks that he hasn't spoken to for the last five years! Tom's a nice fellow and ain't to blame for that quarrel. But I wonder whatever possessed father to do this."

"I just went out and told the man to tell Uncle John and the folks to be sure to come up tonight," said Kate, entering the room at that moment. "Of course father must have asked them."

"Why, yes, it's more'n likely he did," assented her mother, "and, come to think of it, wasn't it sly of father to leave Rob home to do the inviting and not say a word about it?"

"Yes, and sending all the groceries, too," added Kate. "Father was very thoughtful."

That evening as Mr. Darrington was driving up the lane toward the house he was startled by hearing the unusual sound of laughter coming therefrom. He looked up and saw to his astonishment that the whole house was illuminated.

What could it mean? He left the horse standing by the shed and hurried to the front door to solve the mystery. When he entered, he felt that he must certainly be in dreamland.

His daughters were radiantly beautiful in dresses of pure white—he had forgotten until now what handsome girls they really were—and his wife, in her neat black silk, was a woman of whom one might be proud. Even Rob looked more genteel than he had looked for many a long day.

Here was his own household openly disobeying his commands, and yet they came to him as brave and smiling as if he had never forbidden them the pleasure of having company. But it must have been a hard hearted man indeed who could fail to find enjoyment in it.

And who was that coming toward him with outstretched hand? Could it really be Tom Doane, the one who had vowed that he would never speak to Joe Darrington again? Yes, it was no other than good old Tom, and he was making the first advances, in spite of his vow.

"Howdy, Joe? Seems nateral, don't it?"

"Yes, I must—I must say," stammered

Mr. Darrington, "powerful nateral. But I must go and tidy up a bit, for I ain't fit to be seen."

In a dazed sort of way he left the room, but when he returned shortly after, dressed in his very best suit, he was as bright and gay as any one present.

He entered with all his heart into the merrymaking of the evening, only stopping now and then to wonder how the women folks had dared defy him so boldly.

John and his folks had arrived and were joining in the general hilarity when Joe Darrington entered the parlor the second time, but he would not have lost his equanimity now had Queen Victoria been announced.

It was only when the neighbors had departed, leaving the brothers and their families together, that he gave utterance to any thought on the subject. Then he said playfully, "Sorter sly of you, John, not to mention this morning that you was comin up."

"Why, I hadn't got no inwite then."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Kate, opening her blue eyes wide in surprise, "didn't you invite Uncle John?"

"What under the canopy do you mean?" asked Mr. Darrington in astonishment.

"Why, yes, you did, father," said Kate. "You sent us a note telling us to invite all the neighbors."

"I didn't do nothin of the kind onless my mentallity was wanderin."

Kate straightway brought the paper and handed it to her father. "There is the note you sent us with the groceries."

"I didn't put up the groceries, and I'm innercent of the writin on that paper," he said, after he had read the invitation.

Then Uncle John examined the paper, but no sooner had he glanced at the words than he burst into such a fit of laughter that he was unable to speak for several seconds. When at last he found his voice, he said:

"I writ that myself last week. I had sech a cold that I couldn't talk, and I got into the habit of speakin to the folks on paper. One afternoon I felt like havin a leetle company, and I asked Mary to get ready for folks that night. I writ them words to her in the store, and I s'pose the man never noticed them when he put the paper on the groc'ries."

Joe Darrington smiled grimly. "I see—a mistake all around. Waal, I'm not sorry we had the settin, and—I say, it's onnec'sary to let this thing get to the neighbors. We ought to have more comp'ny, and we will. I want the women folks to go around more too. They're not to be ashamed of when they're dressed up right smart."—Chicago News.

VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

A Close Look Into the Way They Are Formed and Used.

A. Mellville Bell of Washington, in his note on "Syllabic Consonants," read at the second session of the American Oriental society in this city, said:

"What is is a vowel? What is a consonant? What is a syllable?

"A vowel is defined as a nonfrictional emission of the voice or of unvocalized breath through an oral channel, with momentarily fixed configuration. Vowels therefore run smoothly into one another by merely altering the shape of the oral passage without interrupting it.

"A consonant is defined as an interception of the breath or voice by oral stoppage, or by emission through side channels or through narrow chinks. The change from one consonant to another thus involves a motion of the articulating organs, producing, with more or less audibility, a puff, a flap or a sibiliation.

"The two classes of elements meet in ee, y, oo, w. A syllable is any vocal element uttered with a single impulse of voice. All the vocal elements in a syllable must be clustered together without admixture with nonvocals, but any number of nonvocals may precede or follow the vocal cluster without affecting the syllabic unity.

"The consonants l, m, n, when they are final after consonants, frequently form syllables without vowels, as in bottle.

"The test of good pronunciation is to give each syllable its own distinct sound, so that in the most rapid utterance the ear can trace the boundaries of every syllable. But the syllable sounds must be true to customary pronunciation.

"The name consonant, if held to imply an element that cannot be pronounced without a sonant or vowel, would be a misnomer, and its use should in that case be discontinued in scientific menology. Vowels are the soft and plastic substance of speech. Consonants are the articulations or joints on which vowels and syllables turn. Their proper name is, therefore, 'articulations,' not consonants.

"Phonetic elements make syllables. Syllables make words. Words are to be considered as the syllables of clauses. Clauses must be carefully individualized, for they are the syllables of sentences. Divide your sentences into their logical units or clauses, and indicate within the clauses all their phonetic units or syllables, and you will fulfill the grand fundamental precepts of delivery."—Philadelphia Record.

A STUDY OF THE SUN.

A FASCINATING RECREATION WHICH ANY ONE MAY ENJOY.

How It May Be Observed Without Danger. A Method of Getting a Perfectly Pure Beam For Inspection—A Lesson In Astronomy Couched In Simple Terms.

Every day a royal presence, attended by numerous unseen courtiers, sweeps across the sky. The sun looks us so boldly in the face that we are compelled to veil ourselves from his accursing gaze. Let us commence our new studies by contemplating his attractiveness.

A piece of well smoked glass will give us good service. If this be covered with another piece, with strips of paper at the edges to separate them and prevent rubbing, and other mucilaged strips to bind the outer edges, we shall have a respectable and lasting astronomical instrument.

The eye may now examine the dazzling orb without danger, and it will discover a disk which is apparently no larger than that of the full moon, but the fact that the sun is about 400 times farther away accounts for the resemblance in size. But the disk is not all of the immense world, for a very important envelope of vast dimensions is invisible except to special instruments. The limb of the sun is seen to be not quite so bright as the central portions, because the light from it has to penetrate a greater depth of atmosphere.

Occasionally we see a "spot" upon the solar surface, in which case it must be very large, but if we are fortunate enough to have access to even a small spyglass we shall many times see spots. There are years when the spots are very numerous (the writer counted 168 one day and more than 300 on a day in 1893), and years when none is seen for months, and this appears to be governed by a "period" of about 11 years.

If we use a telescope with our smoked glass, the spectacle will be curiously interesting, for the object glass—a very large eye—gathers many rays of light and bends them to a focus, producing a magnified image which is yet more enlarged by the eyepiece, which is a microscope. Now, the very grain of the sun, so to speak, is visible, the surface being completely flecked with gray white matter, while here and there huge masses of white protrude. These latter are called faculæ and are usually associated with the spots which are depressions in the surface—deep, dark cavities, but dark only as contrasted with the shining regions, for they are brighter than the calcium light. Very recently the writer measured a large group and found that it occupied an area of more than 100,000 miles in length and about three-fourths as wide, into which could be cast 100 earths without crowding them. Still larger groups have sometimes been noticed. Watching the spots from day to day reveals the time of revolution of the sun upon its axis, about 25 days, which means that one day on the sun is as long as 25 of ours.

As yet the sun has not yielded the secret of its composition, and the telescope, unaided, is inadequate to solve the mystery. Perhaps in childhood we beguiled hours of church service, which were a trifle wearisome to little ones, by noticing the play of color in the "lusters" which hung in profusion from the old fashioned lamps. How little we dreamed that the sun was whispering through this simple medium intelligible messages of very high importance, for this three faced form of glass is called a prism, the change of direction of objects viewed through it being due to the bending (refraction) of the rays of light passing through it, and the color fringe along the edges of the images the primary rays of which white light is composed, which is easily proved by passing the colored rays through another prism, when they form a beam of white light once more.

The same color band, or spectrum, is shown by a grating of parallel wires strung in a frame, or by a close grained feather, or even by the eyelashes when the eye is half closed.

But we can easily improve upon these primitive instruments by employing a series of prisms of fine construction or a grating produced by ruling lines with a diamond upon a piece of perfectly flat and highly polished speculum metal.

To get a perfectly pure beam for inspection we let the telescopic image of the sun fall upon a delicate slit in a metal plate, which is in the focus of the object glass of a little telescope, whose duty it is to make parallel the rays to be examined, and which sends them through the series of prisms referred to or causes them to fall upon a grating. In either case they are viewed by another little telescope, and the beam of sunlight tells its story in a magnificent spectrum, far exceeding the rarest touches of world renowned artists.

Now for the precious secret! The beautiful color band is threaded with thousands of slender dark lines, which correspond with the bright lines, which are the sign manual of metals in a glowing state, and we need only to put a pinch of salt in the flame of a candle and let the light fall alongside the sun's image on the slit, when there will be two spectra, side by side, and the two bright yellow lines of sodium will exactly coincide with two black lines in the orange of the solar spectrum, and the crowning proof appears when the calcium light is permitted to shine through the candle flame, instantly turning the bright lines to dark ones. So with the lines of other metals. We have learned from the sun's own messages, after a journey of 93,000,000 miles, that it is a gaseous body; that many of the metals of earth are vaporized in its awful temperature, and that the surface is probably a shell of luminous clouds surrounded by an "atmosphere" of gases thousands of miles deep, out of which spurt for hundreds of thousands of miles, with a speed in contrast with which the movement of whirlwinds on earth is a dead calm, jets of flaming hydrogen intermingled with the metallic vapors, which, becoming cooled by exposure to the cold of space, fall upon the surface and cause the depressions known as spots.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Ebonize Wood.

The wood is immersed for 48 hours in a hot, saturated solution of alum and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction prepared as follows: Boil 1 part of best logwood with 10 parts of water, filter through linen and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced to one-half. To every quart of this add from 10 to 15 drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye to the wood rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot, concentrated acetic acid and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. It must always be remembered when handling chemicals that great care must be taken to protect the hands.—Chicago Tribune.

Real Poetic Fire.

"There is poetry in everything," said the poet.

"You are right," replied the editor. "For instance, there's a stove full of it!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Jan. 20, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Large supply. Price of white comb 15c. per lb.; Amber 12c per lb.; Extracted, white 7c per lb.; amber 5@6c per lb. Market is well stocked with fine white comb honey and will sell low.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 21, 1895.—The demand for honey is somewhat slower. Best time for sales over. Supply fair. Price of comb 14@15c for best. Extracted 6@7c per lb. Oood demand for beeswax. Moderate Supply.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1895.—Demand for honey very slow. Supply large. Price of comb 8@10c; Extracted 5 to 7c per lb Light Supply of beeswax. Price 28 to 29c per lb.

H. R. WRIGHT.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1895.— The demand for honey is very good for the time of the year. Good supply of buckwheat. Supply of clover scarce. Price of comb 9 to 13c per lb. Extracted 4¾ to 6½ per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. There has been quite an improvement in the sale of extracted honey the past few days and our stock is somewhat reduced.

CHAS. McCULLOCH & CO.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 20, 1895.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 13 to 19c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Light supply, Price 28c.

E. E. BLAKE & CO.,
57 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 21, 1894.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 14 to 16c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. The demand for beeswax is very good. Scant supply. Prices 22 to 28c per lb. for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

The NEW Craig Seedling Potato,

Is the **Best Late Potato** ever introduced. It is of the best quality and outyields all others. Grows until frost. For full deicription see page 960 of *Gleanings*. 1 lb. by mail 25c; ½ pk. by freight or express $1.00; 1 pk. $1.75; ½ bu. $3.00; 1 bu. $5.00; 1 bbl of 11 pks. $12.50.

GEO. E. CRAIG,
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Rubber Printing Stamps.

Solid rubber type, self-inking pads, dating stamps, supplies, etc., for Bee-keepers; send for catalogue and samples of work.

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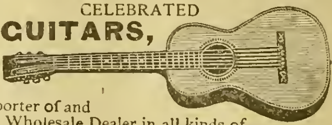

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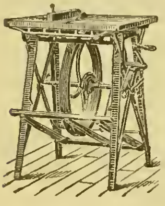

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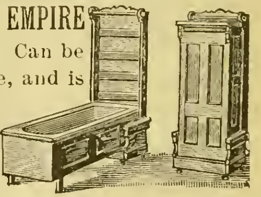

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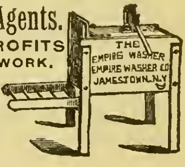

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO.

VOL. V. MARCH 1895. NO. 3.

Spring Management of Bees.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

As the spring will soon be here at the North and has already put in an appearance further South, I thought I could do no better at the present time than to tell the readers of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER something how I would manage bees to get them ready for the white clover harvest. In my opinion, there is nothing gained by commencing too early, as from six to eight weeks is sufficient time to build up a fair colony in spring, to one sufficiently strong to store honey to the best advantage. As clover usually begins to yield honey, in this locality, about June 15th to 20th, the first of May is soon enough to commence managing the bees for increasing their brood. Some think it does not pay to change brood combs, by way of revising them, putting combs of honey in the center of the brood nest, etc., but after years of experimenting, I am satisfied that it pays me in properly doing this whether it does others or not. Before telling how I manage I will describe one experiment. I tried, to see if it paid to try to build the bees up in the spring faster than they would naturally do it themselves, for, on this matter of pay rests nearly all there is of bee-keeping, to the average apiarist. One spring, several years ago, I set apart ten colonies, all of which had plenty of honey, and were as near alike as possible, to obtain ten colonies of bees. After seeing that all were in proper condition, five were left to themselves, and the other five worked according to the plan about to be described. The five let alone were from ten days to two weeks behind the other in swarming, and upon footing up in the fall, I found that they only gave an average of about two-thirds as much honey as the other five, which were managed as I usually do. From this and many other experiments I have tried, I conclude that it pays, and so attest my faith by adhering to that which gives us the greatest profit. About the first of May I go over the whole yard and examine each hive to see how much brood there is, and all colonies which do not have an equivalent to 2½ frames full, are shut upon the frames of brood they do have, by means of a division board; while those which have that amount or more, are allowed the whole hive. At this time these last named colonies have their brood nest reversed, by putting those frames having the least brood in them, in the center of the cluster, and those having the most at the outside, thus causing the queen to fill these center combs with eggs as fully, or more so, than were those which were in the center before; while the brood in those now outside is not allowed to decrease at all. Thus quite a gain is made with little danger of chilling any brood. In about a week I take a frame having considerable sealed honey in it, and break the sealing to the cells, by passing a knife flat-wise over it; then after spreading the frames apart, place this in the center of the brood-nest. The removal of this honey by the bees, causes them to feed the queen more abundantly, and stimulates brood rearing, equally as much, (in my opinion), as any other method of what is called stimulative feeding. If I do not have the frames of honey I fill empty combs with sugar syrup, and use the same as frames of honey. As the honey is removed, the queen fills the cells with eggs, and at the end of another week, another frame is added in the same way. The next time over the brood is revised as at first, while at the end of the fourth week, two frames instead of one are placed in the center of the brood nest, this completing the whole of the manipulation along this line, for at the end of another week our frames are all filled with brood from bottom to top. This brings us to near the opening of the white clover, and as soon as any honey comes in from the field, more than enough to care for the brood, the sections are put on. Those weaker colonies shut upon the frames having but little brood are left as they are till those frames are well filled with brood, when they are given a frame of honey in the center, and then manipulated as were the others, till they are in the same condition. If I wish as many colonies as possible, I begin to take brood from those having their hive full first, and give to the strongest of the weak ones, and later to the next strongest, till all are built up to strong colonies. I formerly gave these frames of brood to the very weakest first, but after losing several frames of brood I learned that to give a frame of brood to a very weak colony of bees, before settled warm weather, was almost always sure to result in loss. If I wish honey instead of increase, I work all of the weaker colonies till they have five frames of brood each, when four frames of brood, bees and all, are carried to another and united with it, while the frame having the queen upon it, is placed back in the hive again. The five frames in the hive we wish to unite the four frames of bees with, are spread apart and the four frames placed in each alternate space, so as to prevent quarreling, as bees thus mixed, seldom quarrel or harm a queen. In two weeks this united colony will be as strong as any in the yard, while the frame having the queen can be used for a nucleus, or any other purpose desired by the apiarist. I generally use them for comb building, for they are almost sure to build nice straight worker comb. In places where pollen is scarce, it might be well to feed rye flour or corn meal, early in the season, but as long as plenty of pollen remains in the combs, I do not think it pays, except it may be sometimes to see how the bees pack it away on their legs, which can be easily seen while they are at work on the meal. I would invite all those who do not think that the above will pay to try a few colonies, and see if they do not change their minds.

The Best Bees to Have.

BY JNO. F. GATES.

There has been a great deal of discussion of late with references to the different races of bees, juding from the evidence given. It looks as though each race had excellent qualities, and perhaps this is true, but has any one race got all the good qualities that a bee should possess in order to be profitable? That seems to be the question that is not yet settled, and perhaps wont be for sometime to come. In order to get all the truth in any matter, it is quite true that we should not be hasty or take extreme ground on any side of the question, for this of itself lends proof that we are not well established in our views. We may all be very honest in our views and dicisions, and yet be very far from the truth, and this fact should teach us that it is quite wrong to hastily accuse any one, be he queen breeder or not of selfish motives or dishonesty. Lively discussions and examinations of each others views are good, and will aid us in our progress. Positive assertions and contradictions do not do so much good, but tend to drive us farther apart. We could write a great deal more about what we don't know, than we could of what we do know. Experience is a good teacher, and he who possesses it is already taught how little he knows. A great deal can be truthfully said for and against mixed races of all kinds of animals; it all depends on what we want the animals for. If we want a race horse we breed for that purpose, if for heavy work, we breed from heavy stock, if for farm work, then the medium weight are bred. With cows too we breed for different purposes as is well known, but the great object is to get cows that will make money. Very often we get the best stock by crossing our breed with another. This has been my experience with all animals, but it should not be done carelessly, but with good judgement and with an aim in view. After studying the different qualities of each race and forming our calulations, if we are careful we can improve by crossing, no matter if it be horses, cows, hogs or sheep, and why should it be different with bees? Of course after a queen breeder has worked for years to establish his business, it is quite natural for him to be careful of that business and protect it, and why should he not? Perhaps his anxiety to succeed often prompts him to over-estimate the good qualities of his variety. But as a general thing he is honest in his opinion, and I think we should not be too hasty in judging him. We are not forced to buy that which we do not want. If we create a demand, can the man that supplies that demand lawfully be blamed rightfully? I think not. So two, we have a lawful and moral right to not only study these questions, but also to bring before each other our opinions and judgement based on facts, even if they seem to rebut those of the queen breeder. My long experience and careful observation has certainly proved to my own satisfaction at least, that a cross between Italian bees and our common black or brown bees, makes the best bees for all purposes that can be found. Of course I have not tried all the new kinds of bees, nor do I want to, for the reason that I know better than to try them. I don't have to put my finger in the fire in order to know that burning will hurt it. Nor would I have to sow Canada thistles on my farm to prove whether I could afterward exterminate it. Common sense would teach in both cases, so too in the case with bees. When I find as I surely have that a cross between black bees and Italian are as good as I can get, or as I think I can get, then I think it is time to let good enough alone. If a person is well does he need physic? I think not. I think the great trouble is that some have no rule to go by. They seem to try this or that just for the sake of trying it. Perhaps if there were ten thousand varieties of bees, then bee keepers would be like the old lady buying a calico dress at a wholesale store, and gets a piece of everything just to see if it would wash. This same restless spirit is perhaps what has brought to the front the many patent bee hives which perhaps on the whole have helped to make confusion more confounded. I have known some bee keepers to almost go wild over some new patent hive and invest heavily in them, but when questioned with regard to their supposed merits, they could give no reason for their action, except that they wanted them, and was going to have them. When people follow their "want to" somebody is always on hand to supply them, and can they be blamed for it? But when the man has satisfied his "want to" and his bees are all dead, and his hives piled in the fence corner, it is pretty hard to scrape up cash to pay the debt that he generally has before him? Is it not better to go a little slow in such matters? There is always some one that likes to raise queens and fuss with small matters, and see their advertisements in journals and take pride in it. They are built that way and are not to blame for it. In order to carry on such a business they must have something peculiar and attractive, and they have always managed to find it, and perhaps always will. I don't like to think that people love to be fooled, but it seems that some do. They love a white elephant and swallow it at first sight, and seem to call it "licking good." The white elephant now seems to be those very wonderful, very yellow bees, and why should it not be? Breeders should have a white elephant of some kind or their business is at an end, and if they can induce people to take stock in it, whose business is it, as long as it is not an open fraud, or as long as the parties concerned appear to be honest? The sooner they burn their fingers, the quicker they will know how it feels. If they want very yellow bees, then they must want honey that looks as though it was water-soaked, and let them have it. If they want beautiful honey, capped over as white as snow, then they must want brown bees with just a little Italian blood in their veins, and let them have it, and if they don't know that such hybrids are the most profitable, and will gather as much honey as any bees possible can, then let them look into the subject and estimate how much honey, bees ought to gather. Perhaps they can find something better, who knows?

Ovid, Pa.

Use of Bees-Wax, Eight vs. Ten Frame Hives, Etc.

BY ED JOLLEY.

It was stated recently in one of the bee journals that the heads of the Catholic church in Rome had adopted bees-wax for material for their candles. And that it was likely to have a pleasing effect on the price of bees-wax. Evidently they will not make all their candles of bees wax. I am in the employ of the Eclipse Oil works of the Standard Oil company, am engaged in the filtering business, filtering fine oils and paraffine wax. A few days ago we got orders to filter ten thousand barrels of the finest wax we could turn out to be shipped direct to Rome for candles. One would think this would make candles enough to last until eternity would be well under way.

Different localities and modes of management require a large or small hive respectively, and the eight versus ten frame hive discussion is apt to leave matters about as they were. No doubt the ten frame hive is preferable in some localties, but I am satisfied that the eight frame hive is large enough for this locality (Western Pennsylvania). I have used both kinds in the same ipiary for the last five years and find the eight frame hive ahead for comb honey which is about the only kind produced here, in fact the only kind that finds a ready sale. But one thing I noticed last spring in favor of the ten frame hive was this: We had about three weeks of wet, cold weather after the brood rearing was well under way, and if I had not fed the eight frame colonies they would not have pulled through, while the ten frame colonies had enough honey in the extra combs to go through all but a little at the last of the siege. But last spring was an exceptionally unfavorable one, worse than I have seen in my experience of five years. That is the only instance in all that time where I thought the ten frame hive had any advantage over the eight. I never had but one queen that would fill ten frames with brood, very seldom more than eight, and the extra combs to be filled with honey before the bees would go to the supers; seemed to make them reluctant to go at all, often encroaching on the queens room until she hadn't as much laying room in the ten frame hive as she would in the eight. This would have been alright in a long continued honey flow,for when the bees once get started in the sections they would soon carry it up from below. But for as short honey flows as we usually have here this foolishness on the part of the bees is not profitable.

As it is now time we were getting our supplies and getting them ready for another season, I will tell you how I proceed to set up my dove-tailed hives. Get a pan about two inches deep, I use and old pan that was used for baking bread in, I now get some linseed oil and mix enough white lead to a thin paint, thiner than that which is generally used for the priming coat, pour enough of this into the pan to be about one inch deep or a little deeper than the tenons on the hive parts. I set the pan close to one side of the shop and take as many hive parts as the pan will hold and set them on end in the paint and let the other end lean against the side of the shop, in about a minute or so I reverse the parts and soak the other ends about a minute and then set them out and fill the pan with other parts and so on until I have soaked as many as I wish to set up right away. I then proceed to set them up in the usual way. The paint being of more than the usual proportion of oil will have soaked well into the tenons and shoulders and for all there will appear to be very little paint on them when the tenons are driven together, the paint will be forced ahead until there is enough to make a good tight joint when driven up. You will save all the time this dipping process has cost you when you come to paint your hives, for instead of having to rub the paint into the ends and joints of the tenons you can paint there as easily as anywhere else. Another new kink I tried last season with such satisfactory results that I cannot keep it any longer, even if it was only tried one season. I took a tin cup of caster oil and brush and went over the rabbets of my new hives, rubbing all the oil into them I could. I went over them three different times during the spring, I also soaked the projecting ends of my new frames in castor oil. Very little propolis was deposited about the ends of the frames or rabbets, and what was, had no more tenacity than a like amount of soap might have had. The frames were always loose and could be taken out even when it was quite cool without the jaring snap which always irritates the bees. I presume it would work well on the edges of the Hoffman frame. I use the Hoffman frame but it did not occur to me to try it on the edges until I had the frames in use. I would be pleased to have others try this and see what a good thing it is.

Franklin, Pa.

Spring Management

W. M. BARNUM.

The time is now here for giving the the long imprisoned bees their spring flight. This is nature's cleansing time. As the warning zephers of spring drive the ice back to its icy kingdom, all nature comes forth to rejoice. The wide-awake bee-keeper can assist his "pets" in many ways, and lesser the danger of mortality to a considerable extent, by observing certain rules. Hundreds of bees are lost in the snow every spring, and generally within a few feet of their hives, which might easily be avoided if the bee-master had scattered a little hay or straw about the hives. The snow upon and about the hive is a good protection against cold winds, but should not be allowed to *melt* and thus dampen the wood; this is a fruitful cause of mouldy combs. The hives must be kept dry and warm, or trouble brews immediately. If mice manifest their presence, narrow the entrance down, or better still, put a little wire across that will premit the bees to go out and in. See that the bees have an all-sufficiency of good stores. More bees starve to death in the spring than in the winter. If the conditions are proper, very little "spring dwindling" will take place; though, of course, one must expect some.

The above applies more particularly to bees wintered out-doors; bees in cellars should be kept quiet for a month or so yet. The only attention they require is to see that the entrance is kept clear of dead bees; that they have sufficient stores, and are warm, dry and comfortable. It is well to tip all hives slightly forward, that the moisture may run out.

Denver, Colo.

Spring Management of Bees.

BY F. B. D.

During this month the bee keeper should take advantage of every warm spell of weather and examine every colony of bees and see how they are getting along and wintering. If any are found short of stores, insert a frame filled with sugar syrup near the cluster. In the southern states spring management may be commenced at this time. Do not let a few days of pleasant weather cause you to move or disturb your bees that are housed up in their winters quarters. Neither would it be advisable to remove the packing from those on their summer stands, for during this and next month more protection than ever is needed, because their numbers are getting less, and they are commencing to breed more rapidly. Disturb the bees as little as possible and be careful when you open your bees not to get any of the brood chilled that they may have started. Tuck them up as warm as you possible can, and keep them well supplied with honey as their stores will disappear as if by magic during now and the late spring months. March is the most disagreeable month in the spring or winter on bees, with the alternate sunshine and clouds, together with the cold winds, destroy thousands of bees by alluring them out of the hive and chilling them so they are unable to return. Right here I wish to say,that this is the main cause for spring dwindling, which is so much to be feared by us northern bee keepers. It is almost impossible to prevent the bees from coming out of their hives when the sun is warm, even though the air is cold. There are, however, some fine days in March, and these should be utilized to their full extent by the bees.

If your hives have no pollen in the combs which is necessary if you want your bees to rear any brood, you had better feed your bees rye meal. You can do it by placing it in shallow boxes in a sunny spot near the apiary. They will soon find it and carry it in large quantities into the hives for food for the young brood that they have started. This is especially necessary if your bees have no pollen, as they can't rear any brood without they have pollen or a substitute for pollen.

Order your supplies now, before the rush comes in early spring. You can guess pretty well what you will need, and if you have a few hives too many your friends will want some also. Have your hives all nailed and painted with foundation in sections and starters, or full sheets wired in your brood frames. I would use full sheets in the brood frames, and wire your frames as you will find this important if you run your bees for extracted honey, as the new combs will not stand the weight of the honey without them being wired to make them strong. Your sections should be filled with thin surplus foundation ready for the bees. Do all this work during the winter beforə the busy time in the season comes with your bees. The new swarms should be hived either on empty combs that have been built the previous season or on full sheets of foundation, as I find they will make a good deal more surplus honey by this method.

* * *

The American Bee-Keeper until January, 1896, for only 35 cents to new subscribers.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Gleanings.)

HIVES, LARGE VS. SMALL.

SMALL HIVES MORE PROFITABLE, AND WHY; A CAREFUL REVIEW OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

By H. R. Boardman.

I have been discussing the matter in my own mind for some time as to whether any thing more could be profitably said upon this already thoroughly canvassed subject. I am quite sure, when the arguments are are all in, could the vote be taken, no change would be noted in the hives.

It could be possible that all of the bee-keepers in this great diversified land, from the cold North to the sunny South, could agree upon the same kind of hive, either in size or style.

Methods must be as various as the climate. This question of hives, then, is largely a matter of locality I can speak for my own locality only, as to what hives or methods suit me best. I would not presume to discuss with the bee-keeper of the South or West as to what is best for his locality.

Much depends, too, upon what is sought to be accomplished—whether the apirist is working for comb or extracted honey, or both together; whether he wants increase, or wants to prevent increase; whether he wants to secure all possible of the honey gathered, and supply its place by feeding, or depend entirely upon natural sources. It seems to me that, for the production of extracted honey, the tiering up feature would be indispensable whether the hive used were large or small; and it also appears to me, that a small hive is better adapted to this purpose than a large one. But I am a specialist in comb honey, and perhaps had better consider the question from that standpoint alone. In order that my prejudices as well as my preferences be more clearly understood I will describe my hive:

It is an eight-frame hive, taking a frame 12$\frac{3}{4}$x12$\frac{3}{4}$ in., inside measure. You will see that this enables me to use a wide frame for sections that holds 9 sections, 6 frames to the hive, or 54 sections to a hive. I have recently, within two or three years, commenced using 9 frames in my eight-frame hive, in a space of 12 in., and the number so used is increasing each year. It gives some advantages that I will not describe here, only to say it gives very nice combs; so you may put me on record as favoring the eight-frame hive with 9 frames in it, and with the tiering up features. Let me say, first and last and all of the time, that, in an experience of 25 years, I have found my hive large enough for every time and place.

There are two principal points which I take into consideration in deciding the proper size for a hive: I want it large enough to hold sufficient winter stores, and also to furnish about the right capacity for brood for the average queen—average, I say, for I have never been able to have all of my colonies breed up uniformly. Some queens will outdo and go ahead of the rest, while others will fall behind. It is a prominent feature of my work in the bee-yard during the early part of the season, when the bees are building up rapidly, to equalize the strong and weak colonies; and untill I have all of uniform strength in the yard, and all built up to the full capacity of the hive, I think I have no need of more room; and with all in this condition I feel that I am well prepared for the beginning of the honey-harvest. I do, however, build up extra strong colonies sometimes by tiering up, which I will describe hereafter.

For winter stores I would consider it poor economy to have a hive larger than required, when well filled, to carry the bees through, and to have the honey all cleaned out at the beginning of the honey-harvest. I should rather feed a little to bridge over than to furnish hive room, and tug in and out of winter quarters a lot of old stores that are worse than useless in the hive.

In the early days of my bee-keeping experience I used to buy bees in old box hives, and transfer them to movable-frame hives. These hives were of all shapes and sizes, and my work upon them gave me an excellent opportunity of observation, and I availed my self of this opportunity. Proper size of hives was one of the things I had in mind, and I satisfied myself that a brood-chamber of about 2000 cubic inches was near right; and the experience of many years since has confirmed that decision. In many of the largest of the box hives that I transferred, I found old stores that had been carried over from year to year untill it was thick and waxy. I could not see how the colony could be benefited by this surplus of stores; and unless a knowledge of the reserve gave them a sense of security, I decided that such hives were to large. When hives were so small that the brood-rearing had to be economized, I decided that these were too small.

LARGE SWARMS FROM BIG HIVES.

There has been a great deal said from time to time about large hives giving large swarms—big booming swarms—and much heavy argument is brought forward to show the profit of these large swarms, and consequently the advantage of large hives. Now, isn't it a fact that the size of the swarm depends almost entirely upon the queen. Would any queen produce any larger swarm in a large hive than a small one, so long as she was not restricted in laying and the bees were furnished room? I think it is the laying capacity of the queen that regulates the size of swarms almost entirely.

Now about the economy of large swarms. How large would it be economy to have swarms? Of course, there is a limit beyond which it would not pay to go. A large swarm costs just as much per pound to raise as a small one; and who can tell what is a big booming swarm—how many pounds of bees? So far as I can remember, no one has thought to tell us just how many pounds of bees there are in a big booming swarm that issues from a big hive.

If we had a big pile of bees, as we sometimes do in the swarming season, when several swarms go together, how many would it be profitable to put together in a hive in dividing them up? I sometimes have hived these big abnormal colonies all in one hive, and given them room, and watched them with expectation of wonderful results. To be sure, they work very rapidly at first, and do more than an ordinary colony; but they never come up to my expectations. They soon become normal in size, and never make a record that will compare with the same amount of bees in two colonies.

During the swarming season last year my bees were in what I called very fair strength. In order to know just what my swarms were, I set them on the scales and weighed them before shaking them out of the basket. I found them to weigh 7½ lbs., from single eight-frame hives. I could never see much gained by having swarms much larger than this.

BUILDING UP ON COLONIES BY TIERING UP.

I find no difficulty in getting brood reared in two hives by tiering up. In fact, I had thought that more brood could be secured by this method than any other I have tried. It involves some extra labor, and requires plenty of stores, unless honey is coming in. When a colony becomes strong, and needs more room, if a hive of empty combs be placed on top or over it, the bees will soon ocupy it, and the queen will not be long in following. The empty combs, with a strong force of workers, make the conditions favorable for the queen to do her best, and she will not be long in filling the combs with brood. I do not expect the queen to continue laying in both hives at the same time. I do expect, and am not often disappointed, when the queen goes above, that she will continue work in the upper hive until it is full of brood; and unless honey is coming in, the bees will remove a considerable portion of the honey above also, thus leaving the lower set of combs empty, or nearly so, as fast as the brood hatches. My hive being deep, no doubt gives different results from a shallow one. Bees are inclined to occupy the upper hive when tiered up. This I call forcing the queen. I can, if I continue brood-rearing longer in both hives, set the bottom hive on top, and it is in the most favorable condition to tempt the queen above again. But it is not economy to push brood-rearing far into the honey seaason.

The tiering feature I find valuable in uniting colonies. I just place one colony over the other with a honey-cloth or oil-cloth between, with a corner turned so that a small passageway enables them to get acquainted, and, after a few days, remove the cloth, place the hive to be occupied on top, with the queen.

In the same way I unite colonies when they are set out of winter quarters; but no cloth is necessary between the hives, nor is it necessray to kill one of the queens. Being of the same scent, they will unite without confusion; and often both queens continue work for some time. There has been much of the best thought of our best apiarists expended in divising methods by which brood-rearing could be judiciously encouraged early in the season, when the colonies are light, and are struggling against vicissitudes of weather, with a large amount of brood to care for. Contract the brood-nest by use of division-boards and dummies, the use of cushions, and packing and care resorted to for the purpose of protecting the colony and economizing the heat. But these are all expensive, and involve much labor and continual fussing, and I think they are only arguments in favor of smaller as well as more properly constructed hives.

I have not called attention to the advantage of a small hive over a large one, in the lifting, carrying in and out of winter quarters, etc. The ground has all been gone over, but this I consider an important item not to be overlooked.

After all, the question is not whether A can get better results with a large hive than with a small one, but whether A can get better results with a large hive than B can with a small one under the same conditions.

BEE-KEEPING AS A BUSINESS.

By Jas. Heddon.

Yes, a business, and one for the support of family and self ; a business brim full of honest dignity ; one that makes the world richer ; one that makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. No cheating nature ; she yields nothing until we have paid for it with either physical or mental labor, or both. Shall we perpetuate the natural dignity of our business ? Surely. Well then, sit down, and sit down *hard*, on all the twaddle you meet in our literature. Don't get into the error of supposing the same article is worth more because it comes from a man with a grin on his face. We believe in paying a tribute to good nature ; a bonus to cheerfulness, but never insult these grand qualities by paying it in money. Don't drag them into channels of trade ; if you act so silly as to do that, you encourage slobbering hypocrisy that will fool you to enrich its selfish purse. It will cost you too much in your business if you pay tribute to "dear friends," of the business world ; "friends" you have never even seen. Why, bless you, look at the inconsistency. Haven't you been personally acquainted with men for years whom you supposed were your friends and finally learned that they were not, and never had been ? And now you are asked to bite at a circular from one you never met, headed, "dear friends." May it not be true that your intelligence is thus insulted even though not intentionally so. Let us quit this slobber and be men ; honest business men, with a literature that will not be the laughing-stock of the best commercial men of the country. As a rule we are men of good character ; now let us do something for our reputation ; weed out twaddle, and honesty will take it's place.

TO PREVENT ROBBING.

Jas. Heddon.

Another question pulled out of the query box, at the North American bee convention read as follows : "In what way can we distinguish robber bees?"

President Abbott replied : "Watch them and see if they bring out any honey." Our experience in bee keeping doesn't fit that reply at all, which we think of no value to the beginner, because he couldn't tell whether bees came out loaded or not. We think we can give a much better answer ; we will try : Robber bees may be readily distinguished by their cautious, flitting, dodging, sneaking movement as they hover about the entrance in fear and doubt about the advisability of entering. Their legs seem to hang down like a blue heron's in flying to and from his nest.

If the colony being robbed is still defending itself, you will notice the guards at the entrance preparing to grab the robber as soon as he may alight ; but understand the robber will make the motions described above for a long time after the robbed colony has entirely given up. After the robbers have full possession, and have had for sometime, they will then go in without any of the maneuvers described above. Our method of saving a colony which seems likely to succumb, is to place it in the cellar, after closing it bee-tight, with plenty of ventilation above and keep it dark and quiet and let it "cool off" for about two days. We also let the robbers cool off to a large extent, for we shut as many of them in with the colony as possible. We have succeeded nicely by inserting a bee escape in the entrance, placed inversely, so that all bees could readily enter but couldn't come out. If the temperature is at all high, shade and plenty of ventilation above should be given. We do not consider such a colony of much value and we would never do anything to perpetuate its existence but just let it succumb to the survival of the fittest, were it not for the fact that it unites the robbing colonies by stimulating the disposition to steal rather than to work. After the robbers are well gathered into the hive and cooled off in the cellar two or three days, many will stay with the colony and those that do not are so dazed that they quit the robbing business. We have never yet had a queen killed by this management. We do the work in a few moments, not wasting any time to watch the performance of the bees for we know by experience just what will take place.

A writer in *Gleanings* reports good success in stopping robbing by piling large quantities of straw, sweet clover or any coarse material like it all over the entrance and front of the hive and sprinkling it to dripping with the fountain pump. Put on plenty of water but put it on in a fine sprinkle or spray. We have never tried this plan but believe it would work first-rate in the earlier stages of robbing. But when the colony is about to give up or has already capitulated, our plan, especially when assisted by the bee-escape, is much the best because at that stage of robbing, the other method is very uncertain, and further, it dosen't gather in and cool off the robbers to the protection of some other possibly weak colonies. In all this work especially, does the bee-keeper need plenty of tact and a knowledge of the instincts and habits of the honey-bee.

SWEET VIOLETS.

The modest violet did not wait for Lenten days to begin its reign this season. No sooner were the holidays passed, than, as if by common consent, everbody, from *grande dame* to shop-girl, blossomed out with violets. Larger clusters of the natural flowers have been worn than ever before; but fashion has also proclaimed it good form to wear artificial ones, and the cunning French artificers have so closely imitated the natural blossoms, even in perfume, that it is possible to doubt the testimony of one's senses when holding them in the hands. The bunches are made up with some long stems; and all, natural and artificial are tied with generous knots of purple or lavender ribbons. Every other cloak and muff one passes on the street is thus decorated, and these pet blossoms peep out under hat-brims, and even encircle the whole crown; while many theater bonnets are made entirely of violets.—*From "Chat," in Demorest's Magazine for March.*

Only 35 cents for this 36 page magazine until 1896.

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

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EDITORIAL.

Our regular readers cannot but have noticed the marked improvement in contents of the BEE-KEEPER for the past few months, as we have of late printed only such articles and correspondence as was of real merit and greatest interest to our readers. Among our regular contributers this year are Doolittle, Gates, Thies, Mrs. Harrison and Jno. E. Pond, besides many others of equal prominence. These writers are all practical bee-keepers and queen breeders of long experience, and their views on all apicultural subjects are eagerly sought after and greatly appeciated by both the novice and "old timer." We shall continue to improve in every way possible, and while we do not expect to make this the largest or best bee magazine for sometime to come, at least, we will see to it that it is not ranked as the poorest by any means.

The bee-keeper's edition of *The Dowagiac Times*, recently appeared, and while containing some very interesting and instructive articles, the chief aim of the editor seems to be the advertising of his patent hive. Editor Heddon wields a very caustic pen, but his attacks on the Roots seems to us rather vindictive and not in the friendly spirit that is most desirable. Certainly, Editor Heddon, cannot be accused of being a member of the "mutual admiration society," which we referred to some time ago. Mr. Heddon's paper has no contributors, he writes the entire contents himself.

The enlargement of the BEE-KEEPER has met with much favor on all sides, and during the past month, we have received numerous renewals and many new subscriptions have been sent in. We hope all our old subscribers whose subscriptions have expired and who may receive this number, will show their appreciation of our efforts to give them the full value of the subscription price, by sending the necessary amount for renewal at once.

Do not forget you can order supplies from us using the catalogue of any first-class manufacturer. Our prices are no higher, and in some cases lower. While our goods are guaranteed to be superior in material and wormanship. We furnish anything wanted by bee-keepers.

Refering to our comments on his 109 mile bicycle ride from Toledo to Medina in 9 hours, our friend Ernest Root goes into quite a lengthy explanation as to how and why he did it with such apparent ease. The explanation is quite convincing and we no longer doubt the accuracy of the distance or time. It seems that the 9 hours did not include the several stops for rest or refreshment. This we did not understand before. It is not, as Ernest says, a very difficult task for a good rider to cover 109 miles in 9 hours on a good road, especially when it is as level as are many of the Ohio roads, but he makes out that we live in a very hilly state which is hardly so, at least as far as bicycle riding goes. The distance from Jamestown to Niagara Falls "on a wheel," is 100 miles and there is not a hill but the writer can ride, and only one that is considered at all difficult; and while there are long grades to climb, for every ascent there is an equal decent, and what time is lost going up the hill is more than regained in coasting down the opposite side. One of the best known "century" road courses in the country and one on which very low records have been made is from Erie to Buffalo, and we strike this road 45 miles from Erie and 20 miles northwest of Jamestown. We would be much pleased to have Ernest take a run down here the coming summer so we might show him the kind of country we have to ride over. There is none more picturesque in the state.

The AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER until January, 1896, for only 35 cents to new subscribers.

PREMIUMS TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUBS.—Every single new subscriber received before March 20th will receive a beautiful sheet of music, retail price for which has been 75c. Any one sending two subscribers (at 35c for balance of year) will receive as a premium a genuine illuminum thimble (worth 25c) and two different pieces of music. For three subscribers, a copy of "How to Manage Bees" (worth 50c.) With four subscriptions we will give one subscription free.

We are now mailing our 1895 catalogues, and we hope each one of our readers will in due time receive one, should you fail to do so however, drop us a postal card and one will be mailed at once. This is the latest date at which we have ever sent out our catalogues. They should have been mailed a week ago, but several unfortunate and unavoidable delays have occurred in the printing of them.

Great Offer to New Subscribers.

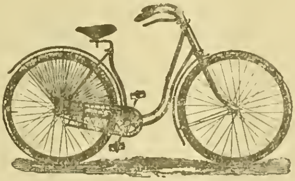
In order to increase the subscription list of the Bee-Keeper for 1895, we have decided to offer the magazine to new subscribers for only 35 cents from now until January, 1896, almost a full year. This offer will hold good only until April 1st, when it will be withdrawn. Enclose the amount in postage stamps.

Advertisers will find the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one of the best paying mediums to be found anywhere. The fact that almost all our present advertisers have been with us continuously from one to four years is in itself the best recommendation we know of.

This month we are again sending a large number of sample copies to those who are not subscribers. We wish everyone who receives a copy to regard it as an urgent invitation to subscribe. The unusual inducements offered elsewhere ought to bring in many new subscribers.

New England customers will save freight by purchasing their supplies of W. M. Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H.

It is our intention always to mail the Bee-Keeper about the fifth of each month, but owing to an extra large edition this month we have been delayed a few days in getting out this number.



BICYCLE CHEAP.

We have a Lovell Ladies' Wheel, which was used a part of last season, and is now in perfect condition, which we will sell for $35.00 cash, or good wax. This wheel originally sold for $125.00, and at our price is a bargain. It has 28 inch wheels, Hartford Pneumatic Tires, Brake, very best grade Saddle, Tools, etc., complete. Weight without tools, etc., 35 lbs. Also, a 22 lb. Rambler, purchased in August from the factory, now in perfect condition, good as new, belonging to the editor of this magazine, cost $125.00. Will sell for $65.00 cash, or wax. This is equally as good a bargain as the offer on the Ladies' Wheel.

Address

AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
Jamestown, N. Y.

TO MRS. GRUNDY.

However with all my faults I might have regained my footing, had you not promptly crushed me to earth again. I might have retrieved my losses, had you not sent me to Coventry.

As for yourself, Mrs. Grundy, you have at heart the welfare of mankind; otherwise would you subscribe so liberally to the fashionable charities, or premit the daily press to trumpet forth your benovolent work? Let me not do you wrong. Having no insurance on my own glass houses, I am wary of flinging stones at Eminent Respectability, assessed for millions of real and personal estate.

But I have a boon to ask. I beg you, when you talk behind the back of friend or stranger, to weigh your words with care. Be plain. Tell only that which you yourself do know. Do not blur your meanings with generalities. Stick a pin in your epithets. Above all, distinguish more sharply between ordinary weakness and vitriolic crimes.—*C. W. Lucas in March Lippincott's.*

LACK OF ORGANIZED FORCE.

Congressman Hainer, of Nebraska, in a very pertinent speech before the National Dairy Union, at Washington, said that he had learned one thing in Congress, and that was that there was almost a total lack of organization among the Dairymen of the United States in favor of laws against adulteration of dairy products. What a comment that is upon the citizenship of dairymen. Ask any man among them if he is in favor of such laws and he will answer yes. Ask him if he has done anything practical to impress his opinion on the law makers, whether in Congress or his own state, and not one in a thousand will answer yes.

No wonder that Bynum, of Indiana, and a host of other Congressmen will fight the Grout bill or any other bill that interferes with their friends, the eleo combine. It is because the eleo combine is organized and the dairymen are not. It is because the eleo men will spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to destroy the dairy interest, while the dairymen stand indifferent. The eleo men are practical; the dairymen are impractical. The eleo men hire lobbyists by the score to block the progress of all legislation them. Will the dairymen pay the small sum of one dollar to help the National Dairy Union? It seems to us that not to do this is unwise and unpatriotic.

There are three simple ways for every dairyman to make himself effective:

1. He should write a postal card to his member of congress and to each of the senators of his state, asking them to support the Grout bill. Ask them to defend you against a fraud and counterfeit.

2. Also write a postal card to your member of the state assembly and senate calling for state laws against this fraud. It is the number of atoms in this postal card snow storm that will tell. Every farmer can add to its weight. Don't fail to do it.

3. Send the small sum of one dollar to the National Dairy Union to help make up the sinews of war in this fight. Do this all over the land and the butter counterfeiters will hear something drop inside the next 90 days. If you wish, send your contribution to *Hoard's Dairymen*, Fort Atkinson, Wis., and we will acknowledge receipt of same and forward it to the treasurer. Do all three of these things and thus organize—*Hoard's Dairymen*

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Feb. 21, 1895.—The demand for honey is light. Good Supply. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6½ to 7½c per lb. No Beeswax on the market.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, MICH., Feb. 20, 1895.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of best comb 14 to 15c per lb Other grades 11 to 13c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Fair supply. Prices 27 to 28c per lb.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N.Y., Feb. 27, 1895.—We look for an improved demand for honey during lent. Supply somewhat limited. Price of comb 8 to 13c. Extracted in good demand at 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Supply light. Price 26 to 28c Our stock of both comb and extracted honey is quite limited.

CHAS. MCCULLOCH & CO.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1895.—The demand for comb honey is slow. Price of comb 8 to 12c. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Goop demand for Beeswax at 28 to 30c per lb. Light supply.

H. R. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 20, 1895.—The demand for honey is improving. Fair supply. Price of comb 13 to 14c. Extracted 5 to 6c. We have no stock on Beeswax. Demand slow. Prices 26 to 28c per lb.

E. E. BLAKE & CO.,
57 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 20, 1895.—Demand for honey very quiet. Fair supply. Price of comb 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 8c per lb. Demand for Beeswax is good. Supply scarce. Price 23 to 28c for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

The American Bee-Keeper until January, 1896, for only 35 cents to new subscribers.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

HUNT'S FOUNDATION

Rubber Printing Stamps.

Solid rubber type, self-inking pads, dating stamps, supplies, etc., for Bee-keepers; send for catalogue and samples of work.

G. W. BERCAW, Fostoria, Ohio.

2-6

The NEW Craig Seedling Potato,

Is the **Best Late Potato** ever introduced. It is of the best quality and outyields all others. Grows until frost. For full deicription see page 960 of *Gleanings*. 1 lb. by mail 25c; ½ pk. by freight or express $1.00; 1 pk. $1.75; ½ bu. $3.00; 1 bu. $5.00; 1 bbl. of 11 pks. $12.50.

GEO. E. CRAIG,
2-3 **Zimmer, Franklin Co., O.**

Led all others in the Government experiments. It exceeded the Given by 6½ per cent. and all the rest by 24½. See Sept. *Review*, 1894. Tne Largest. Most Comprehensive Catalog of everything needed in the Apiary, FREE. Cash for Beeswax, or will make it up in any quantity.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

2-3

A COAST ROMANCE.

To tell the story it is necessary to go back two years, when the three characters playing part in the romance lived in the little town of Cape May. They were Dorothy Mosher, a young woman of 19 years; Alix Wint, a farmer, and John Christopher, a young oysterman. Dorothy was the belle of the town, and there was a strong rivalry for her favors between Wint and Christopher. The girl enjoyed the contest and refused to encourage one more than she did the other.

The young men kept up the siege several months and finally lost their temper. The oysterman Christopher went one day and said: "Alix, I'm getting tired of this fight between us for Dorothy. I'm willing to go into a ring with you and see who's the best man. If you are, I'll get out of the way, and if I'm the better man than you, then you must leave Dorothy to me."

Wint agreed to the proposition, and in the presence of a large number of their friends the young men stripped one night in a fishhouse on the beach and fought like tigers for the girl they loved. They were pretty evenly matched, and it was a long time before the contest ended. It finally came to a close with the knocking out of Christopher.

Christopher took his defeat deeply to heart, and he left the town. He had saved money and invested in a schooner that was engaged in the coasting business. He sailed a few weeks as mate of the vessel and then became her captain. Meantime Wint wooed Dorothy more ardently than ever, but he got but little satisfaction from the girl, who blamed him for driving Christopher away. He believed that he would win her for his wife sooner or later and persisted in giving her attention. He was not a little surprised one morning to find that the night before Dorothy had disappeared from town. Her friends went in search of her and found that she had been secretly married to Christopher, who had taken her aboard his schooner to live.

The discovery that the girl loved his rival best was a severe blow to Wint, who found it impossible to content himself on the farm. He finally found his surroundings uncongenial, and disposing of the farm joined the life saving station at Hereford inlet. In the excitement of this wild life he did his best to forget Dorothy. He was considered the bravest of the crew. There was no wind or weather in which he was afraid to put out in the lifeboat, and he seemed happiest when in the midst of a storm on the sea. Some thought that his mind was unbalanced, and the advisability of discharging him from the service had been considered, but the faithfulness with which he always performed his duties argued strongly in his favor.

Last Thursday was a stormy day on the Jersey coast. The wind blew fearfully inland, and the wreckers kept a sharp lookout for vessels in distress. All day the rain came down, but at sundown the clouds broke and fled, but the wind increased its strength, and the surf of Hereford inlet ran higher by many feet than the roof of the life saving station. About midnight the patrol of the beach saw a rocket curve through the darkness. It was quickly followed by a second and a third. A vessel of some sort was in distress in the vicinity of North bar. The crew was aroused, and the lifeboat got in readiness, but it was impossible to launch it, so terrible was the surf. Answering signals were given to encourage the unfortunates on the foundered vessel. When day broke, the wind began to die out, and by sunrise the surf had lessened in force.

Nearly a mile from the shore the masts and rigging of a schooner were visible above the tumbling waters, and at the head of the mainmast was seen a dark object. The vessel was completely submerged, and the masts were swaying like reeds. Evidently one of the crew had been lashed to the mast. After several vain attempts the lifeboat was finally launched, and the sturdy crew sent it across the waves as rapidly as it was possible for them to do. They finally came near enough to the wreck to see that the object at the masthead was a woman. She was alive and encouraged the crew in the lifeboat by waving her arms. As the lifeboat came nearer it was found that it would be extremely dangerous to attempt to take the woman off until the waves had subsided, for parts of the shattered hull projected above the water, and to be dashed upon them meant quick destruction. While the crew was debating what it was best to do, Wint caught up a fieldglass and turned it on the woman. An instant later the other members of the crew were surprised to hear him exclaim, "It's Dorothy!" He held the glass to his eyes for a few seconds, as if to make sure that he was right, then tossed it into the cuddy, and snatching up a life preserver fastened it under his arms, and tying a rope around his waist ordered the men to pull the boat as close to the wreck as they dared to. The captain remonstrated with the man, but he calmly told him that if the boat wasn't put nearer he would jump in there and try to swim to the woman's rescue.

The captain saw it was useless to protest, and he told the crew to do as Wint desired. Wint fastened one end of the rope that was around his waist to a cleat in the boat and waited for a favorable moment to leap into the sea. At last, when the boat was on the crest of a wave that was sweeping toward the wreck, he jumped overboard and the next instant was battling with the strength of three men with the foaming water.

The wave ran like a race horse and dashed Wint against the rigging. He grasped the ropes, climbed to where the woman was lashed to the mast, and in a few seconds had fastened the life preserver around her. Tying the rope around her waist, he signaled the men in the boat to haul her aboard. It was a terrible trip to make, but Dorothy arrived safe and sound. The problem now was how to rescue the man.

The life preserver was fastened to a rope and thrown overboard, in the hope that it would float within Wint's reach, but it didn't reach the mark Again and again it was hauled in and cast overboard without striking the rigging At every wave the masts showed that they were growing weaker. and it was expected by the men in the lifeboat that they would go by the board before the life preserver could be got to Wint, but luckily the swirl in the water as it broke over the wreck carried it among the ropes, and Wint got it. He put it on and was soon aboard the lifeboat.

Dorothy's husband and all the crew of the schooner were lost. The young woman had no home, and what could she do? Why, become Alix Wint's wife, of course, and that was what she did two days after her old lover rescued her from death.—Omaha World Herald.

Demosthenes paid 2 chalchi—that is, less than 1 cent—for two waxen tablets to make a memorandum.

Woodpeckers fly opening and closing their wings, and so are always rising or falling in curves. When they run up trees, they use their tails, which incline downward, as a sort of support.

A Great Landowner.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's bridge, the Devil's caldron, the Devil's glen, etc. Said the traveler:

"The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts."

"Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentlewoman.

DUELING THE VOGUE.

All Classes In Continental Europe Taking to the Field of Honor.

It is a curious feature of the age that the practice of dueling, which has completely died out in this country, should not only be still in vogue on the continent, but spreading with alarming rapidity from the army and nobility to all classes of the population. A peaceful citizen who minds his own business in Austria is now liable at any hour of the day or the night to receive a formal challenge from his bootmaker or his banker, who a day or two later may assume for this occasion only the character of his butcher. In France, it is true, the affair of "honor" is seldom quite so dangerous as the weekly trials of skill among German university students, known as "mensur," which often lead to the loss of a bit of an ear or nose, always end in blood and once in a while culminate in death.

In Italy, Austria, Hungary and other lands an encounter of this kind is a much more formidable matter. Thousands of well meaning men and promising youths are yearly disabled, crippled or killed on the altar of "knightly honor." Every man in those countries carries his life in his hands, so to say, and journalism, politics, the bar, the army and navy—in a word, every walk of life except the church—are closed to him who conscientiously refuses to give or accept a challenge to mortal combat on the slightest provocation, real or imaginary. Our foreign correspondents have more than once described sanguinary duels in the army the principals of which—mere lads still in the military school—were bosom friends ignorant of what they were fighting for. In one case two youths were playing in the schoolyard when an officer drew near and asserted that one had touched the other on the cheek and thus insulted him.

The boys, who were in a better position to know than a spectator looking down from a two pair back window, denied the statement emphatically, but the officer gave one of them his choice between calling out his friend and being expelled from the establishment. The "meeting" took place a few days later, and when it was over one of the two friends and comrades had to be carried off to the hospital dangerously wounded and disabled for life.—London Telegraph.

Several flutes, still perfect and capable of producing musical tones, have been taken from the Egyptian catacombs.

New London. Conn., was at first called Tawagog

HE GOT HIS PAY.

An Odd Coincidence That Occurred Between Borrower and Lender.

"Here is one of the odd coincidences of life," said my friend Williams. "Some time ago an acquaintance came to me and told me he was in great need of $15, and at considerable trouble to myself I let him have it. He promised to return it in a few days.

"When three weeks had elapsed, I mentioned the matter to him casually, and he was profusely apologetic—would send it to me the following day sure. It didn't come, though, nor did I get any word from him. About two weeks after that I met him in Broadway. He declared it was a shame I hadn't got my money and vowed he wouldn't let another day pass without paying me.

"It went along then for a week or ten days, and, as my expenses were very heavy, I was considerably embarrassed and needed the money badly. One night, when I was feeling particularly discouraged, I sat down and wrote him a note. I said: 'My Dear Sir—About six weeks ago I loaned you $15. Lest the paying it should occasion you any inconvenience allow me to hereby make you a present of the money.'

"That will bring it, if anything will, thought I. Judge of my surprise when by the next morning's mail I received a letter from the man inclosing the $15. By the same mail exactly he must have received mine making him a present of it, and by the dates both letters were evidently written at about the same hour."—New York Herald.

Wellington and the Toad.

Napoleon was worshiped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded, while of the other to this day fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men! The following anecdote concerning a letter lately exhumed may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander. The letter, so far as my memory serves, was in some such terms as these:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington begs to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

It seems that the duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been—the lean, keen eyed old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and between them the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day. He had come daily to feed his toad. The little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone and might starve. The duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after, and the letter above quoted is one of the subsequent bulletins.—Boston Post.

Potatoes.

If baked potatoes are to be more digestible than those that are boiled, they must be baked in a quick oven where the starch granules are exposed to a greater degree of heat than in boiling, and consequently where a greater chemical change takes place. Baked potatoes retain their salts and potash, that are usually lost by boiling them without their jackets. In taking baked potatoes from the oven pricking or pressing them quickly will allow the steam to escape, and they will not be so apt to grow watery if it is necessary to delay the eating of them. In a similar way boiled potatoes that cannot be eaten at once may be kept more "mealy" if not closely covered, as in case there is no escape for the steam that accumulates on the cover over them it will drip back on to the potatoes.—New York Post.

The Difference.

Oldboy—Hello, old man! What's up? You don't look as trim as you used to during the first few months of your honeymoon. Doesn't your wife still brush you up?

Wedly—No. She combs me down.—New York Herald.

Scenery In Bering Sea.

"Sailing southeasterly along the shore of that haunt of the walrus and polar bear—St. Matthew's island in the Bering sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising black above the white, seething foam of the sea that breaks against their base give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggested to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time have straddled it and perhaps fished for reptilia over the beetling cliffs which it surmounts."—New York Sun.

PARSON CHOWNE.

A Peculiar Character In the Novel of "The Maid of Sker."

Mr. Blackmore worked into his story the character of a notorious palr of parsons in the same portion of tho county. Parson Chowne actually was rector of Knowstone, and the tradition of his evil deeds is by no means faded out of recollection. The people tell still of the manner in which he revenged himself upon any farmer who offended him. He had two methods. One was to invite the man against whom he meditated evil to dine with him, when he would ply him with liquor, and when his guest drove away, down a steep and rugged hill, the linchpin of one of his wheels would come out and the man be thrown from his trap and break neck or leg or arm. The other way was less severe. He would say before some man whom he could trust, "I wonder how bad Farmer X. would feel were his rick to be fired?" Next night the rick would be in flames. Chowne never entered into alliance with the savages of Coleridge. Nor did he end his days torn to pieces by dogs, as represented in the novel. Several of the tales told of him in "The Maid of Sker" are, however, true, as is that of his having introduced an apple pip into the eye of a horse that belonged to a baronet to the neighborhood, against whom he bore a grudge

The story is told of Parson Chowne that the bishop of Exeter sent word that he would visit him Chowne had a portion of the road dug up and filled with peat water and then covered over with sticks and furze and a sprinkling of soil. The bishop's carriage went in, and the bishop was upset, but Henry of Exeter was not the man to be stopped by such a matter as a breakdown—not on the road, but of the road—and he walked forward on foot.

"Mr Chowne," said he, "I've heard strange stories of you."

"Waal, my lord," answered the rector, "so hev I of you. But, my lord, us be gentlemen, you and I, and us pays no notice to the chitter chatter of a pars'l o fules."

Nothing could be brought home to Chowne He was far too clever a man to allow himself to be caught in his malpractice. Toward tho end of his days he resigned his living and resided in a house of his own —Atalanta.

OMNIPRESENT HYDROGEN.

One of the Commonest Elements of the Earth and the Universe.

No result of spectroscopic research among the heavenly bodies has been more remarkable than that which demonstrates the extraordinary abundance with which the element hydrogen is diffused throughout the universe It is, of course, one of the commonest elements of the earth, entering, as it does, into the composition of every drop of water Hydrogen is also a constituent part of a vast number of solid bodies, but the remarkable circumstance for our present purpose is that this same element is found in profusion elsewhere. Surrounding that visual glowing globe of the sun there is an invisible atmosphere, of which hydrogen is one of the most prominent components.

A like conclusion is drawn from the spectra of many of the stars. In the case of certain specially white and brilliant gems, of which Sirius and Vega may be taken as the types, the chief spectroscopic feature is the extraordinary abundance in which hydrogen is present. Even in the dim and distant nebulæ gaseous hydrogen is the constituent more easily recognized than any other which they may possess. Indeed it may be affirmed that we do not know any other substance which is so widely diffused as hydrogen.

It need hardly be said that this gas is an important constituent in those compound bodies with which life is associated. In that somewhat grewsome exhibition which shows tho actual quantities of the several elements of which an average human body is composed the bulk of the hydrogen forms one of the most striking items, and indeed in connection with all forms of animal and vegetable life hydrogen is of primary importance. In the argument from analogy for the existence of life in other worlds it is significant to note that an element associated in such an emphatic manner with the manifestation of life here should now be shown to be widespread through the universe.—Sir Robert Ball in Fortnightly Review.

Employer and Companion.

One of the most important secrets of a hunting expedition is this: "Never allow yourselves any luxuries in a 'tight place' which your men have no share in." The English sportsman whose advice we have quoted tells how he was rewarded in the Caucasus for treating his men as comrades and sharing camp comforts with them He says:

One chilly night among the mountains I awoke at 3 o'clock to find myself warm and snug under two extra native blankets. The owners of the blankets were squatting on their hams, almost in the fire, and talking to pass the long, cold hours until dawn.

Having rated them for their folly and made them take back their blankets and turn in, I rolled over and slept again. When I next woke, it was 7 o'clock, and the men were still crouching over the embers, helping to cook breakfast, their blankets having been replaced upon my shoulders.

I had paid these men off the day before this happened, and they left me the next morning with a hearty "God be with you," unconscious that they had done anything more than the proper thing toward their employer and companion.—Youth's Companion.

A Brilliant Idea.

A German paper tells an amusing story of Cumberland, the thought reader. On a journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg he entertained his fellow passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of 50 rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request and said: "You are going to the fair at Nijni Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of 20,000 rubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for 3 per cent."

On hearing these words the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse and handed him the 50 rubles, whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired, "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

The Sentimental Song's Success.

"Did you ever hear anything as mushy as that?" asked the man at the minstrel show. He referred to a song about "papa" and "dear mamma" and "sweet little child" that was being done by a man with a soft, girlish voice.

He didn't like it at all, but the house demanded an encore, and a woman just in front of him had a handkerchief to her eyes.

"That's what people want," said the man who sat beside the complainant "Just give them mother and baby and a waltz tune, and they're happy."

The lines of the song were almost idiotic in their strained attempt at tender sentiment, and the air seemed a variation of what has been heard in every minstrel "first part" for 20 years, but the people liked it just the same because it was so well sung and because "mamma" and "baby" were treated with such exceeding tenderness.—Chicago Record.

CUBAN PECULIARITIES.

Some of the Curious Customs That Confront a Visitor to Havana.

Ben Stern, a New York theatrical man, tells some amusing incidents connected with a visit he made to Havana.

"Talk about yellow fever," said Mr. Stern, "you have it in Cuba. It is full of it. You have to be very careful how you live, what you drink, and then you are fortunate to escape. In the hotels—such as they are—you find marble floors. In your room you will find a little rug near your bed, and you are supposed to stand on this rug while dressing.

You are warned to keep off the marble in your bare feet. You may catch yellow fever. Carpets you have not. They hold the germs Ninety per cent of the houses are but a single story high. The streets are just wide enough to allow two small vehicles to pass, and the sidewalks are about two feet in width.

"But what impressed me is the system of taxes—bribe taking and tipping. If you register at a hotel, you place a stamp opposite your name If you use a sheet of paper, you stamp it, and if you go into a public park somebody will ask you for 10 cents before you sit down. Then the stamps are only kept in limited quantities. I asked a hotel clerk why they did not keep a better supply. He declared it was because the next Spanish steamer arriving might bring a new design, and the old ones would have to be destroyed at the cost of the holder of them. So you see Spain's way of doing business with her Cuban subjects. They hate their mother country—I mean the native Cubans. Of course, the Spaniards, strictly speaking, are more loyal. Unfurl an American flag in Cuba, and the people fairly go wild over the stars and stripes. Unfurl the emblem of Spain, and there is not much enthusiasm.

"The rules of the theater are queer: You pay so much to get in and then pay for your seat afterward. No difference if you had a $20 box seat, you would have to pay an admission fee. The system is full of bother to the patrons of the places of amusement. There are, I believe, about 30 newspapers printed in Cuba, but only about five attract much attention. All are printed in Spanish. About the only Americans you see are in one hotel, and when you leave there you are among the Cubans entirely The system of collecting duties is very lax—full of temptations for bribery, which, I am told, is one of the worst evils of the island. The Spanish government has everything of an official character under its control, which makes Spain nated all the more. There is really but one city wherein theatrical attractions pay —that is Havana. It takes as long to get 400 miles into the interior of the island sometimes as it does to go from here to Cuba. It is a great country in its way." —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Table Mats.

Here is a set of three tea table mats. The materials required are a quarter of a yard of linen lawn, some honiton lace braid and a few skeins of honiton lace silk. The quarter of a yard of linen will make three mats, each 9 inches square.

First overcast each piece of linen neatly all around the edge and baste upon this edge a row of the lobed braid, which, having scalloped edges, will make a pretty finish for the mats. Buttonhole this braid to the linen on the upper edge. Next baste a piece representing a spray of flowers upon each corner, and with the honiton lace silk buttonhole it upon the linen. In similar manner make a center design if you desire one, though this seems superfluous, as it never shows when the mat is in use. When the stitching is done, turn the mat, and with a pair of sharp embroidery scissors cut away the linen covered by the lace, being careful not to cut any of the lace stitches. When all are done, place the mats under a piece of muslin wrung out of borax water and iron until the muslin is dry.—Womankind.

Journalistic Intelligence.

Miss Gladys Simple is not a bad looking girl, but intellectually she is subject to a slight discount. At a social gathering she was introduced to a distinguished journalist.

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Scoop, one of the celebrated newspaper writers of the day," said her friend.

"I didn't know they wrote newspapers. All the newspapers I've seen were printed."—London Tit-Bits.

This Is a Purely American Belief.

Teacher—Tommy, what does the book mean by "drinking water?"

Tommy (who has lived all his life at hotels)—A large piece of ice partly melted and placed in a pitcher.—Chicago Record.

Wit Comes With the Dessert.

The greatest opportunities for serving an effective dinner are in the dessert. Besides it is over the ices and between the cracking of nuts and the nibbling of raisins that the wittiest things are said. Chauncey Depew says it is not until the ices are served that people at dinner really begin to have a genial feeling toward their neighbors.

KIPLING'S KIND ACT.

A Story About the Famous Author That Is Not Unpleasant.

It has become the fashion of literary paragraphers to print whatever stories of a disagreeble nature concerning Rudyard Kipling they can hear or find. Incidents showing the other side of the man—the true side, in fact—are rare, but that this wonderful author is not quite the literary barbarian which he is so generally made out to be finds but stronger evidence in a little story which I heard quite recently.

Not long ago an ambitious young writer composed his first story. He was rather skeptical of its merit, and being a great reader and admirer of Kipling's work determined to send his literary firstborn to Kipling for criticism. His friends tried to dissuade him from the idea, telling him that he would never see his story again. But his faith in his favorite author was strong, and the story went to Kipling. A week passed by, and finally nearly a month had elapsed. The young writer suffered keenly from the ridicule of his friends in the meantime, and, truth to tell, his faith began to waver. During the fifth week, however, a letter came postmarked "Brattleboro, Vt.," and the young writer opened it with feverish haste.

There was his manuscript, true enough, but scarcely could he recognize it. Kipling had evidently put days of work upon it, making corrections, suggestions and interlineations until the story contained more of Kipling than of its original author. With the manuscript came a letter, in which Kipling said that he was not "in the habit of doing this sort of thing, because it took so much time." But in this case he saw a good chance to make $5 for a particular fresh air fund in which he was interested, and if Mr. —— thought the work he had put on this manuscript was worth that sum he would be glad to receive it for his fund and would send a receipted bill!

The $5 was sent.—Philadelphia Times.

All Saints' day, Nov. 1, is said to have been begun by Pope Boniface IV about 607 and was established by Gregory IV about 830.

LIES AND THE LIARS.

THE WORST OF ALL EVILS AND MOST DIFFICULT TO CONTROL.

Growth of the Habit Due In Great Measure to Self Deception—The Causes an Interesting Study—Liars Should Be Shut Up In Asylums as the Insane Are.

There is nothing in the power of the human being so bad as a lie. There is nothing that smirches character so bad as a lie. There is nothing that turns one so against himself as a lie. There is nothing that so destroys the confidence of our friends as a lie. There is no compensation possible for the evil of a lie. It eats back corrosively into yourself, and you cannot get back your soundness It rarely ever even temporarily makes a profit, and I think in the end never.

The puzzle of puzzles is why some people lie so easily They rarely undertake to be exact and yet do not recognize themselves as liars It is their first impulse to avoid straightforwardness, and they plunge ahead in conversation, simply trying to get around point after point. It is a mistake and a misfortune to form such a habit. It grows on the victim, and it increases its power In nine cases out of ten the simple facts would be easily told, and the telling more advantageous than either concealment or a falsehood, but the habit has been encouraged to misrepresent or conceal, and the whole mental nature exhausts its fertility in a purpose not to be open and honest. When this appears in a person of good ability, mild disposition and industry, it is lamentable.

The power of lying as a habit to grow is amazing. The reason probably is that the liar lies to himself as badly as he does to others—that is, he tries to believe he is truthful until he believes what he says is true, or at least is uncertain about it. I know one or two persons with whom you may say lying is a chronic disease. They talk on at entire random. Their whole life becomes a romance. They may occasionally touch bottom on a fact, but they do it by accident They do not know it. It is simply because facts are so many as to get in their way. "What an unconscionable liar that creature is," said a friend. "She cannot tell the truth." I am not sure but we should have a new name for this sort of people. The fact is they have lost all sense of the true and the false, as they have of right and wrong. Louis Stevenson's novels are no more a piece of intellectual manufacture than are their everyday conversations. This is true not only of some of the lower class, but of an occasional person in the highest ranks of society I know an eminent litterateur who is so snarled up among the creatures of his imagination that he cannot tell the real from the fictional. It is dangerous to be his friend, for he is liable to get you woven into a great web of his fancies, and then with all his might he believes you are guilty of absurdities or worse that were enacted only in his brain. He will swear to these "facts" with all sincerity. His life can never be restored to a basis of realities

There should be hospitals for liars, or retreats, such as we provide for the insane when their cases become chronic and dangerous. They become dangerous to the community, quite as dangerous as forgers and shoplifters, and far worse for our own peace and happiness If by accident you get one of these people into your household, you never will get the confusion rectified. East becomes west. Love is perverted into evil intent Even facts fail to tell the truth Everything is wrong end foremost. Half the suicides come from liars' tongues The worst cases should be treated as insanity and mild cases sent to a hospital

It would be an interesting study for an analytic mind to study the causes of lying and liars It is in some cases no doubt a matter almost wholly of heredity Mothers and fathers hand down moral traits more easily than they do intellectual. A mother should make it a law of her life to be sincere and undeviating. If not, she is sure to reap a sore punishment in and from her children. Practice a habit of living very open hearted. I do not mean prattling facts all the while, but with no chests locked against your beloved ones. An open heart is better than an open mouth

I pity a really honest person who has tumbled herself hastily into a lie. The temptation came on suddenly, and before she was able to be quite self masterful she prevaricated Now, to back out of a lie is like backing out of a slough of mud. You get out with mire on you. But is it any better to stay in the slough and wallow about? There is nothing gained, my friend, by sticking to a falsehood simply because you are ashamed to back out. Be as frank as your better nature suggests and get as quickly as possible on the line of absolute honor

But there are other causes for the liar's character besides heredity. Society is not based on honor, but very largely on pretenses The good half of social intercourse is offset by another half of deceit and insincerity This, of course, is stamping it-sell on character People cannot live lies and not be liars The Quakers felt this social degradation and tried to correct it Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil The Quakers, however, do sometimes lie, and all the worse because they have placed so much emphasis on the yea, yea, as better than yes, yes. But they do not make a mistake in insisting on the importance of words Social flattery and much of social manners are a cover for lies. There is no truth in it. Are you a social liar?—Mary E Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Live Beetle In Iron Ore.

Z. T White. who is now or has very recently been a citizen of El Paso, Tex., was once the owner of the most wonderful entomological specimen ever found since the creation of the world—a live beetle found in a solid matrix of iron ore The curiosity was discovered a considerable depth below the surface in the Longfellow mine. at Clifton, A T., and fitted his iron sarcophagus as snugly as though the iron had been in a plastic state when it came in contact with the creature's body The "bug" was of a dull, reddish gray color and was of course of a species wholly unknown to the entomologists According to the El Pasa Bullion, this wonder was presented to a well known scientific association of the Atlantic slope about two years ago.—St. Louis Republic

Approved.

Suitor—I am sure your heart is in the right place.

Beloved—I am glad to hear you say so. I have just given it to the other fellow.—Detroit Tribune.

London Newsgirls.

The London Weekly Telegraph, a miscellany published in connection with the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, is now being sold in the streets of London by a corps of presentable damsels, becomingly dressed in a uniform of dark gray, with red facings, hood lined with the latter color and forage cap to match.

A Test of Eligibility.

A story is told by a Scotch contemporary of a new arrival at the Border Counties' Lunatic asylum, near Melrose, who was sent out along with some others to work in the grounds. After he had been working for some time an old inmate, who had been watching him. came up and said, "Unless ye delve wi' the rake and rake wi' the spade, ma man, ye'll be no' lang here."—London Globe.

THE BELLS OF LIFE.

The birth bells are ringing a joyous chime
For a white soul laid in the lap of love,
A spirit flower from the fields above,
To bloom for a day on the shores of time.

The wedding bells swing to their gladdest notes,
Proclaiming the good that the full years bring
In the circling band of the marriage ring,
From the brazen depths of their giant throats.

In the belfry of time the death bells toll
The entrance to heaven, the end of earth,
The death that is only a grander birth,
As life's bondage falls from the passing soul.

Birth bells, marriage bells, death bells, you have rung
The story of life since the world was young.
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Detroit Free Press.

A CLOSE CALL.

Pretty young Mrs. Carpenter—she was always spoken of as "young" to distinguish her from her husband's mother, who lived next door—stood watching her husband till he turned the corner and was out of sight.

But he never once looked back. In fact, they had just quarreled, and that was why her eyes were brighter than usual, and her cheeks, which John used to say reminded him of blush roses, were scarlet instead of pink.

Such a foolish thing to quarrel about, too—a little innocent looking pat of butter! But, then, it was strong—that is, John said it was, whereat Mrs. John helped herself generously and said it was good enough for her, and she couldn't afford to pay 40 cents a pound for butter when she could get good for 30.

Then John inquired if he didn't give her money enough to pay her grocery bill and said it wasn't good enough for him. Perhaps she had been accustomed to eating such stuff—he actually went to the extent of calling it stuff!—and I can't begin to tell you all the foolish things that those two hot tempered young people, who loved each other dearly, said. It ended finally in John's flinging himself away from the table without tasting the lemon pie, his favorite dessert, which the tired little housekeeper, remembering his fondness for, had taken time to concoct in the midst of all her pickling and preserving.

John began to get together his fish poles, flies and other traps, which he wanted to take away, for he and six other young men were having a half holiday and had engaged the boat Bonnie Belle for an afternoon's fishing on Great lake.

He worked hard, this young fellow, as foreman in a close, stuffy factory, and a half day's recreation in the pure air was a rare event with him. But somehow he did not enjoy the prospect very much after that war of words at the dinner table. He wished he hadn't spoken as he did. If May would only come and help him, but she held herself aloof while he was getting ready. She had intended to slip some lemons and sugar into the basket—a pail of lemonade would be so refreshing, imbibed in the shady glen, after the row across the lake. But now, if he wanted lemons, he could help himself, she thought, after the way he had talked.

He was a long time getting ready, and she wondered, as he fumbled with the lines and hooks, if he really would go off without kissing her. Her anger would have melted in a moment at the first pacific sign from him, but she would not beg for a kiss, no!

He started for the door. She had a great mind to follow him there, but pride kept her back. He was outside the door now. She hastened after him. "If he looks around, I'll let him see I'm ready to make up," she thought. But he did not, and so Mrs. John went back to the little dining room and began to clear the table, feeling herself a much injured wife and rather glad, on the whole, that she hadn't given in.

But gradually better feelings prevailed. Scarlet cheeks faded back to pink again, and temper brightened eyes became dim with tears.

She watched the clock anxiously. How slowly the hours passed — 2, 3, 4, 5 o'clock! "In an hour he will be here," she said to herself joyously and she bustled round to prepare an extra nice supper. She even went to the corner grocery for a pound of the 40 cent butter.

Six o'clock came, but no John. Half past 6—7. She was walking the floor in her unrest and now went out and stood at the gate. She could see knots of people talking excitedly along the street. A freckled faced boy running by stopped.

"D'yer hear 'bout the axident? The Bonnie Belle struck by a squall and seven men drowned."

"What's that?" asked a feeble old man, coming out of the next house. "Who says my boy's drowned? Why, he can swim. There ain't water enough in Great lake to drown John Carpenter."

The wind blew his scanty locks over his wrinkled old face. His faded blue eyes wandered piteously round and finally rested on John's wife.

"Don't you believe it," he said, tremulously, patting her arm with his uncertain, shaking hand

But apparently she did not hear him. Drowned! Her John—and she let him go to his death without a kiss!

The freckled faced boy looked at her uneasily, digging his bare toes into the ground.

"I didn't know as Mrs. Carpenter was along," said he apologetically, forgetting for the moment his own importance as the bearer of news in view of her silent misery.

Some one took hold of the wife and led her into the house. She groped her way like a blind person. They said she had better lie down on the lounge awhile, and she obeyed. She could not see anything now.

"I am dying," she thought and was happy in thinking so.

Then she floated away into darkness, on and on, for a long time apparently. Finally she saw a light, and opening her eyes saw—yes, it was—John!

Was she indeed in the other world, and was John waiting for her? She spoke his name.

"She's coming to. She knows me," said the familiar voice.

But how far off it sounded! And so did her own voice when she spoke.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly.

"Here, dear, in the dining room," said John again.

He was on the floor beside the lounge, his face close to hers. Their lips met in a long kiss.

"John," she said solemnly, "I thought we were both in another world."

"I did have a pretty close call," said he, "and it was hard work bringing you back."

"The others?" she asked tearfully.

"Will and I are the only ones left of the seven," he replied, with a sob.

"Oh, John! It might have been you!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck

Just then a feeble old man who was sitting close to his son said fondly, in tremulous tones:

"I knew there wasn't water enough in Great lake to drown my John!"—Waverly Magazine.

Accounting For the Delay.

Cawker—Cumso, did you get that letter I sent you a couple of weeks ago?

Cumso—A couple of weeks ago? I received it yesterday.

Cawker—Only yesterday! Confound it! That comes of giving it to my wife to mail.—Detroit Free Press

Cleveland was named after General Moses Cleveland, who surveyed the region.

NEED OF AN ENGAGED GIRLS' CLUB.

Difficulties of Lovemaking In the Parlor of a Boarding House.

"If you want to start a real fetching philanthropy," remarked the retired bachelor maid, "just please found a club for engaged girls that live in boarding houses. The object of course would be to provide some private, perfectly nice retreat, where said engaged girls could entertain their sweethearts. You've no idea of the need of such a place. As things are now, nearly every 'bespoke' bachelor maid in New York city is obliged to receive the dearest fellow in the world in a boarding house parlor, unless of course she is flatting it, in which case the presence of the three or four other bachelor maids who are flatting it with her is anything but pleasant.

"Take my own case. At the time I decided to renounce the pomps and vanities of the girl bachelor world I was living in a boarding house. I leave you to imagine the trials and tribulations that Harry and I underwent during the period of our engagement. We had absolutely no place in which to spend our precious evenings together except the public parlor, where we were liable to interruption at any moment."

" 'By Jove, I can't stand this!' cried Harry one evening after a tortured half hour of decorously sitting on opposite sides of the room and conversing about Shakespeare and the musical glasses. 'This is worse than hades. I'll hire a hall if there's no other way.'

"We finally settled it by going way up town each evening to some friends of my mother's, who kindly lent their drawing room for the purpose of our lovemaking. It was very inconvenient, however. Otherwise, though, all our courting would have had to be done after marriage. There are more cases like ours in New York city than you might suspect. It's dreadfully hard on sweethearts. Yes, if some public spirited individual wants to immortalize himself in the name of matrimony, let him or her found 'The Engaged Girls' club,' to whose house all the betrothed young people that live in boarding houses may resort. Depend upon it, it's a charity that would take. Thousands of suffering boarding house couples all over the city would rise up and call any such philanthropist most blessed indeed."—New York Sun.

THE SPRIGHTLY SMELT.

A Game Little Fellow and Popular on the New England Coast.

The smelt is a bright and friendly little fellow and as delightful a companion on the hook as in the mouth. In fact, he swallows it as readily as he is swallowed himself. Fishermen pronounce him both gamy and toothsome, and more than this could not in reason be asked of any fish that swims. His is a salt water habitat, but he possesses the sagacity to run up streams and lakes at night to spawn, getting swiftly back to his familiar ground long before the earliest call to breakfast.

He is of shining brightness among the finny tribes, wearing a stripe of silver on either side from head to tail, like the tinsel that decorates the trousers legs of a got up miltiary man. The smelt is a sharp biter at this season and makes brisk sport in the early morning. He affects the New England waters above all others, and in his present lively state offers good sport to the angler with light rod and line. The tideways and creeks are his favorite haunts, for it is in these that he finds the diminutive shrimp in plenty and snaps them up without stopping to work at a problem of enumeration. Boys are not more fond of capturing him than full grown men are, counting it as the rarest sport as the sun comes up over the smoky water of a frosty morning.

With the wire spreader rig used in his capture, two hooks being attached, it is usual when the fish run in plenty to take two fish at one and the same haul. Greedy old waterlogs who work for the market find tackle fishing much too slow for their purposes and go after nets that scoop them in by thousands. They are likewise captured by the wagon load through holes in the ice in winter, and a good day's work not uncommonly nets 200 and 300 pounds. Fried in meal and hot lard or oil, they make a dish for a true epicure. From November on is the best time to go smelting.—Boston Courier.

TAMING A BUTTERFLY.

Followed His Hypnotizer About the Room For Three Weeks.

The following extraordinary history is told by Mr. Gould and is, says the London Gentlewoman, worth repeating:

On a cool October day, while walking in the park, I saw a large black and orange butterfly apparently dead. I put it in an envelope carefully and took it home, laying it upon the table. Some hours after I heard a sort of scratching sound and found that it came from the envelope, out of which I then took the butterfly, quite revived by the warm room and looking most beautiful.

The question then was how to feed it—for I wished to keep it as a pet—and I put some sirup made of white sugar and water in a tiny saucer and gently took the insect by the shoulders, first folding back his wings. Then I took a small needle. and passing the head of it very gently through the curled proboscis slowly unrolled it till the end fell in the sirup.

After he had had his fill I let him go, and he polished his fore feet and antennæ and then flew about quite happy. I continued to feed him thus for three days, and on the fourth, when I put out my hand to take him, he flew upon it and at once began to eat of his own accord.

This went on for about three weeks, and he became really quite a pet, flying to me and settling on my chest, arms or hands, and if I put him on a table and drew my finger along he would follow it like a kitten, not flying, but marching slowly after it, and then when I left the table he would turn his head as knowing as a child or animal.

In three weeks his bright coloring and gloss grew dull, wrinkles appeared on the body and wings, and after eating he was less particular in pluming himself. Then his appetite failed and his strength also. The three days before his death he was constantly in my hand, and there he died.

During 1846, the first year of the Irish famine, wheat sold in Amsterdam for £20 6s.; in London for £14 14s.; in New York for $40; in St. Petersburg for £10 8s. a ton.

Over 1,000 yards of linen cloth have been unrolled from one mummy. The cloth in texture resembles the cheesecloth of the present somewhat. It is finer in quality

Wheat was cultivated in China B C 2700 and at that date was deemed the direct gift of the gods

With some people a roll of honor is made up of bank bills

Hereafter all telegraph and telephone poles which are erected in the streets of Hartford must be of well seasoned chestnut wood, octagonal in shape, to be painted a dark green uniformly, and not over 40 feet in height from the ground

The China or tea wheat is said to have come from a grain found in a chest of tea.

MET A BAD MAN IN TEXAS.

An Army Officer's Experience, Which Included a Drink of Poor Whisky.

"Only on one occasion in my life have I felt the need of a weapon," said an officer of the United States army. "I have never carried a gun, but it has sometimes occurred to me that no man ought ever to be without one. One cannot be sure but that some time the weapon would save one's life. For instance, I will recite to you a little experience of my own. It was in a wild mountain region of Texas. I was riding along a lonely path, mounted on a government mule. Not a thing did I have on my person which could have been regarded by the most impoverished citizen as of value. Whistling as I went, I approached a large rock, about which the path ran to avoid a sharp ascent. Just as I reached it a fierce looking man rose out of the bushes and cried 'Halt!'

"What could I do? Perhaps you will say that I ought to have charged upon him with my government mule, overpowered him, taken away his arms and demanded why he should thus obstruct what was the best substitute available for a public highway. I did nothing of the kind. The only reason I can allege is that I was afraid. Such a method of dealing with highwaymen does well enough in story books, but in real life it is dangerous. Accordingly I obeyed the suggestion of the bold bandit and halted. For a moment my heart jumped into my throat as I saw him thrust a hand into his hip pocket. He drew from it something and pointed it at me point blank. I perceived that the something was not a pistol; it was a bottle—a large black bottle. Said the highwayman, 'Drink!'

"I held out my hand and grasped the bottle with more than ordinary eagerness. I drank. It was the worst whisky I ever tasted, and that is saying a good deal, for I had lived in the wilds of the west for a number of years. But to me ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, every one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures!
—Youth's Companion.

Meaning of the Precious Stones.

The meanings attached to the different precious stones are as follows: The garnet is constancy; the amethyst, sincerity; the bloodstone, courage; the sapphire, innocence; the emerald, success; the agate, long life; the carnelian, content; the pearl, tears; the diamond, purity; the opal, sorrow; the turquoise, happiness; the malachite, prosperity.—Ladies' Home Journal.

New England's Lonely Cabins.

One house, bigger, barer and uglier than the others, was the voluntary prison of an old woman, who for five years had not allowed a human being to cross the threshold. Nobody thought her conduct odd or remarkable. I saw her once at the gate, and she poured out a flood of meaningless babble in delight at the possession of a listener. Her words were inarticulate, just as sour beer runs, choking itself, escaping from an uncorked cask.

"I've seen you passin before. There's nobody ever passes but Len Moles goin to his lobster pots twicet a week. I locked my doors six year ago come July. The folks tramped on my kitchen floor, and I can't scrub it but once a day. The year afore that I spent at my merried da'ater's on the cape. She didn't charge nothin for my keep. To be sure, I chored round an knitted reg'lar. But I took it kind in 'Liza, not chargin nothin. No board all winter."

"Do children here usually charge their mothers for board?" I asked.

"No," with a scared look; "they send them to the house."

"You must be lonely."

"Me? No. I've got my cleanin to do. An Len Moles goes by reg'lar."

In the old days solitude, fasting and praying for five years no doubt brought many a hermit very near to God or the devil, but a solitude of five years of scrubbing and watching for Len Moles! —Century.

RODENT STOWAWAYS.

Vast Numbers of Them That Quit This Country Each Year.

"Rats?"

The word was not spoken with any tone of derision or disgust. It was simply the repetition of the latter part of a question which had been addressed to a bluff Norwegian sea captain who is in command of one of the largest fruit steamers plying between New Orleans and the Central American ports.

"Rats? Why, there are millions of them," remarked the captain as he thoughtfully took long "pulls" at his pipe, "and the peculiar thing about them is that there seems to be just as many as ever, in spite of the fact that the fruit ships and also all the other ships take many away every trip. You may not believe it, but I reckon we must have aboard this steamer many of the times she leaves New Orleans 300 or 400 rats, and on the return trip there is not one to be seen."

"But what do you suppose becomes of them all? Are they drowned at sea?"

"No, I don't think so. I imagine they leave the steamer when she touches at the different Central American ports on her voyage. Sometimes, though, we have but a few of them aboard when we leave port, and then we don't see much of them. Other times there's lots of them, especially on warm, calm nights. They run all over the ship and even are seen on the rigging and sails. They come out of the hold to get scraps from the steward's gallery and get mighty troublesome."

"Don't the steamers ever have any cats aboard to keep them out of the way at least?"

"Oh, yes, we have a cat or two generally, but there are sometimes so many rats that they cannot do much toward keeping them even below the decks."

During a pause in the conversation the following computation was made to show the captain the immense number of rats that were carried away from this port every year by the fruit steamers alone, providing his assertions were correct:

"Considering that there are 20 ships engaged in the fruit trade, and that they make on an average 20 trips a year, there would be a grand total of 400 departures of fruit steamers, and estimating that each steamer carried away from 200 to 300 rats every trip they would decrease the rat population of the city by at least 100,000 during the 12 months, this calculation being made in regard to the 20 fruit ships alone. If all the other ships that come to New Orleans during the year carried away the average number of 200 rats a trip, the total exodus of rats from here would amount to the considerable number of 300,000 annually, not a small army by any means."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The burning of the yule log in England is a relic of the Scandinavian worship of the god Thor. His feast was called Yule or Yuletide.

AN ELIZABETHAN BALLAD.

Dildido, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer time I see a face,
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Like to a stoned horse was her pace.
Was ever a young man so dismayed?
Her eyes, like wax torches, did make me afraid!
Trop belle pour moi, voila trepas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May stumble her tyranny under my feet.
He donc je serai un jeune roi!
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

—Extract From the Works of Robert Greene, 1560-92.

A GHOST OF A PLACE.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY HALL AND HOSPITABLE COLONEL BULL.

How the Planter Kept His Household Goods From the Hands of the "Raiders." Pictures of a Beautiful Suburb That All Visitors to Charleston Admire.

Woodlands thick with undergrowth; tranquil country stillness, the stillness of a bit of country comparatively untilled and unpastured; roadways lined with tall and stately trees—such the scene as the clatter of horses' hoofs echoing on the hard flooring of the river bridge dies away into noiseless footfalls and the wheels turn without sound in the yielding soil of St. Andrew's. The murmured chorus of countless pines charms us into forgetfulness of the city's close proximity across the river. Ahead the way unfolds to us, broad and smooth, winding between long battalions of ancient oaks, muffled up to their chins in gray; on through miles of the century old trees, their massive trunks bound with fibrous scarfs, as if to veil the scars of successive seasons, every twig and branch and spray hung with streaming moss. Grand old oaks! Autumnal storms and April airs in turns have tossed and kissed their rugged boughs, yet the giant trunks stand firm. Scarce a gap in the uniform line shows where a grenadier has fallen out of ranks, and, elbow to elbow, they guard the ancient highway from encroachment of forest or field.

Here is an old gateway, the entrance to the grounds which once surrounded Ashley Hall, one of the proudest and most spacious of the ancestral homes in this parish. We pass through the useless massive portals into the driveway beyond. In the shaded light the avenue seems dreaming of the past, for these great oaks stand guard over the wreck of all they were intended to adorn. Of the stately home to which their beauty formed a fit approach nothing now remains but the crumbling marble steps and tall, spirelike chimneys. Little pickaninnies play hide and seek where once the flowers in "my lady's garden" grew in trim luxuriance. Only the Ashley is unchanged as it ripples by on its way to the sea, its waves as blue and sparkling as when it bore many a boating party from the mansion house.

Ashley Hall was the scene of a munificent and lavish hospitality in antebellum days Its owner possessed immense plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana in addition to his Carolina estates, and the great halls and spacious drawing rooms of the St. Andrew's mansion were frequently thronged with a gay company of the most distinguished people of the state. The host was passionately fond of the chase and delighted to assemble about him those who shared in his love of sport. Deer hunts, participated in by famous sportsmen from all over the south, were features of every season. The same open handed generosity that dictated a hospitality so marked obtained between master and slave, and the large retinue of servants at the hall were a happy, care free set. It was traditional that no one was ever sent away empty handed who applied for aid at the doors of this plantation home.

This old hall, in which seven generations of the same family had dwelt, living almost ideal lives, met with a tragic fate. The organized struggle between the north and south was at an end, but the "raiders" were in possession of this country. They had already sacked and destroyed every house in the parish, with a single exception, and that plantation was occupied by an enemy more dreaded even than demoralized soldiers—namely, smallpox. That frightened even rough handed rapacity away, and venerable Drayton Hall, today famous for its wonderful gardens, was preserved inviolate. The knowledge of the fate that had overtaken the homes of his neighbors, and which he felt that a few hours more would precipitate upon his own, determined Colonel Bull. Calling for kindling wood, surrounded by his awestricken servants, he himself applied the pine torch to his household gods. Pictures, plate, antique furniture, valued heirlooms—all were sacrificed save the small number which could be hastily secreted by trusted slaves when they learned of his intention. It is related by an eyewitness that the stalwart planter wept tears of infinite sorrow as the sounds of falling brick and crumbling woodwork smote upon his ears. Just back of the house is an ancient monument erected to commemorate one of Carolina's colonial governors, an ancestor of the doughty colonel. It was on the base of this shaft that the master of the manor sat and watched the destruction of his home.

We retrace our way along the ranks of rare old trees, passing through the ancient gateway, fit subject for poet's theme, into the open road, where we are greeted by a procession of oaks as symmetrical as those we left behind. Miles of moss fringed trees, their somber curtains swaying far above, and again drooping so as almost to touch the earth about their feet, continue even to the cleared strip of land immediately in front of the bridge. Opposite lies the city, her cluster turrets and slender spires outlined against the evening sky.

Asked how we like the oaks, we say that they are "beautiful," but all the while we are conscious that they have a charm of their own not to be interpreted in words.—Cor. New York Post.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"One swallow doesn't make a spring," said the boarder who misquotes.

"A swallow of beer might," said the Cheerful Idiot.

And when the landlady guessed that it might make a spring on account of the hops in it the Cheerful Idiot got huffy and left the table before the prune pie was served.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that mules fed on corn that has the smut will lose their hoofs.

TALKING ON THE AIR

RECORD FOR LONG DISTANCE CONVERSATION WITHOUT A WIRE.

How Carlotta Got an Amateur Balloonist Out of a Fix a Mile Up In the Air—Her Voice Reached Over Four Miles—Gasbags Acted as Receivers.

Tales are plenty of long distances over which men's voices have been conveyed by the medium of placid water. An Adirondack guide tells of having talked in ordinary tones, on a very still day, with a companion 1½ miles distant at the other end of a lake, and another guide caps this story with one of yells which were heard and returned near a water extent of three miles. These tales are quite outdone by a well authenticated story told by Carlotta, once the most famous woman balloonist in the world. In her story air, instead of water, was the medium, and the distance of the conversation was four miles. It took place above the outskirts of St. Louis some years ago.

"It was an aeronautic exhibition," says Carlotta in telling the story, "and a young man named White, who was inexperienced in ballooning, had agreed to make an ascension. I had already gone up and was quietly drifting east on an easy air current when he started out. He had had enough experience to know how to handle the valves and sandbags, and he intended to go up a mile or so and then descend easily. Now, the upper air is full of varying currents. You may be going due west at a half a mile altitude, and when you get up a few hundred yards farther you may strike a current that carries you due east. Mr. White checked his upward power in a west bound draft, so that when he finally drited out of that current into mine we were a good long distance apart.

"I always have a powerful glass with me when I make an ascension. When I trained this on him, I saw that he was in trouble. His balloon had twisted a little in such a way that I judged it was likely to twist more, and he was clambering around the ropes trying to right it, but without much apparent conception of what was best to do. I was frightened for him, for when the bag of a balloon turns too much the gas begins to escape rapidly, and the results are likely to be serious. I knew that voices could be heard a long way in the air, for I had often heard people a mile below me shouting, so without knowing how far the two balloons were apart I decided to hail the other one. I gathered all my breath and shouted:

" 'Hello, hello, hello!'

"Then I turned my glass on the other balloon again. Up where the air is so clear as it is a mile above the earth one can see at great distances with wonderful distinctness. Through my glass I could see Mr. White start and look all around him. That was quite awhile after I had shouted. He didn't seem to understand where the voice came from, but finally I saw him put his hands to his mouth, evidently making a speaking trumpet of them. I waited and waited and was just about to shout again when the huge gasbag above me began to thrill with sounds. They seemed to buzz along its sides and diffuse the air, only to collect and come whirring and rumbling down the funnel to be poured into my ears, and they formed in a tone that seemed made up of a million other tones:

" 'Hello! Where—are—you?'

"It was the most peculiar sound I had ever heard. When it had scattered itself into silence, I took out my watch, and timing myself shouted:

" 'Throw out one sandbag. I'll come to you!'

"Forty seconds later my balloon began to vibrate again, finally forming the words:

" 'All right. In trouble!'

"There was method in my telling him to throw out the sandbag, as it was afterward of use. I threw out a number myself, for I reckoned that a little above me I would find a current to carry me toward Mr. White. This I did and was soon within a short distance of him, aerially considered. The trouble with his balloon was a slight disarrangement of the ropes, which I had myself experienced, so I told him what to do, and he was soon all right. As I explained to him when we reached the earth, we had been talking over an aerial telephone, the gasbags being the only material objects up there collecting all the sounds and acting as huge receivers."

" 'Well,' said he, 'you got me out of a very bad scrape, but I never was so scared in my life as when that voice surrounded me. I thought the balloon was talking, and that I had gone crazy.

" 'It was a pretty long talk,' said I, 'for, allowing the voice to travel five seconds to a mile by my timing, we must have been close to four miles apart.'

" 'That's simply impossible,' said he.

" 'Very well,' I said. 'That's why I told you to drop that sandbag. I threw some out, too, and we can find out how far they landed apart.

"It wasn't much trouble to find people who had found the bags and knew just where they were. Fortunately they had landed near a railroad track, so the distance estimating was made easy for us. It was 4¼ miles. I guess that is the record up to date for long distance talking without a wire."

His Names.

A pair of twins was born in the Back Bay district. A bright boy set about to try to name them. He said, "Will they be called Peter and Repeater?" But no. His mother would not listen to the name Peter. Then he said, "Let them be called Max and Climax."

"No," she said. "They are both little girls, so we cannot name one of them Max."

Then he said after much thought, "Let them be called Kate and Duplicate." After that his head was bandaged, and he was sent out to play.—Union Signal.

Robert Burns.

It is amusing to learn that Burns, when just emerging from obscurity, jocularly anticipated that his birthday would come to be noted among other remarkable events. In a letter to his early patron, Gavin Hamilton, in 1786, he says: "For my own affairs I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas a Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may henceforth expect to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen Almanacks along with the Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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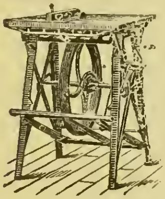

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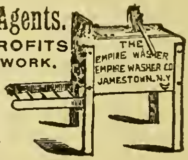

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Giant Bees in India:

APIS DORSATA.

By Frank Benton.

Two persons have given adverse opinions concerning *Apis dorsata*, to which the public have been disposed to attach some importance, yet which I believe are open to severe criticism.

One of these is the lamented Prof. Frank Cheshire, whose work in the wide field of scientific apiculture is, in the main, worthy of almost unlimited praise, but who seems to me to have ventured too far, in this instance, with his theorizing. Without ever having seen a live bee of this species he proceeds in about four pages of his book to reason on mechanical, physiological, botanical and economic grounds, that larger bees could be of no use to us, and says besides that, "*Apis dorsata* is known to be a useless savage."

I cannot notice in full here all of the points he tries to make, though in the proper place it is my intention to do so some time in the future. But having, myself, seen and worked with bees of the species *Apis dorsata* in their native land, placed them in frame hives and manipulated these colonies—even transported them to a distant country with me, I am thoroughly of the opinion that Mr. Cheshire knew nothing of *Apis dorsata*, nor could he by any sort of reasoning arrive at any opinion as to what they would do when transported to England or to this country. One of his points I wish however to refer to here. He says, when arguing from a botanical standpoint against *Apis dorsata*: "The build of every floweret is adapted to that of its fertiliser, and, could we suddenly increase the dimensions of our hive-bees, we should throw them out of harmony with the floral world around them, decrease their utility by reducing the number of plants they could fertilise, and diminish equally their value as honey-gatherers." To the fact of this interdependence between insects and the flowers they fertilize I agree. It is mutual and intimate. But had Mr. Cheshire any right to assume that if, by reason of increased size, our bees could no longer secure the nectar from certain small blossoms and at the same time fertilize them, they would not have added to their list of available plants an equal number of larger flowers whose nectaries were formerly inaccessible to them and to whose essential parts their bodies by reason of smallness were not before adapted?

You are all familiar with the fact that our common red clover is not so well adapted to our hive-bees as it is to the longer-tongued Bombus or bumble bee. Plants with such long tubular blossoms as the trumpet-vine, gentian, etc., and which are rich in honey, but whose nectaries are beyond the reach of our hive-bees, are numerous enough everywhere in our land. We know that they secrete nectar, for wild bees—particularly the large Bombus—visit them freely; moreover wild bees and other insects often bite open these tubular corollas near their bases and then our hive-bees are on hand to secure the nectar through these artificial openings. Our common cultivated nasturtiums furnish a good illustration of another large class of plants which in size of parts are such as to permit the visits of the large wild bees and our hive-bees as well, but perhaps they are of most value to Bombus. Various species of the latter visit our garden larkspur and get the nectar which our hive-bees cannot reach in the long spur-like projectihn of the lower part of the corolla. Primroses are more frequented by Bumbus. Many of the compositae, such as the Sunflower, Thistles, Coneflowers, etc., are frequented more by wild than hive-bees. The same may be said of some of the nettles, and also of certain nembers of the mint family. And all of these plants are wholly or partially lost to our bees because the latter are too small or the former are too large, or because our bees' tongues are too short or the corollas of the flowers are too long! Pray, why were these plants and our hive-bees so thrown out of harmony with each other! What is to hinder our bringing a bee that is in harmony with and adapted to these blossoms? Would anyone venture to denominate such a scheme, as Mr. Cheshire has done, "an ill considered and unscientific fancy?" I repudiate as unscientific the view which Mr, Cheshire evidently meant to bring forward that should *Apis dorsata* be brought to England or to our country it would find no flowers adapted to it. On the other hand, until experiment shall have proven his theory to be true I shall hold to what seems to me far more profitable, namely: That as far as regards the flora of the country this bee, as *Apis mellifica* has done under similar circumstances, would easily adapt itself to its changed surroundings.

Mr. Philip Baldensperger has expressed opinions concerning *Apis dorsata* which I shall not review here, not having seen his last article in full, but a few facts will serve to a certain extent to guide those who read what he says in estimating its value. Mr. Baldensperger has never been east of Palestine, hence has never seen *Apis dorsata* in its native land, for its western limit is Hindostan. In Palestine Mr Baldensperger saw a few colonies of *Apis dorsata* which Mr.Rudolf Dathe brought from India in 1883. Mr.Dathe visited India after my return from that country and procured colonies of *Apis dorsata* from the same localities where I first found them. On his return he stopped for a few weeks in Palestine, and, leaving his East Indian bees in charge of a German resident of Jaffa, went sight-seeing himself. The bees were not intrusted to Mr. Baldensperger, and he himself would have to admit that the bee-keeper in whose charge they were left, was far from being a progressive, wide-awake or well-informed bee-master. Considering that these precious colonies had just withstood a sea-voyage of over 4,000 miles, most of the way in the torrid zone, it will not seem wonderful that their behavior on a strange shore—one ill-adapted to them and where the variety of nectar-producing plants is extremely limited, might not have been all that their possessors might have desired—to say nothing of what an on-looker with a critical eye as to their management might find to bring up against them. Mr. Baldensperger's observation of these could give him little, if any, real basis on which to form a correct opinion regarding them in their native land, nor what they might do under favorable conditions in some other country.

You will ask: "What might we reasonably expect of these bees in this country? I reply: 1st. If introduced into the sub-tropical portions of our country I feel certain *Apis dorsata* would establish itself there and thrive, that it would be no detriment to the settlement or the agricultural interests of those regions, and would furnish an annual supply of honey and wax which in the aggregate would in the course of a few years cover the expense of its introduction. 2nd. What it would do under cultivation in other parts of our country I do not know, nor do I believe it is possible for any person theoretically to give an opinion on this point which is worth a fig. Guessing is cheap. I might employ that method with full better data to base it upon than the others who have used it, but I prefer to limit myself to a statement of what I know to be facts or have some good reason to suppose is true. 3d. Although these bees have been decried as perfect fiends I know I can handle them with perfect ease. 4th. They are very tenacious of life—long-lived. 5th. They frequently live, I am aware, several thousand feet above the sea level, where the climate is cool. But what temperature they will withstand or whether they will cluster in winter like our hive-bees and maintain the proper warmth of the brood-nest while it is cold outside, I cannot say positively. 6th. I know they gather quantities of fine honey and produce excellent wax, and in countries where they exist in the wild state these products derived from *Apis dorsata* are articles of commerce, the wax from this source being an important one.

Some one has stated that I thought *Apis dorsata* could be crossed with our hive-bees. But no one can point out where I said it nor show it over my name. I have, however, stated that, considering the fact that the drones of *Apis dorsata* are about the same size as our own, it is *possible* they would mate and produce offspring. But *that does not in the least imply that I think they would do so.* And the fact is I consider it extremely doubtful,—another case where only careful experiment will decide. Distinct species of animals do cross, and occasional instances have been noted where the offspring has proved fertile. The drones of *Apis dorsata* resemble very much those of *Apis mellifica* in size and general appearance, which argues in favor of their crossing, but their habits differ somewhat, which is of course against it. Whether,should they cross, the result would be an improvement is also a question which only actual trial will ever settle.

In conclusion I would add that the settlement of all these points and other interesting and more purely scientific ones connected with these bees, is something which I have long belived worth the effort and expense of another journey to India. In this opinion Mr. Dathe agrees with me fully, and he even proposed when I met him in Frankport at one of the great German-Austrian bee-conventions, that we undertake together a journey to India after *Apis dorsata*. But the uncertainty of direct personal gain, indeed I might say the certainty of not being able to cover the personal expenses of such a journey if undertaken privately, together with the fact that it would require some ready capital at the outset, will probably leave such work to be performed, as it ought to be, by our national government, which spends annually many thousands of dollars for the furtherance of her agricultural interests and for the advancement of pure and applied science.

U. S Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D C.,
January, 1895.

Cause and Prevention of Spring Dwindling.

BY ED JOLLY.

Second in importance to one other success of the northern bee keeper is the successful "springing" of his or her bees. How often at the ending of the cold days have the joyful tidings been heralded far and wide "My bees have wintered well. Scarcely any loss, boes strong and have plenty of honey." Surely this is all that is desirable at this time of the year. The bee-keeper has indeed great reason to feel elated at his or her success. But how discordant are the notes of alarm and dismay which follow in a month or six weeks. "My bees are dying very fast; my colonies have become weak and are getting weaker; the brood that has been started is dying for want of protection." Surely this wail is enough to alarm even the lion-hearted.

Following this wail comes a shower of such questions as these: What is the cause of this dreadful mortality among my bees? Do you think it might be caused by unwholesome stores of honey? What can I do to prevent it?

Before going into the details of the cause and prevention of spring dwindling, it would be well for the beginner's benefit to say, that spring dwindling is in no way connected with bee paralysis, or the nameless bee disease, although it has often been so confounded. This latter is a disease having a local cause, and is as liable to happen in the south as in the north, and I believe it is more common in the south and west than in the north and east.

With spring dwindling proper, is it a disease or is it not? Let us investigate and find what we may learn. Let us examine the theory that the honey was unwholesome. The bees were all right at the beginning of winter, on this honey they came through the winter all right, they started brood rearing and the brood thrived on it until, apparently, some mortal malady carried off their protectors and they died of starvation or cold. That weakens the theory that the cause is in the honey.

Another theory that is often advanced is, that owing to long confinement and not having a cleansing flight, the intestiees are overloaded, thereby weakening the vitality to such an extent, that they could not carry on the work until relieved by the younger population. But how often do we see reports like this: "I put my bees in the cellar in October, and did not take them out until the middle of April. My bees did not have a chance for a flight, and yet they came out all right and built up rapidly." Reports like this are strong evidence that long confinement is not the cause,

It behooves us, then, to look elsewhere for the cause. Has it not been noticed that spring dwindling prevails epidemically some years in sections of the country. Now, to get at the cause of this, we will have to go back to the fall before. It will be remembered that from some cause, such as drouth or an early frost, the honey flow was cut short and brood rearing stopped, when it might have been carried on a month or six weeks later in safety as far as the weather was concerned. They are left to stand thus idle until we come to prepare them for winter. look them over and find they have considerable honey, and a little feed will give them plenty of store for winter. We give them the feed all at once, and into winter quarters they go, and in due time out they come with the above results.

Now, my friends, the truth is, spring dwindling is not a disease at all, but simply the earthly cares of the bee have been arrested by old age. As a means of prevention I would advise that when we see the honey flow cut short earlier than it should be, we resort to stimulating feeding, just enough to keep brood rearing going on nicely as long as we can do so in safety. By doing this we will wear out the old bees, that would otherwise be consumers all winter and die in the spring, besides having the hive full of young bees to take their place, and from which there is no reason whatever to fear spring dwindling.

Franklin, Pa.

Bees in Spring.

BY CHAS H. THIES.

Bees should have special care during the months of March and April. The weather at this season of the year is usually very changeable, being summer one day and winter the next, they should be well covered and be kept dry. If your packing material is wet or damp, replace with something dry. Your bees will never build up, if they live at all, in a cold, damp hive. Do not allow them to become short on stores. If you have no frames of honey, make them some candy from the best white sugar. No dark or brown sugar should be used in cold weather. Dark sugar may be used when warm weather has come to stay, but even then the best white granulated will be the cheaper.

It is not best to disturb bees during cold weather, if it can be avoided, but if they are on the verge of starvation do not let the weather interfere with your supplying their wants. It is always best to prepare your bees in such a manner in the fall, so they will not need any special care or attention until warm weather has come to stay, but if you failed to do this, you must give them the best of care now. Some colonies consume far more honey than others, therefore you will need to look them over occasionally, but remember it will not be necessary to remove the quilt entirely, neither will it be necessary to take out frames and break the clusters or expose the brood. Simply raise one corner of the quilt, and you can almost invariably tell their exact condition. If any honey is in the hive it will surely be next to the top bar.

When examining your bees for the first time in spring, you should so mark their exact condition on the outside, that thereafter you can tell from an outside glance just what they need and when they will need it. Keeping a record on the outside of a hive, by means of a small slate or otherwise, is an advantage at any season of the year, but particularly so early in spring, when the weather is usually of such a nature, that much handling means injury.

After the weather has settled and bees are working on first bloom, it would be well to thoroughly clean out the hives, and at the same time level them up. The best way to do this is to place a clean hive on the stand of some colony by first removing the old hive, after which place the frames with the bees and all in the hive, then clean up the hive you have just emptied, ready for the next colony. Proceed with all in the same manner.

Steeleville, Ill.

Early Pollen and Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

The laying of the foundation is always of the greatest importance, for with no foundation, or one poorly laid, the structure built cannot be what it would be were the foundation good. These thoughts have come to me as being quite applicable during the early spring to our bees, so have conconcluded to give the readers of THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a few thoughts at this time on early pollen and honey, for this same early pollen and honey is what lays the foundation to our success during the season. If we do not have this early pollen and honey, our bees cannot be brought up to where they should be to reap the best results in the honey harvest, and did I not have trees and plants giving these, I should consider that it would pay far better to plant and provide these, than it would to plant for a general honey crop as many advise.

The first plant producing pollen in Central New York is skunks cabbage. The buds are all formed the season previous, in a small sheath about the size of a hen's egg, and upon the first approach of spring this pushes through the ground, and a small opening is made, by the sheath parting on one side so that the bee can crawl in. Inside of this hollow shell is a tiny ball about the size of a marble, with little spikes, covered with pollen, standing out from it in all directions. The bees roll around in this and run over the ball, collecting pollen in their baskets without taking wing (the same as they manipulate propolis from an old bee hive standing in the sun) till they get a load, when out they crawl, often having more pollen on their backs than in their pollen baskets, and away they go for home.

I saw somewhere, not long ago, the claim made that skunks cabbage produced honey, while the editor of one of our bee papers claims that it has been several times mentioned as a honey plant. I think there must be a mistake somewhere, for after a careful examination for many years, I have never been able to find a bee leaving this plant having any honey in her sack. So good authority as our lamented M. Quinby, in his "Mysteries of Bee-keeping," page 781, says, speaking of skunks cabbage with other pollen-bearing flowers: "These afford only pollen," and I find Mr. Quinby more nearly correct than the most of our writers on bee-keeping. It grows on moist soils, more particularly around swamps, and after blossoming puts out large cabbage-like leaves, which, if broken, smell very much like the animal from which it derives its name. Its time of blossoming is from March 25th to April 20th, according to the earliness or lateness of the season, and is always eagerly sought after by the bees. A stroll in early spring, on the first pleasant days, to see where our bees get their first pollen, is always one of pleasure, and if rightly used may be made one of profit, by posting ourselves regarding our location as to its being valuable or otherwise for bee-keeping.

The next pollen-bearer is the pussy willow, of which there are several kinds, which put out their blossoms quite irregular. Some are a month earlier than others, and some of the buds on the same bush are ten days later than others. The kind which seems to attract the bees most is the black willow, upon which the kilmarnock is budded, and another which produces a long cone-like flower similar to the black willow. From these two kinds the bees obtain large quantities of pollen, but as far as I can ascertain, no honey. The flowers are of a rich orange color, and consist of a center, out of which spring hundreds of little thread-like filaments, upon which the pollen is supported. It is very interesting to watch the bees at work on these flowers, as you can see their motions so plainly, for the tree or bush does not grow so high but what some of the lower limbs are about on a level with the eye. It naturally grows on low swampy guound, but with a little culture to start with will grow readily on dry ground or upland They grow readily from cuttings put in the ground in early spring as does all of the willow tribe.

The above are often set down as "honey plants," but according to Quinby, and my own observation, they produce no honey. To be sure the bee is continually poking her probocis into the blossoms, the same as she does when taking honey, but after killing several bees and dissecting them, I have been unable to find the least bit of honey in their sacks. This way, if used when the bees are at work on any of the honey-bearing flowers, never fails to reveal honey accumulated in their sacks.

The golden willow and the white willow give us our first honey. Neither of these last mentioned willows give any pollen that I ever could discover, for none of the bees at work on it ever have any pollen in their pollen baskets. When these willows are in bloom and the weather is warm, the bees rush out of their hives at early dawn, and work on the trees all day long as eagerly as they do on clover or basswood. The flowers are similar to those which grow on the birch or poplar, being of long tag-like shape, as large as a slate pencil, and from one and one-half to two inches long. These tags or blossoms secrete honey so profusely that it can many times be seen glistening in the morning sun, by holding the blossom between you and that orb, and the trees resound with the busy hum of bees from morning till night. From the few trees along a small creek near here, my bees freqnently make a gain of from six to ten pounds of honey while willows are im bloom. The honey is quite similar to apple blossom honey, and of a nice aromatic flavor, but the point of greatest value is, that it comes in so af to give brood rearing a boom just at the right time to show in an increased crop of honey during clover and basswood.

Borodino, N. Y.

Random Shots.

BY WILDER GRAHME.

Now is the time to watch the hives closely. The colonies are at the ebb tide of the year and consequently least prepared to withstand neglect. Spring dwindling is by no means always an unavoidable evil. Stores should be looked to and the building-up process put into active operation. For my own use I will take the "percolating process" every time for this. Just fill a jar of some sort, holding say a pint or so, with equal parts of granulated sugar and water; spread a few layers of cheese-cloth over the top and cap all with a plate. How easy! Invert the whole, and set above the brood-frames. Add a full or half-story as the height of jar requires, and leave the bees to do the rest.

But say, my friend, speaking of this feeding business, you cheated me last season, and every other apiarist with me, by allowing the feeder to be kept running too long. Somebody tasted sugar in the sections where nothing but honey should have been, and the whole business was injured thereby so far as that somebody is concerned. Don't let it happen again, please.

J. W. Bittenbender, in the Agricultural Epitomist, suggests March 25th to April 1st as usually the earliest limit at which bees should be placed upon their summer stands. Does general experience confirm even so early a date as this? I do not intend to deprive my colonies of their winter protection for some time yet; perhaps not wholly till the middle or latter part of April. Of course it depends a good deal on the season.

Don't forget the watering trough at this season. Some evidence is at hand that spring dwindling in frequently caused by forced flights through the cold March winds after water. A supply should be furnished at some convenient and sheltered place; why not in the upper story of the hive, while feeding? ONLY, don't imagine a quart or gallon of water once a month as good as a much smaller fresh supply every day or two, for it isn't, and if you think it is, just taste it at the end of the first week. A little salt in the water is an excellent relish with the bees but it won't preserve the water fresh.

I was much interested in Mrs. L. Harrison's experience in soap-making, described in January Bee-Keeper. As she says, if her friend had given her the "so and so" directions at the start she would not have failed. I assume that she was not like the bride who obtained a friend's receipt for bread-making. The receipt wound up with the directions "Put a piece of the dough thus formed, the size of a——into a common bread pan and bake——minutes." (I allow the women readers of this article to fill out these blanks properly, as I have forgotten the figures.) Imagine the friends surprise some time later to receive from the bride a telegram inquiring what to do with the rest of the dough.

Discussion is one of the best possible ways of bringing out all there is in a subject. Nevertheless I have been wondering whether, after this mighty controversy between the eight and ten frame advocates has subsided, the professional bee-man will not plod right along in his favorite way and leave the bewilered amateur to dispose of the surplus dough.

At a recent sale in this vacinity a moderate sized apiary went at from $1.60 to $2.00 per colony, and was not perhaps so very cheap at that, although the bees were in as good condition as could be asked considering that the queens had not been changed in many years. Why is it that practical farmers who abhor any suggestion of in-breeding in their stock, ignore the subject when applied to bees? There is probably no more prolific reason than this course for the off-hand complaint; "Yes, I used to keep bees, and they did well enough for a few years. But they soon run out." Of course they did. Why shouldn't they?

CURRENT COMMENTS.

BY H. E. HILL.

April.

Springtime.

Hum, Sweet Hum.

Look out for robbers.

Avoid handling the bees during chilly weather.

In the north, the work this month consists chiefly in protecting the hives from the cold, and doing all possible to retain the animal heat of the colony, in the brood nest.

The first bright, sunny day, see that all colonies have queens, and contract the brood chamber to the covering capacity of the bees, by the use of division boards.

Stimulative feeding may be practiced with profit after the weather becomes settled and warm. The feeder should be placed beneath a sawdust cushion, directly over the brood nest.

Owing to the unusual heavy rainfall in California, the prospects of a bountiful honey crop have not been been better in years, while it is estimated that three-fourths of the bees of that state have perished, died of starvation, as a result of the failure of the honey crop of '94, and the incidental discouragement and neglect which followed. In 1893 the "Golden State" is accredited with having produced 7,000,000 pounds of honey.

In 1893 Alderman & Roberts, of West Florida, probably the most extensive honey producers in the state, secured 90,000 pounds of honey from their five apiaries. In '94 starvation of the bees was averted only by feeding, there being practically no honey gathered.

We have passed through the most severe winter known in this part of the country in over half a century, and the Mangrove, the chief dependence of the bee-keepers of the east coast, was killed to the ground by the extreme cold. Sixteen degrees above zero was reached on Dec. 27-29, and Feb. 7-8.

Doolittle thinks that 2,400 eggs per day would be a good maximum average for any queen, but that a prolific queen may be induced to lay 5,000 to 6,000 eggs daily.

Christopher Grimm, who has kept not less than 250 colonies of bees at any time in the past twenty years, declares in the C. B. J., that "stimulative feeding of bees in the spring does more harm than good," and that he has abandoned the practice.

A correspondent, on page 51, relies too confidently upon what he terms "common sense." Since the foundation of the world, common sense has never taught a man, woman or child one primary principle of a fact. It simply makes possible a conception of facts, as revealed by hearsay or experience. If a man had lived from infancy in solitary confinement, without fire, having no knowledge of the outside world or the things pertaining thereto, how could he know that Canada thistles were difficult to eradicate from the soil, or that it would "hurt" to put his hand in the fire? An opinion of the relative merits of the various races of bees is more than liable to be erroneous if based on common sense without experience. The insinuation that queen-rearing is an outgrowth of idle vanity, belittles a legitimate, honorable and digdified avocation controlled by men of learning and intelligence, whose scientific skill has wrought improvements invaluable and immortalized their names, men to whom every progressive apiarist owes an incomputable debt of gratitude.

A Honey Exchange, similar to the Fruit Exchange now in successful operation in that state, is now contemplated by the California State Bee-Keepers' Association.

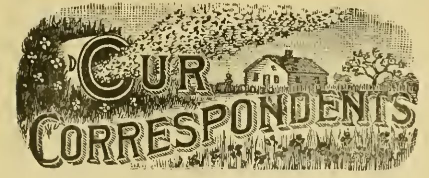
March 20th, 1895.

THE RUMSELLER ROLLS IN GOLD.

Men starve as they toil in the black coal-mines,
Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold ;
But in every land where the moonlight shines,
The rumseller rolls in gold.
The laborer laboreth all his youth
For the poorhouse when he is old,
And many the farmer's toils and fears ;
But the rumseller rolls in gold.
Jack drinks his wages and staggers away
To his wife, the story is old,
You may read the police reports next day,
While the rumseller rolls in gold.
In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead,
Under the pauper mold,
And his orphans beg their daily bread,
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

From Demorest's Magazine for April.



WHERE, IF NOT IN THE "SOUTH?"

Ed. Am. Bee-Keeper.—Dear Sir: Editor Holtman, of the Canadian Bee Journal, in the February issue says: "We noticed that the Vermont State Bee-Keepers are at their coming Convention to discuss, if it is advisable in view of the prevalence of bee-paralysis in the South to purchase queens from there. If those wide awake Vermont bee-keepers begin to doubt the wisdom of such purchases the rest of us will hesitate."

"The South," to be sure, includes a vast extent of territory, but after considerable travel among, and acquaintance with Florida bee-keepers, it is questionable to my mind whether there exists a country more exempt from the diseases of the bee than the state of Florida. Having not heard of a single instance where a colony had succumbed to paralysis, while foul broods appears to be unknown in the state, according to the statement of W. S. Hart, of Hawks Park, then whom, I believe, no man living is better informed upon matters apicultural, relating to the South.

According to the report of Foul Brood Inspector McEvoy, read before the Ontario Bee-Keepers' Association, convened at Stratford, Jan. 22; foul brood was found to exist in thirty-nine apiaries, in thirteen counties; thirty-four of which, the inspector says, "were very bad with foul brood." While some of the Northern states have had a siege of this most fatal of all maladies known to the bee, during the past year.

The question incidentally arises; If bee-keepers cannot feel safe in patronizing Florida (a portion of the south) breeders, where on earth may they order with greater assurance of obtaining healthy stock?

Yours, H. E. Hill.

Editor American Bee-Keeper, Dear Sir:—I have been receiving quite a number of inquiries for bees, queens, &c., wherein the American Bee-Keeper has been mentioned. They have been received not only from all parts of this country, but from foreign countries, which I think proves that the Bee-Keeper gets around the world and is read by many bee-keepers. That is the kind of paper I want to advertise in for it brings in good returns. Yours truly,

Chas. H. Thies.

Steeleville, Ill.

The W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co. Gentlemen:—I received the hives, &c., in good condition. They are perfect and I am very much pleased with them. Never saw anything packed so nicely before. Yours truly,

John H. Simmons.

Ward Hill, Mass.

New England customers will save freight by purchasing their supplies of W. M. Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From The Review.)

LESS HONEY PER COLONY

MAY BE SECURED IN THE FUTURE BUT IMPROVEMENTS WILL LESSEN THE COST.

G. A. Deadman

The bee-keeping of the future will undoubtedly differ from that of the past. It differs now considerably from that of only a few years ago, and must continue to differ. If we were living in the "East," Syria for instance, and did as they do in many things, there would probably be very little change, as they are slow to adopt new methods, being content to live as their fathers did. We in the "West" pride ourselves on being progressive, which, if true, there must of necessity be a difference, arising from improved methods and appliances, saying nothing of that arising from extended or depressed markets. Rather would it not have been better to have asked, "*Wherein* will the bee-keeping of the future differ from the past?" Certain changes in condition, such as you mention in your excellent paper read at the Ontario Bee-Keepers' convention recently held in Stratford, must make a difference in the bee-keeping of the future. Who can say what this difference will be? Do "coming events cast their shadows before." I believe with you that changes in conditions render the honey yield more doubtful, and no doubt even those in Florida, who have or will suffer from the late severe frosts, will assent to this. Just how much the change of conditions will decrease the honey yield on the one hand, or improved methods and appliances increase the profits on the other is difficult to say. That improved methods and appliances will change the bee-keeping of the future no one can doubt. As you say, "It is astonishing to see with how little care an apiary can now be managed." From changed conditions in nature the honey yield may be less, but it may be more than counterbalanced by the lessened cost of production.

How about the differences that arise from changed conditions of the markets? This cannot be as great as it has been in the last twenty years, but that both the retail and wholesale price of honey will be less, I have not the least doubt. The low prices of sugars and syrups alone will produce this, not saying as to how much it will be affected by the stringency of the times, increased production of butter, and consequently lower prices of the same. When butter is dear, honey is sometimes substituted, and when sugars are low more preserved fruits are eaten and consequently less honey and the same with syrups. These things taken together with the fact that so many are unemployed, must lower the price of honey. There has been nothing like the usual demand this season for honey, either at retail or wholesale. The tillers of the soil have bought considerable honey from us in other years. They speak of this as being the hardest year to make money they have known. Whether this has effected the demand more than have the low prices of sugar and syrups, I am unable to say, but I believe it is the latter. Another question arises, will the less labor involved in the future encourage more to embark in the business, or will the decreased yield induce more to go out of it? Bee-keeping at the present time compares favorably with other industries, and how to succeed is becoming better known, so that I think the production will more than keep pace with the extended markets.

To sum up, I believe that bee-keeping in the future will differ from the past as follows:

1st. Improved methods and appliances will lessen the cost of production more than it may be increased by a decrease in the yield per colony.

2nd. That the production will more than keep pace with the extended markets for it.

3rd. The supply being greater than the demand, the selling price will be lower.

(From Gleanings.)

WHEN TO TRANSFER BEES.

Question.—Having quite a number of colonies of bees in box hives which I wish to transfer, I should like to know when this can be done to the best advantage. Can I do it as soon as spring opens? or had I better wait till the bees are securing honey from the fields?

Answer.—The transferring of bees from box hives. or "gums" or from one style of frame hive to another, can be successfully done at any time of the year when bees can fly, if the operator understands just the needs of the case; and I always look with pride on that man or woman who has ability enough to accomplish any thing successfully which it is necessary to do at a certain time, no matter whether said time is the most propitious or the most unpropitious. The one who can set out a row of fruit plants, and make all live in a time of extreme drouth in midsummer, or the person who can successfully transfer a colony of bees in early spring, when robber-bees are prowling around. is to be admired; yet unless there is some urgent reason why a certain thing should be done at a certain time, it is always best to wait about doing any thing till that time when every thing is the most conducive toward a successful outcome. As I consider it, there are two seasons of the year when bees can be transferred to the best advantage, the first being during fruit-bloom, and the other 21 days after a prime swarm has issued. During the first part of fruit-bloom the scramble after new honey is such that one is not liable to be annoyed with robber-bees, and at this time there is very little honey in the combs to cut through and make a sticky mess of everything which is used during the operation. Again, as the bees are getting their first honey they are eager for something to do inside the hive at night, hence will repair all the mutilations of comb, fasten the same in the frames, etc., much more readily than at any other time. With all the above being true, fruit bloom brings the most auspicious time for transfering bees, but it has this drawback: As a rule, the bees have got under good headway rearing brood, and we shall find the combs half or two-thirds filled with the same, so that, in cutting them to fit our frames, much brood must be sacrified, as well as displaced in the brood-nest, owing to our not being able to secure all in the shape in the new hive which it was in the old one. All of this has a tendency toward a loss of bees ; and all of the brood which is sacrified at this time would become bees of the right age to do the best labor in the honey-harvest, had we left the transfering till later on, we can see that a loss must be made by doing our transfering at this time of the year, with all colonies except those which have little brood in their combs. For this reason I prefer to wait till 21 days after the prime swarm went out. At this time all of the brood will have hatched from the combs, except perhaps a few drones, and the young queen will have laid but a few days, not long enough so that there will be much but eggs in the combs, so that all we have in our way now is the honey which the combs may contain. As this comes at a time of year when the bees are securing all of the honey they want, and the weather is always warm so that no brood or bees will become chilled, we can now do our work right on in the bee-yard, this making it more convenient. Then should you desire to use the Heddon, or modern plan of transferring, by driving out the bees and hiving them in a hive filled with comb foundation, this is just the time to do it, for the combs are free of brood, so only the one operation is needed, and the old combs can be cut out at once and placed in the solar wax-extractor, doing this work right beside the wax-extractor, so that in an hour or two you can have both the honey and wax in shape to use, thus saving time and delay which would result at any other time of the year.

HOW MUCH FOUNDATION SHOULD BE USED IN SECTIONS?

Qnestion.—As I wish soon to prepare my sections for the coming honey-harvest, I should like to know just how much thin comb foundation it is best to put in each one. Shall I put in just a small triangular starter, or fill the section full?

Answer.—The answer to this question will depend quite largely on two things. The first and most important is, have we the necessary means to procure all the foundation which will be needed to fill our sections, without depriving ourselves and family of some of the necessities or comforts of life? If we have not, then my way would be to use triangular starters, the same having each of the three sides about two inches long, in three-fourths of the sections I was to use ; and when the season opens, put in starters of white new comb, which it is always easy to find or produce during fruit bloom in any apiary, in the remaining sections. In this way little if any difference as to the yield of honey will be seen in an ordinarily good season, especially if the sections containing the starters of comb are scattered uniformly among those having the foundation starters. The difference when so working will be that the sections will not contain all worker comb, nor present quite so fine an appearance, nor the combs be attached to the wood of the sections all around quite so well, as where the foundation in full sheets is used ; still very little difference will be made in the selling price for the lack of the full sheets of foundation.

Again, if I thought it best to hive my new swarms on frames filled with comb foundation, so that wired frames filled with worker combs would be a certain result, then I would use only starters as in the sections above. When a prime swarm issues, they go forth, as a rule, with wax already secreted in their wax-pockets, so that they may at once commence to build combs in their new home ; and if the new home is already supplied with all the necessary combs this wax is wasted, or, what is often the case, worse than wasted, it being added to the foundation already in the sections, so that, instead of drawing out the side walls of the foundation, they build with their own wax the cells of the combs, thus leaving the foundation in the sections the same as it left the mill. This causes the grumbling about "fishbone" in section honey, which we often hear about. Now, where I hive swarms on full combs, or frames filled with foundation, I use only starters in the sections, and find that the bees will build the combs in the sections while they are drawing out the foundation below, and thus a saving is made. But as a rule I prefer to fill the sections with foundation, that I may have handsome salable sections of honey, and use only starters of foundation in the frames below, having the starters in the frames, say from one to 1½ inches wide. By contracting the brood chamber to six frames, the bees go to work at once in the sections, drawing out the foundation there, while at the same time they build all nice straight worker comb in the frames, which does not detract from the amount of section honey in the least, so far as I can see.

(From the American Bee Journal.)

SOMETHING ABOUT SWARMING AND HIVING OF BEES.

BY A. C. SANFORD.

The bees swarm because their natural instinct is to multiply themselves, and because their home becomes too small and warm. The bees in small hives will swarm earlier and more in number if left to themselves, other things being equal. Now, if we wish to control the swarming tendency, and we must if we expect to get a good crop of honey, I have found by long experience that good-sized hives are better than small ones. I think it is better to give them room to occupy just as soon as the strength of the colony will permit—don't wait until your hive is chock full of bees. By giving room in advance they will not be apt to swarm so early, and when a swarm comes off it will be very large. Such swarms are A No 1 for making comb for extracted honey.

A record should be kept of the date of the swarming, because in seven or eight days we must go through the parent hive and dispose of all the surplus queen-cells, as only one queen is necessary for each colony. At such times the opportunity is good to supersede poor stock with good. If the surplus queen cells are not cut out, there will nearly always be several after-swarms, or casts, which are very annoying, as such are often hard to manage, and unprofitable unless we want increase. By managing thus, you have only doubled your stock, and your bees should be in prime order to get honey.

I will give a few thoughts about swarming and hiving the bees. The old way used to be, when the bees swarmed, the women-folks and all hands were out with the bells and the tin pans, and there was din and clatter until the bees settled, which was not nearly as soon as they would have if they had been alone. It is nice to have some small, smooth trees near by, but should not be allowed to get over about 12 feet high—smaller are better—for the bees to cluster on. No large trees should be near the apiary, as they are apt to make trouble. If you have no trees, just go to the woods and cut some, and put in front of the apiary about two rods. Put down as you would a hop pole. The bees will cluster on them, and you can pull and carry the swarm where you choose.

Now, I will give you my plan. When you first see a swarm coming out, go quietly to the hive, stand beside it, and see if the queen is able to fly with the swarm—if not, you will find her on the ground, if you are on hand. If she is not able to fly, place her in a cage quickly, and put her with the swarm, or else remove the old hive out of the way, and place a new empty one on the stand. Place the queen in it, and the swarm will hive themselves, although care should be taken and not let them go into other hives, as they sometimes will.

Now when the queen flies with the swarm: If you wish them to alight quickly, don't get in their way, nor interrupt them, unless they should move in a direction where there are no trees. In that case, sprinkle with water, or scatter dust among them. The first, or prime swarm, will rarely ever try to run away if properly treated.

I use a light box on a pole about ten feet long. The box is like an old-fashioned box hive, with one end open, and lots of holes bored in it for a swarm-catcher. When about two quarts of the bees have clustered, put the box up and shake them in, and turn the open end out so the others can fly in, and if you don't do this too soon, they will all go right in, or on the box. You can just lean the box up against the tree if the pole is the right length, and prepare the hive, if not ready.

Right here let me say, the hive must be large enough so the bees will have reasonable room, and the entrance large enough, and the hive must be well shaded or they will not stay.

When the bees are all settled in the box, you can carry them where you wish. To hive them, take the top of the hive off, and the queen excluder, and put a quart or two in to start them; put the excluder and covers on carefully, and shake some in front of the entrance. They will go in. You can hurry them up by brushing them carefully. When you pour some of the bees out, hold the box out of the waa, or it will draw them to it. Gently tapping on the hive will help to get them in. You can put sections on immediately, or extracting super over a queen-excluding honey-board.

Should the bees be very cross while swarming, the smoker is the best remedy. If you shake them off the tree, and they fall some distance' they will be angry. I have kept bees on the above plan for 17 years, and have found it reliable. I seldom, if ever, have any "runaways.'

Ono, Wisconsin.

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EDITORIAL.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers this month an interesting article on The Giant Bees of India (*apis dorsata*) by that well-known writer Frank Benton. In as much as this species of bees has been the subject of considerable rather blind comment in the leading bee-journals during the past few weeks, the article we publish is very timely, and coming from so well informed an apiarist as Mr. Benton, may be regarded as entirely authentic. A certain person, by name C. D. Holt, has recently succeeded in getting *Gleanings* and the *American Bee Journal* to publish his advertisement wherein he offers queens of this species for sale. It is strange that the publishers of these journals ,experienced and well-read in bee-lore as they are, should allow themselves to be so hoodwinked, for if this man Holt has succeeded in importing some of the genuine Indian Giant Bees, we all would have known it long before now. But in April 1st, *Gleanings*, he comes out in a letter of repentance and repudiates all his claims, in fact admits that he can furnish nothing of the sort, and well-posted apiarist knew so, for no specimens have ever been brought here alive. When advertisements of this nature appear, offering such wonderful bargains, even if they appear in such journals of high standing as the two above mentioned, the reader should "go slow," and invest not a penny until he is assured that they eminate from honest sources.

Spring in this locality has been very backward, there not having been one warm day during the entire month of March, and up to the present, no outside work in the apiary could be done. At this writing there are some signs of approaching milder weather.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for May and June will contain profusly illustrated articles on bee-keeping, and as it has a very large circulation throughout the country and largely among those who do not keep bees, it will no doubt be the means of influencing a great many to take up the persuit,

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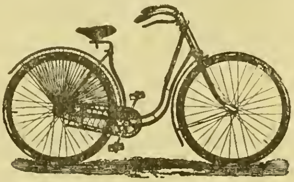
We will print a limited number of pamphlets containing Mr. Benton's article on "Giant Bees of India" which we will furnish our readers at 10c each, or will give one free as a premium to every one sending in their subscription this month. (This is to new and old subscribers).

There is a great scarcity of beeswax and as a result we shall look for a considerable advance in comb foundation within a few weeks. There is a similar scarcity of wax in England, and it is quite unaccountable.

Do not forget you can order supplies from us using the catalogue of any first-class manufacturer. Our prices are no higher, and in some cases lower. While our goods are guaranteed to be superior in material and wormanship. We furnish anything wanted by bee-keepers.



BICYCLE CHEAP.

We have a Lovell Ladies' Wheel, which was used a part of last season, and is now in perfect condition, which we will sell for $35.00 cash, or good wax. This wheel originally sold for $125.00, and at our price is a bargain. It has 28 inch wheels, Hartford Pneumatic Tires, Brake, very best grade Saddle, Tools, etc., complete. Weight without tools, etc., 35 lbs. Also, a 22 lb. Rambler, purchased in August from the factory, now in perfect condition, good as new, belonging to the editor of this magazine, cost $125.00. Will sell for $65.00 cash, or wax. This is equally as good a bargain as the offer on the Ladies' Wheel.

Address

AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,

Jamestown, N. Y.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for April has an excellently written and illustrated article on Egypt called *Nileistic Reminiscences;* a highly amusing article on *Americans' Mistakes in Paris: Our Working Sisters*, by Mrs. Bristland; *How Different Denominations Observe Easter; An Easter Hymn; The Mirror of Fashions* for the month; Mr. Demorest's *What Does Conscience Say?* and a dozen more of articles, poems, sketches, instructions apropos to the season, etc, Its two pages of portraits are all of important individuals, and its frontispiece very delicate. (20 cents).

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4-12

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 20, 1895.—Market well supplied. Price of fancy white comb 15c. Amber 12c per pound. Extracted white 7c. Amber 5¼ to 6c per pound. Beeswax 22c per lb. Stock of comb honey large.
HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, MICH., March 19, 1895.—Demand for Honey rather slow. Supply moderate. Price of best white comb honey 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Light supply. Prices 28 to 29c per lb.
M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 21, 1895.—Light demand for honey. Supply ample. Price of comb 7 to 12c per lb. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Light supply. Price 28 to 32c per lb. The demand for comb honey is about over for this season.
R. H. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., March 19, 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Supply light and needed. Price of comb 13 to 14 cents per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per pound. Fair demand for Beeswax. Supply light. Prices 28 to 30c per lb. We could use some white comb honey in sections; cartons preferred.
E. E. BLAKE & CO., 75 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., March 21, 1895.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Supply limited. Prices 25 to 28c for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
cor. Freeman & Central Aves.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 21, 1895.—We report our market well cleaned up on fancy white honey comb in 1 lb. sections. A neat package and a fancy article would sell quickly at 14c. No 2 comb, or dark, would not sell at over 10 to 11c. We report better inquiry for extracted at 5 to 7c per lb., depending on the quality. Beeswax selling at 30c.
S. T. FISH & CO., 189 South Water St.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

If I could go ballooning
And had the time to spare,
I'd journey to discover
My castle in the air.
It stands, that stately building,
Beyond the yellow moon,
Where tradesmen's bills can never come,
Not even by balloon.

The water rate collector—
He eyes its door in vain,
Because its cistern runs with
No water, but champagne.
Its roof has been constructed
So very high and steep
No lovelorn cats can clamber there
To frighten gentle sleep.

My neighbor's hens can never
Defy the garden wall,
Because there are no neighbors
Or hencoops near at all.
So, in the garden nodding,
In rich profusion grow
Tobacco trees and cauliflowers
And roses all a-row.

Oh! could I reach my castle,
I'd never need to think,
I'd never need to scribble
And clothe my dreams in ink.
So when I'm not so busy
I'll hire a big balloon
And sail away with—I know whom—
Beyond the yellow moon.
—David la Costa in Home and Country

THE OLD CLOCK.

Mr. Gratebar's Valued Friend Suffering From a Strange Complaint.

"Among our household possessions," said Mr. Gratebar, "is an old clock, an old wooden clock of the kind you hang upon the wall. Its constant ticking has long been a familiar, friendly sound. We have other clocks, newer clocks, with quicker ticks, chipper and friendly enough, no doubt, but their quick, incessant ticking makes them seem shallow compared with the old clock, which has a slow, dignified, measured tick. If you should be awake in the night, how easily you could tell it among all the rest! You hear at first but the chatter of the newer ones, but presently you hear back of them all, and growing upon the ear as you listen, the sturdy old clock, ticking on, calmly conscious of its own superiority and of its much longer standing in the family.

"One day the old clock stopped. We took it down and listened and shook it gently. It started up, and we hung it up again, but soon it stopped again, and then we took it down again and laid it on a table and looked at it and wondered what we could do next. It ticked all right lying down, and after it had been lying there awhile we thought that perhaps it had got over its little indisposition and was all right again. So we hung it up once more, and this time we thought it was going to go all right, and it did go longer than it had before, but then it stopped. So we took it down and laid it on its back again, and it's been lying so ever since. Nothing that we can do for it seems to help it.

"When I wind the old clock at night, lying there prone upon its back and yet ticking away so bravely, my hand trembles. It has been with us so long—not through any very desperate vicissitudes, to be sure, but through life. It has seen the children come and seen them grow up to be young men and young women, it has seen our own hair grow gray, it has been with us always, and whether our fortunes waxed or waned it has been always the same constant friend.

"Well, well Brave old clock!"—New York Sun.

Industrious Woodpeckers.

Linemen of some of the telegraph and telephone companies centering in Reading have made a discovery as to the destructive propensities of woodpeckers that almost surpasses belief. The costly cedar poles brought from Canada, these birds have discovered, are soft through the center to the top.

They first hunt for a knot near the bottom, and around this they peck with their long sharp bills until they extract it. They work all around it until it is dislodged. They then continue pecking until the center of the pole is reached, after which the softer material is removed. In some cases the interior of the pole at the point attacked is nothing more than a mere shell, and any sudden gale is apt to snap it off.

The birds sometimes build their nests inside the hollow pole and have been known to be killed by its breaking. The cedar poles taken out after they are ruined by the birds are generally replaced by chestnut poles, which are seldom attacked.

Linemen are instructed to keep an extra sharp lookout for poles damaged in this way, and when they find they have been used as hatcheries to renew them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Easy Way.

The main object of life is to derive satisfaction from it, the philosophers say. Therefore when you are what is commonly known as selfish and grasping you can silence your conscience by telling it that you are no worse than the unselfish and sacrificing. You simply have another method of enjoying life.—Exchange.

MRS. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To bloom or not to bloom, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and foldings of outrageous skirts
Or take up arms and legs against our troubles,
And by opposing end them! To scorch, to race
No more, and by a race to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That modesty is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To scorch, to race—
To race! perchance to fall—aye, there's the rub,
For in that blooming fall what rents may come
To mar my outer garments. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of style,
The oppressor's wrong, the loud girl's contumely,
The tangle of despised skirts, the lingerie display,
The indifference of dudes and then the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes
When she herself might a compromise make
With a pair of leggings? Who would petticoats wear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of some untold mishap,
The unfelled seam, the unsubstantial cloth
Which tailors use, puzzles the will
And makes us rather wear those clothes we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus modesty makes cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FINGER RINGS.

What to Wear and on Which Finger You May Wear Them.

While for many years diamonds and other jewelry have been pronounced bad form for street wear, it being permissible for them to make appearance with dinner and evening gowns only, rings of every variety are allowable from morning until night.

The wearing of a ring on the second finger went out of fashion long ago, and even the handsomest of jewels worn there is considered a mistake, stamping the wearer as, to say the least, decidedly provincial.

Thumb rings have been attempted very often, but the fad has never had many followers, one reason perhaps being that it is a very uncomfortable practice.

The first finger is as bad as the second, as far as fashion decrees, and to the third and little fingers falls the entire responsibility of wearing these jeweled circles.

The idea of the third finger of the left hand being reserved for engagement and wedding rings still holds good, but as many other rings as can find place on that finger are also permissible.

Some women give evidence of considerable artistic taste in the artistic way in which they order their jewels set. The marquise rings are always favorites, for they make the fingers look long and slender. Three large stones, two diamonds and a ruby, emerald or sapphire make a ring which is very popular.

Turquoises in every shape, but always encircled with diamonds, are very fashionable and extremely becoming to the hand.

Very rarely is any single stone, unless it be a diamond, set alone.

The fad of wearing a birthday stone is a well known one, and almost every woman has a ring set with the stone accredited to the month in which she was born.

If the stone, as is generally the case, be not one of those classed as precious, it is generally set deep in a small gold band and worn so that it does not show forth very prominently.—Vogue.

Animals That Never Sleep.

According to observation by scientists, there are many creatures which live without sleep. This is the case with some members of the insect tribe, such as the mayfly, which only lives for a limited number of hours and spends its short term of a single day's existence in flying over the surface of some stream, never pausing to rest or sleep, with some fishes and with the animalculæ. These last, which increase in division and subdivision so rapidly as to make their numbers almost past belief, are in ceaseless motion, never resting, and sleep in their case would seem to be entirely out of the question. Fishes are not generally supposed to enjoy sleep, although many species do periodically rest for about a couple of hours at a time. Experiments have shown that the salmon, pike, goldfish and angler fish do not sleep at all. Fishes have no eyelids, like the higher mammalia, and their brain is very small in proportion to their size. Animals which have no real brain cannot be said to enjoy true sleep, the chief feature of which is the cessation of automatic activity of the brain. On the other hand, there are some animals which obtain an excessive amount of sleep, such as snails, which have been known to sleep for four years at a time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Raven.

Many birds seek the protection which the presence of man affords against furred and feathered foes when the breeding season approaches. Not so the raven. Its distrust of us is profound, and its nest is placed in some wild spot far out of reach of our possible attack or succor. But there are other enemies. I know of a pair that built on one side of a projecting crag high up on the cliffs of Rathlin island. Some fierce peregrine falcons occupied the other side of the crag, and when one day their eggs were taken by an adventurous collector they, sharing the popular opinion of a raven's blackness, concluded that their neighbors were the offenders and wreaked their grief and vengeance upon them. When, on their return from a foraging expedition, the falcons found their nest despoiled, they were seen to hold a consultation, and after much deliberation they suddenly arose, and both with one accord flew at the raven's nest and sacked it, tearing it in their rage and indignation until not one stick was left upon another.—London Quiver.

Too Much to Expect.

A too hasty generalization is that accredited to Pelissier, once marshal of France. It was during the last empire that he was reviewing a regiment of cavalry when this conversation took place between him and a captain:

"Well, captain, how many men have you in your squadron?"

"One hundred and twenty, marshal."

"And how many horses have you?"

"A hundred and ten."

"And all devoted to the emperor, I hope!"—Youth's Companion.

The Hindoo maidens have a feast of lamps, very prettily alluded to by Moore in "Lalla Rookh." A lighted lamp is set adrift on the Ganges, and from its fate is foretold that of the owner.

French architects during the reign of Henry IV expected to receive 1 per cent of the cost of the houses they erected.

A fortnight after Easter the English formerly observed a festival called Hocktide. It was customary for the women to go out into the streets with cords and bind the men whom they met until the latter purchased their release with small contributions of money.

During the first century after Christ tallow was 6 cents a pound; cheese, 14 cents; butter, 18 cents; honey, 24 cents; peas, 6 cents, and beans, 10 cents.

Cape Conception, California, was called after one of the vessels in the fleet of Cortez.

LOVERS IN FICTION.

WOOING SCENES PAINTED BY WELL KNOWN NOVELISTS.

Some Lovers Kneel and Some "Gambol Like Tigers"—Making Love by Intimidation In Feminine Fiction—Simple and Poetic Scene In "John March."

The love scene occupies a prominent place in fiction, and there are many which are cited as a proof of their author's delicate skill. Literary fashions may wax and wane, but the love story still remains the prime favorite with "the general." So enslaved are we by the nursery tradition that we feel we have been cheated out of something if the novel does not end with some version of the old fairy tale formula, "So they were married and lived happy ever after," although we have learned by our own experience or that of others that matrimony is not always the gateway to Elysium.

Love scenes in fiction are of many kinds. Howells once described some sparrows in a garden as "squabbling like the lovers in a lady's novel," and it is a fact that the average feminine novelist makes her turtledoves peck each other with great frequency and vigor. They bicker and pout, squabble and part forever several times a week until finally they kiss and make friends as a prelude to matrimony. Often there are a pair of light comedy lovers to balance those whose passion assumes a tragic cast.

It is our tradition to believe that the greater ardor is felt by the man, but even as Samantha, in those long gone days, invoked the moon and twirled her brazen wheel, chanting the while, "My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love," there have always been women who wove spells to lure toward them the fickle or timid love. It has been said, "When he who loves is dumb, she who is loved is deaf," yet there are heroines of fiction who go considerably more than half way to win the hero from his haughty silence.

So we find it in the case of Charlotte Bronte's Shirley, who, in her proud, imperious way, lets the poor tutor see a glimpse of her heart, as if feeling that her beauty and fortune permit her to exercise the right of a queen. The wild love scenes beween Emily Bronte's Heathcliff and Catherine are like the fierce gambolings of a pair of tigers whose claws are seldom sheathed even in play. In feminine fiction the gentleman often pays his addresses in a manner that savors of intimidation. He seems to fancy that he can hector the lady into an ardent affection for himself and is usually successful in so doing.

But this is not the ideal lovemaking. We imagine that there should be tender reverence on the man's part, for, as Thackeray says: "Men serve women kneeling. When they get on their feet, they walk away." The lover who does not believe his sweetheart an angel has a want of idealism that will make marriage appear to him a very dull, sordid thing, lacking that rosy glow with which illusion irradiates the commonplaces.

The walk of Ruth Pinch and John Westlock in the Temple garden is usually ranked among the famous love scenes of fiction, and there is another garden episode—that between Clive and Ethel Newcome—which is as sincere in sentiment and touched by a far finer literary art. It is not always easy for a novelist to present to the mind the charming childishness of lovers without making them seem silly and mawkish, but this Charles Reade in "Peg Woffington and Christie Johnstone" has succeeded in doing. There are passages in the courtship of Victor Hugo's Marius and Cosette which have a wonderful grace and prettiness and likewise an artlessness that does not always belong to lovemaking in French fiction.

The figures of Tito and Romola, when the dark and bright curls mingle in their first embrace, stand out with a colorful picturesqueness against the rich background of old romance which is wanting in modern tales, but though more impressive, in a certain sense, these old world lovers are not more actual than Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye as they walk hand in hand through the furze and fern of Egdon heath. Still more vivid is the aurora militaris which the sword play of Sergeant Troy created about Bathsheba Everdene, ending with that sudden kiss which startled her rebel heart awake.

Of late years the river scene in "Richard Feverel" has often been mentioned as an example of all that is idyllic, but any writer who is stirred to emulation will find it a difficult model. It is so easy to work one's self up into the ejaculatory mood. Given plenty of ink and paper, there is no reason why one should not continue indefinitely to reel off such sentences as: "Pipe, happy sheep boy, Love. Irradiated angels, unfold your winds and lift your voices. Pipe, happy love, pipe on to these dear innocents."

A real idyl, not less simple than poetic, is to be found in Cable's "John March, Southerner." The time is spring—the tardy spring of the north—and the man and maid are straying through the greening meadows and copses apart and each one dreaming of the other's nearness. The girl hears afar the springtime cry of the the quail, "two clear glad notes of nature's voice," and mimics it in memory of her days of childhood. The youth, who had idly uttered the note, fancies himself answered by a bird, and so they go on calling and recalling, following the sound until they come face to face startled and wondering, all their unconfessed love shining in their eyes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tennyson at Home.

Tennyson was never "at home" except to such cherished friends as his neighbor, the late Professor Tyndall. Access to his study was consequently denied to nearly all callers, and even the presence of those who obtained the privilege of entree there was sometimes irksome to the poet, whose part in the conversation usually consisted of monosyllables, as I remember to have once happened during my stay, but he could be very gracious to callers when in the mood. On the other hand, Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Reminiscences" of the poet, says, "Albeit you saw 'Private road' painted on the first rod of his domain and 'Private grounds' inscribed upon the first boundary of his fence, he did not like country people to pass him on the road without recognizing him."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Good Horse Sense In Burros.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examing the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After awhile he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise, it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink and stepped aside, inviting, I think, the others to take a drink. At all events they promptly did so and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. The water was cool and refreshing—much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day. There is no witchcraft about the Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A BUNCH OF RECIPES.

Some All New and Some Introducing Novelties In Old Processes.

Tea Sandwiches.—A delicious and substantial sandwich which may be offered at luncheon or tea is made by cutting small diamonds of bread from which the crust has been removed. These are then buttered, and on the top of each is placed a slice of cucumber, cut very thin, which is in turn spread with a layer of potted meat or game. Ham or tongue is good for the purpose, or any potted meat may be used. Be careful that it is quite smooth, and place little stars cut out of hard boiled eggs round the edge and a little mound of grated yolk of egg in the middle. Serve on a napkin garnished with parsley.

Charlotte Russe.—Line a china mold with lady fingers, fitting them close together and cutting off the tops if they reach above the edge of the mold. Soak an ounce of gelatin in half a gill of very strong coffee, put this into a saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of milk and 2 ounces of powdered sugar. When the gelatin has melted, put aside to cool. Whip a quarter of a pint of cream, flavor it with a little vanilla, strain the milk and gelatin into the cream, whisk together for a few minutes, then pour it very carefully into the lined molds so as not to disarrange the lady fingers and set away till the following day.

Savory Oysters.—Stamp out with a round cutter—a sherry glass will answer the purpose—some thin pastry, and put in the middle of each round an oyster, which after being scalded has been masked with a little white sauce, and then scattered with grated Parmesan. Sprinkle with a dust of cayenne pepper and bake in a quick oven.

Adirondack Corn Bread.—Mrs. Rorer gives the recipe for this as follows: Separate 5 eggs. Beat the yolks and add a pint of milk. Mix one-half pint of cornmeal with a half pint of flour. Add to it gradually the eggs and the milk. Soften 2 ounces of butter and stir into the mixture. Let this stand for ten minutes, then stir in the whites, well beaten, add a tablespoonful each of salt and of sugar and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix carefully but quickly, turn into long baking pans, and bake 30 minutes. This bread, to be exactly right, should be in layers—the under part the meal, the next a layer of custard and on top a glossy brown crust.

Calf's Liver.—A chafing dish recipe to prepare this has a novel ingredient—that of coffee. The recipe reads: Cut the liver in neat, smooth slices and lay in salt and water to extract the blood. Mix together one-half cupful of flour, one-half cupful of cornmeal and a teaspoonful of salt. Roll the slices of liver in this mixture and fry in the chafing dish in hot butter until brown. Just before serving pour in a little coffee, cover tightly and let it stand a moment and serve with slices of crisply fried English breakfast bacon.

MELTING LIKE WAX.

ALL MOUNTAINS WILL VANISH IN THE COURSE OF TIME.

Notable Elevations That Are Slowly Crumbling and Becoming Smaller—Awful Catastrophe That Befell the Village of Elm. Process of Change.

A French professor told the recent scientific congress in Rome that "all mountains will vanish off the face of the earth in course of time." We do not doubt it, for it is divinely foretold that the earth itself will disappear at the end of time. However, the Frenchman's prophecy is already in course of realization. The Ardennes, the Pyrenees and the mountains of Provence are going to peices by degrees in our own age. The mighty Himalayas, as if weary of "rearing their forms sublime" through so many generations, nodded their heads in one place two years ago and buried into the valleys below a mass of debris which was estimated at 800,000,000 tons. The largest locomotive on the fast trains of the Hudson River railway weighs only 62 tons. That Asiatic mountain slide, therefore, caused an avalanche equivalent to the tumble of about 13,000,000 such locomotives off a bridge 10,000 feet high. Little wonder that "the noise was terrific" and that "the natives were frightened." Masses of rock were hurled a mile away, and "many blocks of dolomitic limestone, weighing from 30 to 50 tons, were shot like cannon balls through the air."

In 1881, in the Alps, there was an immense hill fall, caused by its human undermining in order to obtain slate for school use. The mining began in 1868. In 1876 the Plattenberkoph split across its crown, and after progressive enlargements for years, which caused comment and forebodings, it fell in the year named. This catastrophe precipitated about 12,000,000 cubic yards of rock 1,475 feet downward into the valley. The debris ricochetted across the valley and rolled 325 feet up the opposite slope, where it was canted over sideways, and then poured like liquid over a horizontal plane of about 9,700,000 square feet and to a depth of from 35 to 70 feet.

One-half of the village of Elm was overwhelmed, and it was so swiftly cleft by the resistless mass that the line was sharply defined, and one house was cut in two. One hundred and fifteen people were buried. One home was left on the very verge, of which the doors were open, the fire burned, the table was set, the coffee was hot, but no living soul was left. The head of the household was saved, but his entire family, who were out looking at the mountain fall, were lost. The debris dammed up a river, for which a channel was blasted afresh. New soil was carried into the valley, and spread over the ruins where harvests now smile again, and the people go about their work as if there were no such thing as an avalanche in this humbling and crumbling world.

The process of change in earth levels in all lands is illustrated in your unpaved back yard or village street after heavy rains. Each tiny rivulet no larger than your little finger has its floods, its narrower limits where it runs in its square foot of harder soil, and is thereby pinched sideways, its sudden shallowing and widening where the soil is softer, and the panic stricken ants or bedraggled beetles are caught in their miniature world and routed as men are on a larger scale. Ten feet square of back yard may illustrate the succession of events which make seas shallower and mountains lower. The surcharged warm cloud gets a chill as it caresses the head of some dignified peak, the sudden condensation upsets the shower out of the atmosphere's myriad cell buckets, and the torrent rushes down the breasts and limbs of the mountains so swiftly that the surprised soil catches the spirit of panic and forgets to obey gravitation until it finds itself at sea and almost out of sight of shore. That transfer of earth leaves the hills thinner and deposits that which makes the river or bay or sea somewhat less deep. People live in the lowlands near their grain and fruits, and these thrive on the alluvium washed down by torrents and flood. That theft of matter makes the mountains bareheaded and puts the valley under obligation to the storms which feed the crops with plant nutriment stolen from above. Like man, the harvests lift their eyes to the hills, whence their help comes. The mountains are being carried into the sea, and man demands tribute as they pass.

The forces of nature and the elements in battle, like the gospel, are levelers. They bring down the mighty and lift up the lowly. One of these days the earth must be resurveyed. The aspirations of the hills will have been reduced; the depths of the rivers, bays and oceans will be less. Men who journey by water may return to the plans and proportions that best suited those who built the ark, and they may see that Noah knew something about shipbuilding, notwithstanding our Americans, Auranias and Campanias. David may have had a thought of all this when he said, "The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord." Isaiah wrote, "The mountains flowed down at thy presence." Ezekiel said, "The mountain shall be thrown down, and the steep places shall fall." If those Alpine dwellers at Elm read their Bibles, they must have thought of these passages after they recovered from their surprise.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"Shooting the Moon."

It is curious to remark how differently men of different races comport themselves in the presence of identical emergencies When an Irishman, for example, finds that he cannot pay his rent, he insists on remaining in his homestead all the same, and when an organized effort is made to turn him out he climbs up on to the roof of his domicile and throws hives of bees at the invaders. When an Englishman finds himself in a similar predicament, he breaks the law by stealth—that is to say, he moves his furniture secretly, by midnight, to another lodging and leaves no address behind him. And, as all the world knows, "shooting the moon" is the technical term for this nefarious performance. If one were asked by a stranger how the poor live in outcast London, one would have to answer that it is largely by "shooting the moon" that a great many of them are enabled to eke out a precarious subsistence.—London Graphic.

PREPARING A SWEDISH DELICACY.

"Yon Yonson" Heege Describes the Process In "Little Scandinavia."

"In 'Little Scandinavia,' which includes two or three of the counties in northern Wisconsin, where the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes have settled in great numbers," says Gus Heege, the impersonator of Yon Yonson and the originator of Swedish dialect comedy on the stage, "butchering week each fall is one of the busiest and merriest times of the whole year. The entire family—mother, father and children—have a hand in the work, and they are frequently assisted by the nearest neighbors, who sometimes come three or four miles across the hills.

"Butchering with the Scandinavians means the saving and utilization of every part of the beef or hog of the smallest value. Even the blood is preserved, and it appears later in the winter, when the thermometer is down below zero and supplies are short, in the form of blood pudding or blood cake, both of which are very nourishing as well as toothsome dishes. The preparation of these compounds is entirely the work of the women and the smaller children. As soon as the men are ready to begin the work of killing, mother comes out with her hands full of pans and pails, and the boys and girls follow with little wisps of brooms or twigs bound up in neat bundles. The blood of the animal is caught in the pans, and the children are soon at work stirring it with the twigs in order to keep the fibrin from collecting in clots Many a little arm grows weary before the mother says the blood has been sufficiently stirred, and the pans are borne into the house.

"Here a quantity of ryemeal is added, and the stirring is resumed until the mass is thoroughly mixed and of the consistency of dough. Salt, pepper and sage are sprinkled over the combination, and it is set aside to freeze. In cooking it the cake is sliced up and fried on a hot griddle with ham or pork. In taste it resembles sausage, but the flavor is much finer. Sometimes pieces of scrapmeat are mixed in with the blood, and the combination is then called blood sausage. When enough meal has been added, the pudding can be dried until it becomes as hard as stone, and in that form it will keep in good condition for an almost unlimited time.

"Blood cake and blood sausage may be bought at almost any Swedish meat market, and its consumption has increased to such an extent that some of the packing houses make it as a staple article."—New York Times.

FALSE DIALECT.

Our Negro Stories Are Declared to Be All Wrong.

The flood of negro talk that has discolored our recent literature is not a dialect. It consists chiefly of the vulgarism, the mispronunciation and misuse of words that come of a lack of education and polite association. Hardly any of it is even provincialism, and still less is the survival of old forms and usages. Nor is it due in any appreciable degree to locality. In fact, it arises from condition almost wholly and is merely the lingo of our lowest classes, with small distinction on account of race and color.

It is kitchen talk, as distinguished from that of the parlor, and, although it may occasionally offer us a word or phrase having some philological or historical interest, it does not approach the dignity of a dialect. The bad grammar of illiterate ignorance, without rule or art, it even lacks the consistency in error with which some of our writers seek to invest it, for it recognizes no precedent and follows no analogy.

And yet the real lingo is not half so bad as it is represented in print, where it is sought to set it before us phonetically. It is obvious that the ordinary speech of any of our white communities would look very much like a jargon if subjected to the same phonetic process. In our common conversation very few of us are purists, and a precision is generally regarded as affected and pretentious.—William C. Elam in Lippincott's.

The Life of a Shoe.

According to an intelligent and observant member of the trade, the average purchaser of footwear counts the life of a shoe by the number of times it requires resoling and heeling. If a shoe is resoled and heeled twice, the wearer thinks it is a better shoe than the one which, though giving longer wear, will hardly bear resoling and heeling more than once. The same retailer claims that some manufacturers take advantage of this knowledge and put inferior leather in the soles and heels and thus attain the apparently impossible feat of increasing the reputation of their goods by using inferior material. It is certain, however, that reputable manufacturers do not adopt this questionable policy.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

VICE PRESIDENT KING.

He Took the Oath of Office Abroad, but Did Not Live to Serve.

William Rufus King, born April 6, 1786, died April 18, 1853, was a vice president of the United States who never served in that capacity and one who took the oath of office on foreign soil, something which can be said of no other executive officer who has ever been elected by the people of this country. King was an invalid, but his friends urged him to take second place on the ticket with Pierce in 1852.

Both were elected, but Mr. King's health failed so rapidly that he was forced to go to Cuba some two months before inauguration day. Not having returned to the United States by March 4, congress passed a special act authorizing the United States consul at Matanzas, Cuba, to swear him in as vice president at about the hour when Pierce was taking the oath of office at Washington.

This arrangement was carried out to a dot, and on the day appointed, at a plantation on one of the highest hills in the vicinity of Matanzas, Mr. King was made vice president of the United States amid the solemn "Vaya vol con Dios" (God will be with you) of the creoles who had assembled to witness the unique spectacle. Vice President King returned to his home at Cahawba, Ala., arriving at that place April 17, 1853, and died the following day. His remains were laid to rest on his plantation, known as Pine Hills.—Chicago Times.

Coral Church on an Eastern Island.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the isle of Mahe, one of the Scyschelles islands in the Indian ocean. The Scyschelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of 11 islands and are situated about 1400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fernlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"BOOTS BY THE QUART."

A Series of Remarkable Signs That Created Great Astonishment.

In South street, New York, there is an Italian who runs a Yankee notion stand. He speaks English after a fashion, but cannot read a word of it. This fact has made him an easy prey for a heartless joker.

His stock of goods includes almost everything from peanuts and chewing gum to suspenders and waterproof jumpers. Until recently he had displayed no placards, giving the prices of his wares, but the other day a man offered to paint all the signs that the Italian needed free of charge. The offer was joyfully accepted. The signs were painted and placed in position. Crowds were attracted to the spot, and visions of sudden wealth danced before the Italian's eyes. Here are some of the inscriptions painted by the mountebank:

"Cape Ann Boots! Only 50 cents a quart."

"Chewing Gum! All kinds, only 2 cents a yard."

They were prominently displayed near the top of the stand, but they were eclipsed by these a little lower down:

"Peanuts, raw or roasted, $2 a pint. Must be eaten here."

"Suspenders baked, fried or boiled, with edible buckles, 20 cents a plate."

The placard that won the most admiration and of which the innocent merchant was particularly proud was an oblong affair in gorgeous colors. It read:

Gold plated brushes....................	5 cents
Diamond studs..........................	2 cents
Collar buttons..........................	$10 each
All pocketknives........................	free

A few minutes after the signs had been put into place an old sailor was trying to buy two quarts of Cape Ann boots for $1, and the Italian was getting black in the face trying to make him understand that the boots were "Four dol' a pair." Many similar scenes were witnessed. Finally a sympathetic friend exposed the fraud to the victim, and the pasteboards were removed.—New York Recorder.

New York Journalists—Their Pay.

In New York city the salaries are higher than anywhere else, partly because of the superior standard of proficiency and partly because the cost of living is greater here than in any other large city. One editor in chief has the same salary as the president of the United States, $50,000 per year, and others receive from $10,000 to $12,000, or more than members of the cabinet. Managing editors are paid from $100 to $150 per week, or better compensation than that of senators and representatives in congress. Editorial writers get from $50 to $75 per week, as a rule, and in cases of rare ability as much as the average salary of a managing editor. City editors receive from $50 to $75 per week and in a few instances $100. The pay of news editors is about equal to that of city editors.

Literary, theatrical and musical critics average $50 per week. Copy readers are paid from $40 to $45 per week. Reporters earn all the way from $15 to $60 per week, with an average of $40, and space writers of particular talent have been known to make as much as $125 per week, though the limitation of topics and the pressure of competition usually keep their incomes down around those of the best paid reporters. There are some writers for syndicates of newspapers, men with names that have a certain value, who earn from $5,000 to $6,000 per year, and there are others of first class technical capacity in various lines whose salaries occasionally reach $5,000 The pay of all classes of journalists averages 10 per cent lower in Brooklyn than in New York city.—Forum.

ON RONCADOR ISLAND.

What Was Found by a Party In Search of Marooned Sailors.

In 1892 the gunboat Partridge was sent by the commodore to ascertain the truth or otherwise of a statement that some men were marooned on Roncador, a small coral island (300 by 200 feet) or cay in the Caribbean sea. On arriving at Roncador it was found occupied by sea birds, especially boobies, in enormous number. Some huts were also observed. On landing and entering the largest hut the following picture met the gaze of the explorers: Half sitting, half reclining, on a high trestle bed, and partially supported by a makeshift crutch, was something rigid and angular within a moldy cotton shirt and canvas trousers. Two rusty pannikins were close at hand and fragments of skeleton on the floor. These consisted of a skull, vertebræ and some long bones. On the bed were the bones of a hand, and a number of land crabs scuttled about. The floor was covered with sea birds' eggs, and many more were found packed and salted in wooden boxes. Some empty cruet bottles were found near the eggs and a box containing papers which showed him to be a Dutchman. He had served in the militia.

The medical officer was able to determine from an examination of the skeleton that it belonged to a lad under 20 years of age. In another hut was found the body of an old negro. The story is clear enough. The well built hut showed that the men had come prepared to stay awhile. The empty boxes showed that food had been at one time abundant. Then provisions ran short. The men subsisted for a time on sea birds' eggs, and water was apparently plentiful. Men cannot live long on eggs and brackish water. Scurvy must occur. This is the secret of the crutch in the cabin. Disease had crippled before it killed this young man. This explanation rests entirely on circumstantial evidence, but evidence so complete and convincing, the reasoning so sound, yet apparently so simple, as to make one exclaim on reading it, Surely this is the way of Zadig!—London News.

Valuable Instruments.

An Italian paper says that the violoncello upon which Signor Pratti plays is valued at $2,000. It is a Ruggueri instrument. According to this same authority, all the prominent fiddlers have small fortunes invested in their violins. Ysaye has a Guardagnini worth $1,200, and Jean Gerardy plays upon a Guarnerius, valued at $4,000. Dr. Joachim has a large collection of valuable violins. The Stradivarius that belonged to Ernst, and said to be worth $10,000, has come into the possession of Lady Halle.

The Dear Girls.

Miss Silligirl—I think it's awful mean. That horrid Green girl has been saying that I paint.

Miss Meanness—Never mind, dear. I expect if she had your complexion she'd paint too.—London Quiver.

No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville of the violinist of the "Berry Corners' orchestra," which had been discoursing ear piercing strains at a lawn party.

"Nivver a note do Oi play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor," responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers," said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag. "An it's moighty dry wurrk, an that's thruth, sorr."—Youth's Companion.

Feather Superstition.

We have long been acquainted with the peacock feather superstition, but were not aware until a few days ago that it extended to all feathered creatures. A young girl admired the beautiful pigeons strutting, cooing and sunning themselves in the covert of the house where she was boarding and asked the landlady to sell her a pair to take home with her. "No, indeed, child," was the immediate response. "Not for any money would I sell you those birds. When one person gives or sells an acquaintance a feathered thing, there is sure to be trouble between them, and I do not want to fall out with you."—Philadelphia Times.

Softening the Expression.

"See here, Jones, I never thought you were a liar, but I overheard you tell Miss Gordon last night that her face was a perfect dream. What d'ye say that for?"

"Well, say, she's a perfect nightmare, isn't she?"

"You're telling the truth now."

"Well, that's what I told her, only I softened the expression a little."—New York Recorder.

INSECTS AS ACTORS.

CREATURES THAT CHANGE IN APPEARANCE TO ELUDE ENEMIES.

Even the Lovely Butterfly Is Up to Tricks. Moths That Try to Look as if They Had Bee Stings—Ants Copied by Spiders—A Caterpillar's Fierce Disguise.

All creation below man is in a state of war, and any creature that cannot take care of itself quickly falls an unpitied victim Those that have teeth or claws or stings fight with them, and those that have none of these are driven to seek safety by aping the appearance and manner of some better endowed relative. Butterflies in general are most helpless creatures, but some of them are possessed of a peculiar defense. They have a bad taste. Birds that try to eat them find themselves made ill and naturally stop the feast. Now, the uniform of such a butterfly is a valuable protection, and the sweet and edible butterflies that live in the same fields avail themselves of it. If the favored fly is red, some butterflies that ought perhaps to be yellow are found arrayed in a shade of red which is a pretty close match of the one copied. If the poisonous one has a marked spot on his wings, the imitator will grow a spot somewhat like it, and even when the first has so distinctive a mark as a swallow tail wing the poor hunted cousin is not discouraged, but sticks out an imitation spike at the end of his wing in the hope of deceiving the eye of the ever watchful sparrow who is after him.

It is not every individual of a hunted species that changes in this way. If they all changed, the birds would soon discover the trick, and it would become useless. Sometimes when the hunted species is a large one it is not safe even for those that do change all to copy the same poisonous species So sometimes they are found copying two or even three different species. In this case the eggs that are laid by a female of any of the colors will hatch out into all the several kinds of flies. It is remarkable that as the male flies are stronger and of swifter flight than the female and better able to take care of themselves they do not often change, but by keeping their original color serve to decoy the birds away from their mates and to keep up the delusion that the imitation is intended to create.

These disguises of the butterfly are wonderful enough, but they are all in the family, so to speak, and are far surpassed by other insects who, not finding any safe individual to copy among their own near relatives, take a bold step and imitate a member of an entirely different family. There is a moth that has assumed the disguise of the belligerent bee quite successfully. To do this he has himself hatched with the down on his wings so loose that a buzz or two shake it all off and leave his wings transparent and gauzy like the bee's. Then he crawls around with an imitation of a bee's peculiar glide and does his best to look as if he had a sting. There are other flies that have imitated bees more or less successfully, but none that has gone so far to do so as this one.

Mark Twain has called the ant a very much overrated bird. But if man has highly estimated this "bird" he has but followed in the footsteps of nature, for the ant is one of nature's favorites. She has made him so dry and hard and indigestible that he requires a specially constructed animal to eat him. Hence he lives and increases in comparative peace and is the envy of all his neighbors. He would doubtless have many imitators if it were not that he is so hard to copy. But he has nevertheless found a follower in a certain spider. Now, there is a great difference between the natural appearance of a spider and an ant, so great that the spider, even if he is a long, thin, black spider, might well be discouraged, for he has eight legs, and an ant has six, and he has two bulbs to his body and an ant three. Yet he is nothing daunted. By some system of tight lacing or other he first manages to divide his abdominal bulb in two. He does not get such a waist as an ant has, but he makes an apparent division, which is something Then he walks on his six hind legs like an ant and waves his two fore legs in the air like an ant's antennæ, and, it is to be supposed, fancies himself indigestible.

But perhaps the most wonderful imitation is where an insect copies not the natural appearance of another, but his appearance when at work. There is a kind of ant in South America who makes it his business to strip the leaves from the trees and carry them to his nest, and the sight of one of these, struggling and often concealed under his leaf, is most common. The ant, as stated before, has few enemies. Now, there is found where this ant is common a kind of fly that has grown upon its back a sort of fin of the general shape of a leaf and of a bright green color, so that as it crawls around it might well be mistaken for one of these ants under a leaf. Thus in its imitative zeal it has created a feature which is no part of the ant it copies.

Of all these imitation warriors none is so ambitious as one species of caterpillar. He is large, lizards like to eat him, and he is perfectly defenseless. When he is at rest, he is like any other caterpillar, and no one would notice certain dark spots on his shoulders. But touch him, and at once he draws his head back into his body and presents to view a most terrifying dragon face. The spots on his back now look like great saucer eyes, and his dark head forms a beak of most belligerent aspect. The whole effect is ridiculously fierce and must be seen to be appreciated. An innocent lizard to whom this caterpillar was fed turned tail when he saw the transformation and did not stop until he was well hidden behind a twig.—New York Sun.

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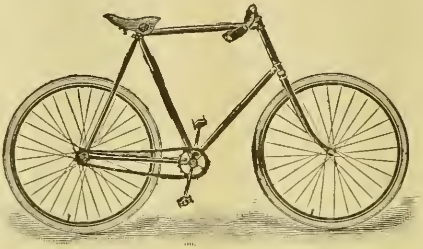

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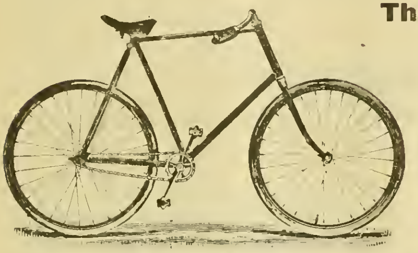

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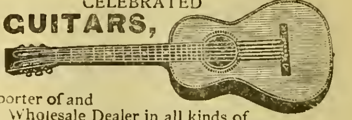

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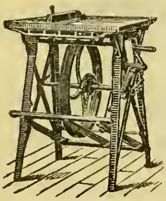

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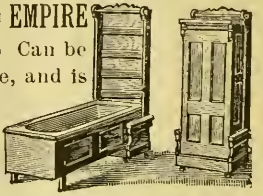

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. V. MAY 1895. NO. 5.

The Prospects of a Honey Crop.

BY CHAS. H. THEIS.

Spring is again here, and while the cold snap of the past winter was pretty hard on bees, they have as a usual thing pulled through in a very fair condition in this section of the world. I usually winter from 20 to 30 nuclei on the summer stands, usually two in a hive, with a thin board partition, which invariably winter well with me, but the past cold winter was a little more than they could stand, but anything in the shape of a fall colony came out in good condition.

Bees are now working strong on fruit bloom, of which we have quite a lot this season, the first time for a number of years.

White clover looks very encouraging, and with our bees in proper shape, I don't see why we should not have a good honey crop. Fruit bloom will start the bees in the right direction, but after fruit bloom and before clover comes in, we will need to look out, or we will fail. To allow bees to become short on stores at this time (or in fact at any time) will decide what surplus we shall have.

In regard to our fall flow, would be hard to answer at this time of the year, but as years roll by, I can see, each year, that our bee pasturage is becoming less, and the question naturally arises, where will our bees find pasturage in the near future? Each year more land is being put into cultivation. Farmers are becoming more particular, and will not allow weeds to grow among the crops as of old. Hence it becomes necessary for the bee-keeper to look around either for a cure or a new location. Why not give farmers some inducements, by furnishing them Alsike Clover seed, or some other seeds that would lead to mutual benefit. I am convinced that Alsike Clover would largely, if not altogether, take the place of common red clover, if once thoroughly introduced, so that its superiority was thoroughly known. Buy a peck or more of seed, give it to some good farmer, and after a fair trial it will soon find its way on all the farms. If our farmers were today sowing Alsike as extensively as red clover. what a honey country we would have. It will not be well for us to wait until we find our bees starving, but we should go to work now, so as to have it thoroughly introduced before we actually need. This can hardly be done in one or two years, therefore let us give it a trial now. Our bees often work on red clover, but it is not often that we get a surplus from that source, but with a few acres of Alsike in reach of our bees, we are able to notice its value. How many of us will look to the interests of the bee-keeper as well as the farmers.

Steeleville Ill.

Planting Trees for the Bees.

BY BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

Of late years the dangers which follow the wanton destruction of our forests and the necessity of atoning as far as possible for the misdeeds of the past have been too thoroughly discussed to need repetition here. The sole remedy lies in replacing the trees destroyed. In many localities young trees now border our roadsides, and Arbor Day has become one which is observed among our school children with almost as most enthusiasm as the Fourth of July.

The advantages of planting fruit and nut trees have been pracically demonstrated with the most satisfactory results ; Yet variety is needed in arbroiculture as in other branches of industry ; beauty and utility demands it ; and in the selection of shade trees, too little attention has heretofore been given to our friends, the bees.

A number of our native trees which furnish them working material are are more desirable as mere ornaments of the lawn than some of the rare exotics which often monopolize it. When two objects can be accomplished by the same thing, it is certainly a matter of economy to take advantage of this.

During the first sunny days of spring one may observe the bees bearing pollen from some willow, which, situated in a particularly favored spot, has put forth its blossoms in advance of its sisters. Several species of this family yield a limited supply of both pollen and honey. Despite the prevailing notion that they require a wet situation, a number of species grow rapidly in dry soil from cuttings, and their graceful outline lend a pleasing variation to the landscape.

The poplar or aspen blooms a little later. Then follow the silver and red maples. The former, *Acer dasycarpum*, cannot be recommended for planting by the side of cultivated fields, as its roots, when broken by the plow, send up innumerable shoots, thereby rendering it quite a nuisance. A tree or two upon the lawn where the roots are undisturbed is not likely to prove troublesome and their silver foliage contrasts in a charming manner with the green and gorgeous autumn colors of the other maples.

The sugar maple soon follows, and by the time this supply is exhausted the bees are reveling in the sweets of the fruit orchard.

The locust is valuable on account of its rapid growth, and valuable timber, while its delicately cut foliage and deliciously sweet flowers render it especially ornamental.

Thus it will be seen that by exercising a little forethought, a succession of trees yielding honey may be secured until the clover is ready. None of these, probably, yield enough for "surplus" but as a supply for rearing brood and strengthening the colonies for good work when the flow comes, they are of much value.

The flowers of the Tulip tree, *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, yield honey, but unfortunately this tree is too rare to form an important factor in the apiary, We are glad to note that it is now offored for sale by dealers, and it is to be hoped that its cultivation may ere long become general. Its straight, lofty trunk is valuable for timber ; The glossy leaves with a form peculiar to themselves render the tree conspicuous ; The blossoms resemble those of the garden tulip in size and form, and their yellowish green petals, each marked with an orange crescent, reminds one of the bizarre colorings among the parrot tulips. The interior structure is similar to that of the famous magnolia of the South, to which it is closely related. This tree should be given a trial ; if it should prove as valuable for honey as it is ornamental, it will indeed be a treasure.

As the basswood has so long been regarded as one of the most important bee foods, the mystery is why this important source of material should be allowed to decrease in quantity. In some portions of Pennsylvania where it once grew in abundance, scarsely a representative of the genus remains. Its broadly cordate leaves and creamy blossoms with their appendages of leaf-like bracts. render it ornamental ; Its growth is so rapid that it is stated that in ten years from time of planting it will be a source of great profit for its yield of honey. The strength of the inner bark is so great as to yield material for matting, ropes, etc. The wood, white, soft, and clear, makes excellent broom-handles and is valuable for cabinet work and the paneling of carriages.

It is to be hoped that in the future when trees are being planted, whether for utility or ornament, that some provision will be made for the wants of the bee, inasmuch as this can be done and the other benefits and advantages of tree culture fostered at the same time.

Will Bee Keeping Progress in the Future?

BY J. W. TEFFT.

No! the Bee Keepers of today are in the *rut to Stay*.
The new ones will receive no better education.
While all are starving for better Bee Literature.

This appears to be the key note on which is sounded the educational necessities of the new generation of Bee Keepers who is now trained by the Bee Trade Journals—that contribute to their success as American Bee Keepers.

No attention (by these trade papers) is paid to the development of their minds as thinking organisms, and to the right interests that present themselves today to bee-keepers of intelligent minds. All that is aimed at is the requirement of *Surface Qualities*, which are to be summed up under the name of BEE CULTURE, all of which are in themselves most desirable and by no means to be neglected. But are no more to be considered as the staple of an Educational Honey Bee Literature, then is honey to be considered as a disirable whole of nutriment, yet the editors of these Bee

Trade Journals are nearly all of them men of real intelligence and ability, most of them graduates of college. They certainly know what bee-keeping is, and no doubt they would prefer to offer it. But like others who have something to offer which the youngster is desirous to buy they have learned the lesson of giving mysterious mystifying advice as to what the young Bee-Keeper wants. The real fault lies with the older Bee-Keepers. It is not because they are careless in bringing such literature into the house? or is it because in a majority of American Bee Keepers the atmosphere of *intelligence is lacking* that the youngster of the hour must go out from its shell to acquire it?

CURRENT COMMENTS.

BY H. E. HILL.

A bee-keeper of some extent and reputed learning, recently informed me that the largest concern in the U. S., engaged in bee-culture, is the " Arkansas Bee Syndicate. " My informant takes no journal devoted to the interests of his business, and explains my ignorance of this gigantic enterprise in Ark., by saying that they do not patronize the advertising columns of the bee papers, hence they are boycotted by the press. " Whisper it not, in Gath. "

There has been quite an influx of bee-keepers into Southwest Texas during the past few months, from various parts of the U. S., and Canada.

Using combs one season in the upper story has always resulted in nearly all being securely attached to the bottom bar, in my experience. According to a quotation from the Australian Bee-Bulletin, by "Gleaner" in the A. B. J., bees won't do it in Australia, unless the combs are placed above before they get them "rounded off " on the bottom. Bees in America are not so particular, however, especially when a little crowded for room.

It is becoming evident that spreading brood, like stimulative feeding, is one of the " abandoned hobbies " with the majority of the bee-keepers, a *majority,* at least of those whose methods are made public through the medium of the press, and yet I adhere to the moderate practice of spreading brood, and am satisfied that stimulative feeding, when done discreetly, has its reward in a more adequate force of honey-gatherers at the advent of ''harvest time". A very populous colony, rich in stores, has no need of such assistance, it is recommended only for the building up of the weaker stocks, and has for years, and still is a success with me.

" Bees, hived on empty frames never build drone comb until they have occupied the hive at least 21 days, or until the worker brood begins to hatch, '' says a Florida bee-keeper of 20 years experience. Is that a fact?

The Pittsburg Times. of April 13, published a very interesting article on the ''value of honey as food.'' No better means could be adopted by those interested in extending the consumption of honey, than to secure the publication of articles of a statistical, historical, and descriptive character, relating to honey, its production and healthfulness as an article of food. Such matter if creditably compiled, would be acceptable to almost any newspaper, and a great improvement in the demand for our product would certainly follow such educational work.

The production of beeswax is a matter that is engrossing the attention of some Southern bee-keepers, I am pleased to note, as I am firm in the belief that wax production is destined to become a paying branch of Southern apiculture, I also believe that Mexico affords the necessary requirements to its successful persuit, to a greater extent than any other part of the American continent; Mr. Hasty's informal criticism, notwithstanding,

"Persian restaurant-keepers mix a little honey with their butter. This gives it an agreeable flavor and makes inferior butter more palatable."—Press.

The fact that bees in California are more pugnacious (?) at swarming time and during a flow of honey, than at other times, is doubtless, attributable to the Cyprian blood with which beedom of the Pacific coast is permeated.

Mr. Aiken, in Gleanings, observes that "We must lessen the cost of retail packages for honey." "Somnambulist," in Progressive, thinks the question of greatest concern to bee-keepers just now is to get something to put into any kind of a package. From this we infer that the honey crop has been light in "Dreamland" as well as in the "United States and New Jersey."

Frank Coverdale, of Iowa, in A. B. J., states that $637 were the net proceeds from 25 acres of alsike clover grown in 1894. This does not include any revenue that may have been derived from the excellent forage it would afford for bees. In view of the fact that such satisfactory results are obtained by those who have given it a trial, it is strange that greater interest is not manifest in alsike culture by bee-keeping farmers.

According to Edwin Bevins, in A. B. J., the black bee excells the Italian in comb-building, only when a good brisk flow of honey is present. That honey stored and capped by black bees is more beautiful than that of Italians, is generally conceded fact, but I have never observed the following point, claimed by Mr. Bevins, with reference to the "blacks:" "Let the flow be scant or intermittent, and they will do the most inartistic job of patch-work of any bees in existence, with the exception, perhaps, of the bumble-bee."

Whether bees do or do not possess the sense of hearing, is a question which, though having no direct influence on the honey crop, in which our interests are more generally centered, is receiving considerable attention through the journals; the conclusion to which we are led discussions as well as observation, is that though bees have no ears, their organism is such that sound waves are readily susceptible to them.

OUR
CORRESPONDENTS

BEE KEEPING IN CUBA.

ED. AM. BEE-KEEPER.—Dear Sir: We have the same story to tell this year that every body else is telling both here and in the U. S.; poor crop, prices starving low, and no demand for one's crop after he has labored for a year to raise it. This has been the poorest season for honey and the lowest prices we have ever had to meet, but we know why the crop is short, it is because the pasturage has all been plowed up for pine-apples, but we do not know why the price of honey should fall from 45 and 48 cents to 25 and 30 cents per gallon. This falling off amounts to something on 5,000 gallons of honey. When a man works twelve months taking care of his bees (as we must do here) and then only get two thirds of a crop, and have to sell that for about half its former price, there is but very little fun left in the business. Some of the papers say they have got some kind of a substitute for honey in the "old country" and that it is cutting into the honey market fast, but my idea is that this is "fishy" the most of it. However true it may be, it certainly will not help the honey raising industry, but it is my opinion that Cuba has seen her best days in the honey line for the importation of foul brood here some twelve years ago, was the greatest blunder that has been made here in the bee line and if it had not been for a "penny wise and pound foolish" man it would have been destroyed at once, hive, bees, and all, and so stopped right there, but theory claims to lead practice and experience, so a "king of dollars" ordered a man of experience and one who was perfectly well acquainted with this dreaded disease to "try and doctor it" for although worth half a million, and I don't know how much more, he didn't want to be so lavish as to burn up a swarm of bees hive and all, so a Doctor's kit for the treatment of this bee disease was procured and the daily doses were administered from the time the egg was laid until it was sealed over, and what was the result? The plague thrived and in a few weeks there was a half dozen more cases of it found, and again the owner was told of the spread of the disease and informed that the medicine was no good, whereupon he suggested that a few more drops be added to to the dose and the process repeated twice a day. But although it kept it back it did not cure it, and other cases that had not been found got so bad that spraying the combs with all of the other work was impossible. So as a last resort, all the cases that could be found were treated thus. The bees were shaken into a tight hive and kept there for three days without any honey, but fed with salted water sweetened a little with sugar their combs were melted up, the hives boiled for half a day, and the frames too. Then the bees were taken and put into new hives with new frames and new foundation, and the hives in which they were temporarily confined boiled. And did all of this work do any good ? Well it might have done some good but it did not stop the disease it was not to be gotten rid of so easily. The germs still lurked in some safe corner and in six months similar operations were performed with the result that it soon appeared again and it is there yet, and will be until every hive, bee and frame is burned up; for it is all through six hundred swarms of bees more or less· Some of these have got strong in spite of the disease and swarmed and gone off to the woods to keep it going for as soon as it gets at large that ends the story. How many years will it be before every native apiary in Cuba will have it? And pray tell me if we Americans can't manage it with our modern frames and tight hives, what can the Cubans do with it where they don't work with their bees at all and of course they know nothing about it, that it is the worst bee disease there is and should be killed at once.

Already I know of a fellow that spits fire every time he sees the moth eating up a swarm and he lets an awful oath fall as he refers to former years, saying he don't know what is the matter with his animals this year as they are often called here on account of their bad habits. "Why, says he, if this goes on for a couple of years, my fine colmenar of one hundred boxes will be dead entirely." Well it surely will go on according to our experience and much faster in these old logs than in our hives. So I say, " No sir! bee-keeping for the Cubans for profit is doomed but there is one thing greatly in their favor, and that is that they run their bees for wax and this means that the bees are smoked off most all of their combs which are cut out and melted into wax. They only leave them prehaps a square foot of comb at the last extracting, so you see this retards the foul brood very materially. With this management prehaps they will have a certain amount of success. I am going to get a few figures showing the amount of wax and honey raised on this island for it must be quite a considerable and I guess it will surprise a good many of the bee-keepers who think Cuba is a common out of the way place, noted only for a few things like sugar, tobacco, pineapples and bananas, but I think honey and wax from this island if figured up would make quite a showing. When one comes to think of not only hundreds but thousands of swarms in one apiary, why of course they must return something. In some places here in Cuba where there is no macadamized roads *i. e.* the best bee ranges are off these roads, for along them the ground is plowed up and the means of transportation is poor. The honey after being squeezed out of the comb is thrown away for it is heavy and cheap, they do not consider it worth bothering with.

The wax they pack for miles on pack animals and this year these large bee-keepers must have made a good deal of money for wax has sold quick for 30 to 35 cts a pound. This honey that is thrown out is gathered again by the bees (what don't soak into the ground) and converted into wax, for it is in the spring of the year and the queen wants combs to lay in. Then in Oct. they are "cleaned" out ready to build new combs for the white honey that commences in Nov.

Now let me tell you northern bee-keepers a little story (its not a fish story though it may sound rather fishy) that was told to me by a friend who saw with his own eyes the whole scene.

An Ameiican engineer was traveling in the southern part of this island looking for work on a sugar plantation. His course led him through a large range of mountains and swamps or low lands. One afternoon he noticed a distant noise like that of distant thunder, and as he rode on it gradually grew louder and louder till he was very much excited about it and somewhat scared as to what it was or mant, all at once he noticed a good many *flies* he said flying through the air over his head and the farther on the rode the more numerous they got till the air was just full of these flies. At that time he knew very little about bees, and he made up his mind to watch and investigate, and ask the first person he met. But as these parts where such apiaries are kept are very thinly settled he failed to find anybody to ask for some time, so after riding a mile or so farther on he suddenly came into a clearing by the roadside with a big palm-leaf house, and lots of smoke coming from the back, so riding up to the door he cried "beinans dias", in response a half dozen children and dogs rushed out followed by a tough specimen of humanity, asking for a drink he got an invitation to dismount, for no matter how poor a Cuban is he will always ask you to come in and if it be meal time you are invited to partake of the repast no matter how simple it may be Well, as the weather was hot he willingly assented so as to give his horse a rest, after watching the natives render wax by the wagon load he asked if he could see the apiary, so one of them was kind enough to show it to him and what do you think he saw? Why there were boxes and logs filled with bees laying everywhere by the hundreds all through the grass in every diraction and when he came to ask how many there were the fellow replied that they hadn't counted them for some time but they generally had about 2,000 at the commencement of the honey flow or the first of Nov.; By this perhaps you can form some idea of how the natives run their large bee ranches and make it pay well, for if they can get it to market the honey is worth saving, and the wax is all the way from 28 to 34 cts a pound. Although these apiaries are old style there are some advantages in them, you see there is no queen raising which is a big item, no sheds (though I think they would be better under sheds) which cost considerable if built to last, to extract the honey it would not be necessary to have a steam plant for the honey throws out so easily from these new combs, with half the force they will be so dry that a robber will leave them in disgust. In fact they can't be run so very fast as the new comb will not hold, it will go through the wire cloth. Yours Respectfully,

H. G. Osborn.

Cuba, W. I., March 28, 1895.

Do not forget you can order supplies from us using the catalogue of any first-class manufacturer. Our prices are no higher, and in some cases lower. While our goods are guaranteed to be superior in material and wormanship. We furnish anything wanted by bee-keepers.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Am. Bee Journal.)

SPRING FEEDING TO STIMULATE BROOD-REARING.

BY C. DAVENPORT.

There has been a good deal said and written about feeding in the spring for the purpose of stimulating brood- rearing in order to have a large force of workers at the right time. Some claim there is a big advantage in this, and others say the benefit that can be derived from it is very slight: and I remember reading one article which claimed that much harm was done by spring feeding.

I do not think there is any doubt that there is a big profit in both spring and early summer feeding in some seasons. Some years we can get a paying crop without, while others, at least with me, it is impossible to do so. Not that there is no honey to gather, but because there has not been enough to be had before the main flow to enable the brood-rearing to be kept up as it should have been. Consequently, when the flow did come, there would not be enough workers to store much surplus. But in my opinion, if there is anything about bee-keeping that requires skill and judgment, it is this kind of feeding, for in this locality the season, amount of stores in the hives, and other things, must be considered in regard to the time to commence, or whether to commence at all—amount to be fed, and how long it should be continued. There is much more about it than I know, or probably ever will know, but some of the things I do know may interest, and possibly benefit, some that have not had much experience in this kind of feeding.

Of course we could use hives large enough to hold plenty of stores, so that feeding would be necessary in such seasons. These are a good kind of hive, if one is keeping bees merely for those things to be found in bee-keeping that we would not sell for money if we could. I think I find as many of those things as anybody, but at the same time, in order to pay expenses, make a living, and lay up a little for a rainy day, I have to make considerable money with them, too. And for the comb-honey producer those big hives are a failure, especially in such seasons as we are having right along now. In using them, if we do not feed in poor seasons, it takes most of the white honey to fill them up, and after they are full the bees will not work in the sections as readily as they will when they are in a smaller hive. We want the white honey in sections, and then we can let them secure winter stores from fall flowers, if we are in a locality where the honey from such makes suitable winter food. If it does not or there is no fall flow, we can feed sugar. I consider a pound of the best granulated equal to a pound of clover or bass-wood honey for winter stores; and there is a difference of 10 cents a pound. and often more, between the two. If we allow 30 pounds for winter stores, this will make a difference of $300 on 100 colonies. This will pay us well for our time in feeding. I am not going to give any theory about it, but I will say the largest yields I ever got were from colonies in 8 and 10 frame hives.

Another thing I would like to say is, that the most prolific queens are not the best. in many cases. I have had some very poor queens that were very prolific. Some of the very best Italian queens I now have, or ever had, are hardly able to keep 8 Langstroth frames full during the time they should be kept full. Very likely many that read this will think I do not know what a good queen is, and I feel quite sure this will be the case when I say that last summer I killed a $6 breeding queen that was prolific and equal to at least 10 frames. But that is not the worst. A year ago last summer I sold for $1 a two-year-old imported Italian queen that cost me over $9. I did not need a dollar very badly, either. But if one was to buy some that I have, and I think they are good, the price they would have to pay would make them think that they ought to be good.

Now as to the time to commence feeding in the spring. I do not think, as a general thing it has paid me to feed much before fruit- bloom, and not even then, if the bees could secure enough from it to keep brood-rearing going on as rapidly as it should at this time. But if they do not, it has always paid me well to feed. In this locality there are no flowers after white clover. I generally feed a good deal during this time. If we commence to feed we must keep it up until there is some to be had from the fields, or else stop gradually, or if we get the brood-nest full of brood, and then stop all at once, if there is not much food in the hive, and none in the fields, the brood will necessarily be thrown out, or else starve to death, and then, as a general thing, here in the North such a colony is ruined for that season, as far as surplus honey is concerned. But on the other hand, we must not feed too much. If we do, with small hives, we will restrict the room in the brood-nest, and thus prevent the very object for which we are feeding, namely, a large force of workers to gather the flow which we hope for and expect will come later.

But shortly before the time for the main flow to commence, feed heavy if we wish to fill the brood-nest with sugar stores. Whether this is best or not, in a locality where there is a fall flow, I do not know. I have practiced this somewhat, and I think under the right management, it can be made to pay. But my advice to the inexperienced is to try this on a small scale at first. There are certain difficulties, and much more to learn about this than there is to simply feed enough to secure a large force of workers. In feeding for this purpose, I do not think it is necessary to feed every day. I never feed more than every second day, and a good deal of the time only every third or fourth day. But I think we can push brood-rearing much more rapidly when we wish to, by feeding a small amount every second or third day, than we can by giving a large feed all at once or a frame of honey for feeding.

I use a good deal of poor and inferior honey and honey-dew when I have it. Such as is not fit for winter stores can be extracted, and by judicious feeding at the right time it can be converted, as it were, into many times its weight of white honey. I do not want any more honey-dew for winter stores. Some winters bees appear to winter on it all right; in others they will not. There was a good deal of it gathered here last fall. I put about 100 colonies in with this honey-dew, and the loss so far is about 20 per cent. Very likely it will be 50 per cent. before May—perhaps more. A good many of these hives were badly spotted by the first of January, but as far as I have been able to observe, honey-dew answers every purpose as well as the best honey, when the bees can fly.

When I feed sugar I use the best granulated. I have tried cheap brown sugar, both dark and light, and such as we can get here is not fit to feed bees at any time. There is something in it that does not agree with them.

Now a few words about feeders- I use the Miller for all kinds of feeding, and I think this, or some kind in which we can feed during the daytime without danger of robbing, is best; for here, even quite late in the spring, the nights will often be so cool that bees will not take feed readily from a feeder that is set outside near the entrance, and if they would when the nights get cool, I think it is much better to feed in the morning and then the feed will be carried below by night, and they will keep quiet and protect the brood better.

Any feeder or method we use in which it is necessary to use smoke every time we feed, is a bad thing. The less bees are smoked and disturbed in the spring, the better.

To illustrate the benefit that can be derived from feeding in some seasons, let me describe one of the out yards. Last year feeding was necessary to secure a crop. The bees in this yard were mostly in 8-frame hives—a few were on 10-frames. The surplus to be gathered from this yard was white clover, basswood and flowers. There was but very little fruit-bloom in reach of this yard. About this time feeding was commenced, and continued right through the white clover season, for at first it was so cold at night that it did not yield any, and towards the last it dried up. But in the home yard, about 13 miles from this, white clover yielded enough to keep brood-rearing, and considerable honey-dew was secured in the spring, which formed on box elder leaves. I never saw the conditions vary in a few miles as they did last year in this out-yard. Practically nothing was to be had until basswood, which was fair, but it did not last long, but the bees were ready for it, and secured what there was—about 53 pounds per colony in one pound sections.

Each of these colonies were fed about 30 pounds of sugar, which, at 5 cents per pound, would be $1.50 per colony. Fifty pounds of honey at 15 cents a pound would be $7.50 per colony. Now to deduct $1.50 per colony for sugar will leave $6 per colony. They also secured enough from fall flowers to winter on, and about 12 pounds of surplus per colony, but we will not say anything about this—we will say the basswood honey was all they got, and we had to feed 30 pounds more sugar for winter stores—this would make $1.50 more to subtract from $6.00, which would leave $4.50 per colony. In this yard there were 127 colonies, and this would have left $571.50 from this yard to pay for tne work. Reader, do you see the point? Suppose these colonies had been in *big* hives, and had 30 pounds of honey they would certainly have used this up if they had not been fed, and they would also have certainly put that 50 pounds of basswood honey in the brood-nest. And, say it took 30 pounds of it to keep them until the next spring, they would have only 20 pounds for another start. They would not have secured any more per colony, or as much, if they were larger, for there were bees enough in this yard to gather all, and more than there was to be had from it, and it did not cost any more, if as much, to rear them in small hives as it would in larger ones. If we would carry the matter out, and count the fall honey, the small hives would come out much farther ahead. With big hives, where no feeding is done, the season is often an entire failure.

If this is not thrown into the waste basket, in my next I will have something to say about swarming, for probably many of you will think that bees, especially if they are in small hives, and fed up as I have described will swarm before, or right in the midst of, the flow.

Southern Minnesota.

(From Gleanings.)

EARLY SWARMS.

Question.—I am desirous of securing early swarms. Would there be a gain or loss along this line by putting on surplus cases of sections?

Answer.—It might be safe to say that, taking early swarms into consideration, there would be a disadvantage or tendency toward a few days delay, if the surplus arrangement is put upon the hive before the bees swarm. Heat is one of the elements in forcing early swarms; hence, by putting on the surplus arrangement before the hive is crowded with bees, much of the heat from the colony will be distributed up among the sections, which would retard swarming, as it also does brood-rearing. If early swarms are what we *must* have, even if we have to sacrifice other values, then it is best to keep the top of the hive as close as possible, and stimulate the bees by feeding them or otherwise. Later on, when the hive becomes crowded with bees, and the preparations for swarming begun, the placing-on of sections may not delay it. But if we count surplus honey a gain, then I can conceive where there would be a gain in putting on sections as soon as our main honey-harvest opened, as it is often the case that, with all our crowding and desiring early swarms, the bees will obstinately refuse to swarm, when we not only fail to accomplish what we are after, but lose a part or all of the honey crop we might have had if we had put on the sections at the proper time. I verily believe, that, during the past, when conducting experiments along this line, I have sustained more loss by trying to force swarms by crowding the bees than by giving them too much room. Hence my advice of late years has been to place the sections on the hives at the proper time, no matter whether swarming is desired or otherwise, resting assured that, with the majority of bee-keepers, more swarms will issue, when doing our best to secure a good crop of section honey, than we could expect under any conditions, and fully enough to satisfy any reasonable person.

WHEN TO PUT ON SECTIONS.

Question.—When is the proper time to put on sections for surplus?

Answer.—No set time as to month or day can be given for putting on sections in any locality, as all depends on the strength of colony and the time of the opening of the blossoms which give us our main honey crop, both of which are advanced or retarded in accord with the earliness or lateness of the season. Some say, put on all surplus arrangements as soon as the first buds giving out surplus honey are about bursting open, no matter about the strength of the colonies. Others tell us to put on sections as soon as the colonies are strong enough, with out any reference to the time of the blooming of the flowers, they saying, "It is a mistake to put off putting on sections till the honey harvest is upon the bees, as they will sometimes waste time looking through the surplus apartment before going to work." I can not agree with any of the above, as it savors to much of the old "luck in bee-keeping" we used to hear so much about, and does not give credit to any apiarist of managing his business intelligently. After years of experimenting, to know just when the sections should be placed upon the hive, I have arrived at this: Wait about putting the sections on till the hive becomes populous with bees and the combs well filled with brood, and till the bees are securing enough honey from the fields to begin to lengthen the cells along the tops of the combs next the top-bar of the frames, or build little bits of comb here and there about the hive. When we see this it is time to put on the sections; for if we delay longer we are sure to lose in time and honey; while if we place sections on the hive, no matter how populous with bees it may be, before any honey is coming in from the fields, we shall lose by the bees gnawing or tearing down more or less of the foundation placed in the sections. If we use only starters of natural comb in our sections, then they can be placed on the hive as soon as the colonies are strong in bees and brood, if we so desire; but even then I can see nothing gained over the other, unless we are liable to be crowded for time at the *right* time for putting them on. If my memory serves me rightly, Dr. Miller has put forth the claim that it is only after the honey season is over that the bees gnaw holes and tear down foundation, which may be correct with him in his locality; but with me bees always mutilate foundation in the sections, more or less, at any time of the year when an abundance of numbers, or hot weather, crowds them into the sections at a time when there is no honey coming in. I had scores of sections one season in which all the upper half of the foundation was gnawed away but a little strip or neck about $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in width; and when honey began to come in, and the foundation was worked out, it twisted and turned to such an extent that it was attached to the separators on either side, thus spoiling such sections for market when they came to be removed, as the honey would be set to running in getting the combs loose from the sections.

WHEN TO PUT ON NEW SECTIONS ON NEW HIVES.

Question.—When is it best to put on sections on a hive having a new swarm?

Answer.—That will depend somewhat on how you work. If your swarm is large, and you have full sheets of foundation in the brood-frames, it is well to place a case of sections (and they should also be filled with foundation) right on the hive when the swarm is run in; but should you fill the sections with foundation, and use only starters in the brood-frames the queen would be likely to go into the sections to deposit her first eggs unless a queen-excluder were used, in which case she could not get into the sections, no matter how the hive was arranged below. With nothing but starters in the brood-frames, and no queen-excluder used, then it is best to wait about putting on sections till the queen has commenced laying in the new comb built below, when the sections can be put on without fear of brood in them. The plan I consider the best, and the one I use more largely than any other, is, to contract the brood-chamber to two-thirds its usual size, using only frames having starters in them of foundation about half an inch wide, on top of which is placed a queen-excluding honey-board. The new hive thus prepared is set on the stand of the parent colony while the swarm is out, and the sections from the removed hive placed over the queen-excluder on the new, when the swarm is hived in this new hive on the old stand, when the old or parent colony is placed at some distance away on a new stand which we wish it to occupy. In this way work does not stop in the sections at all, and we, as a rule, get the frames in the contracted brood-chamber filled with nice straight worker combs, at a less cost than the purchasing of foundation and fitting it into wire frames.

TESTIMONY OF AN ENTHUSIAST FOR THE BICYCLE.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE, PHYSICIAN, AND AUTHOR.

When the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hopes seem hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go for a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking.

I have, myself, ridden the bicycle most during my practice as a physician and during my work in letters. In the morning or the afternoon, before or after work, as the mood o'ertakes me, I mount the wheel and am off for a spin of a few miles up or down the road from my country-place. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle, for I believe that its use is commonly beneficial and not at all detrimental to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it.

The bicycle craze seems to me to be only in its infancy, for probably in time we shall witness the spectacle of our business men going to their offices mounted on the bicycle instead of using the tramways.

As for the bicycle being more popular in America than in England, I am rather inclined to believe, from what I have seen in both countries, that its popularity on both sides of the water, among English-speaking people, is a pretty even thing.—*From "What Are the Benefits of Bicycling?" in Demorest's Magazine* for *May.*

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EDITORIAL.

Bee-keepers, more than any other class, seem to be given to experimenting. Especially is this true of the beginners or novices, and the experimenting usually continues until an entirely satisfactory method is arrived at and exactly the proper appliances are discovered. Some accomplish this in one or two years others seem never to reach that desirable goal. Any particular method or system of bee-keeping is seldom adopted by any two persons. Different races of bees, and different localities necessitate diversity of manipulation. Were it not for this constant changing and experimenting the queen breeder and supply manufacturer would find but poor business.

The fact that these constant experiments and changes are going on among bee-keepers encourages the frequent endeavors by often unscrupulous persons to introduce for sale "new" strains of bees which in most cases are not new at all. Then also it seems to have been the policy of certain beehive manufacturers to frequently put forth so-called new ideas in hives, frames etc., which in most instances are old ideas in a new dress and frequently have no merits whatever, but by liberal advertising a temporary demand is created resulting in a corresponding increase of profit to the promoters.

The *Bee Keepers Quarterly* has been absorbed by the Canadian Bee Journal and once more the latter journal has the Canadian field alone.

For many years *Gleanings* has frowned down upon patents of all kinds and especially those referring to bee-hives and articles used by bee-keepers. We are pleased to notice however that under the management of the new company a more liberal policy will prevail. We have always contended that a person who invents an article should have the benefit of his invention. But few inventions are of any real merit, and especially in the line of bee-keepers supplies, there is seldom an article invented that it would be profitable to patent, the sales being so limited that the profits would hardly equal the amount invested in obtaining the patent.

We note in the Australian Bee Bulletin that Mrs. Jennie Atchley, one of the best known queen breeders of the south contemplates visiting

Australia in the near future. By the way, that interesting department in American Bee Journal, "In Sunny South-land" which has been under the charge of Mrs. Atchley is now conducted by Dr. Smith, of Augusta, Ga.

Last month we announced that May 1st the price of foundation would probably be advanced. During the past two weeks the price of beeswax has fallen off a little and the indications are that, it will be lower still, thus obviating the necessity of advancing the price of foundation. Although at the present prices there is no profit for us in it nor has there been any for several weeks.

Trade is now very brisk and if you expect to need any goods we hope you will order as soon as possible. We do not wish to keep any of our customers waiting for their supplies this spring.

The *Southland Queen* is the name of a new bee journal to be issued this month by The Jennie Atchley Co., Beeville, Texas.

NO MORE WILD WEST·

The whirligig of time has brought a reversal of conditions, when the traveler in the Indian country, the farmer in the New Mexico valley, feels more secure than the citizen of the metropolis who trudges homeward on a dark night with an eye to the alleys; when the old inhabitant gazes dreamily at his rusty Winchester on the wall and shudders at the desolating fury of the live wire and the trolley-car. Shooting through the roof is almost out of fashion west of the Missouri (I know at least one Territorial salooon where it is not allowed even on the Fourth of July); riding horseback on a billiard-table is no longer commonly practiced by the male society of railroad towns. A large proportion of the standing army has secured a sedentary occupation in the East, and the West is becoming commonplace and agricultural. In short, the frontier is effaced; and the blood-and-thunder novelist of the future who seeks material of "contemporaneous human interest" will go further and fare worse if he leaves the liars of the New York policeman for the uneventful regions where the war-whoop is no longer heard.—*William Trowbridge Larned, in May* LIPPINCOTT'S.

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is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4-12

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., April 20, 1895.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb. white 13c. per lb. Extracted 5½ to 7c per lb? Good demand for Beeswax. No Supply. Prices 25 to 27c per lb.
HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, MICH., April 19, 1895.—Slow Demand for Honey. Supply limited. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Ligh supply. Prices 30 to 31c per lb.
M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 20, 1895.—The demand for honey is very slow. Supply moderate. Price of comb 6 to 12c per lb. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Firm demand for Beeswax at 30 32c per lb. Supply light. The honey season is closing but we are not carrying over much stock.
R. H. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., April 18, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 14 to 15 cents per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c. There is a fair demand for Beeswax. Supply light. We are in need of fancy white comb honey in one pound sections.
E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O. April 19, 1895.—There is a fair supply of honey. Demand good. Price of comb 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax. Scant supply. Prices 25 to 31c per lb. for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
cor. Freeman & Central Aves.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 22, 1895.—We report our market well cleaned up on fancy white honey comb in 1 lb. sections. A neat package and a fancy article would sell quickly at 14c. No 2 comb, or dark, would not sell at over 10 to 11c. We report better inquiry for extracted at 5 to 7c per lb., depending on the quality. Beeswax selling at 30c.
S. T. FISH & Co., 189 South Water St.

A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
In gypsy wise a random roamer.
Of men and maids I've known the best,
Like the far traveled king in Homer.

But, oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land
Of breezy Ben and winding glen
And roaring flood and sounding strand.

I've stood where stands in pillared pride
The shrine of Jove's spear shaking daughter,
And humbled Persia stained the tide
Of free Greek seas with heaps of slaughter.

I've stood upon the rocky crest
Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion,
Where looked the god far east, far west,
And all he saw was Rome's dominion.

I've seen the domes of Moscow far,
In green and golden glory gleaming,
And stood where sleeps the mighty czar,
By Neva's flood so grandly streaming.

I've stood on many a famous spot
Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,
Where Deutschland rose at Gravelotte,
And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.

I've fed my eyes by land and sea,
With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me
But still my heart remains with thee,
Dear Scottish land, that stoutly bore me.

Oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land,
With mighty Ben and winding glen,
Stout Scottish land, my own dear land!
—John Stuart Blackie.

A DUOLOGUE.

This is not a "problem story."

Neither does it discuss the advantages or disadvantages of having "new women" in our midst.

It is a true tale.

And it concerns a good man and a bad woman.

They would never have met if the London county council had come into existence a few years earlier than it did, because he saw her at the Empire. The exact date was Aug. 25, and it was a very hot night.

The curtain had fallen on the last scene of the ballet. The man rose from his seat and walked across the promenade toward the bar.

He passed several women, but he did not pass her. He had no intention of stopping, still less of speaking.

Yet, when he saw her, he stopped, and when she stopped he spoke.

I do not remember what he said.

They sat down together at a little table. A waiter brought them a cup of black coffee and a whisky and soda. He drank the coffee.

They talked, but again I cannot remember what they said.

A man on the stage sang a comic song. A woman on the promenade fainted and was carried away.

Then she said, "Well, are you coming?"

"No," he replied. "I don't know why I stopped or why I spoke to you. I am not 'one of the crowd' here. I am not a performer in the 'Comedy of Life.' I am only an onlooker."

She stared at him. "Then why"—

"I have told you I do not know. Perhaps I thought you looked out of place—here."

"I have been here every evening for 12 months. I ought not to look 'out of place.'"

"Why did you come?"

"Do you expect me to answer that question in this building, surrounded by these people?"

"I am sorry. Of course not. It would resemble a performance by 'The Independent Theater society,' I suppose?"

"I had better go, then, if you do not"—

"No; stay and talk. Are you happy?"

"Hardly."

"Are you miserable?"

"I am not sure."

"Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Life—the trees and fields; the wild moorlands; the sea; the birds that sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in the fields; the horses and dogs at the farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel the wind blowing in my face; I loved to smell the scent of the heather; I loved to hear the song of the mountain streams. Ha, ha! I'm almost poetic! I'm"—

"Go on."

"That is all. Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"No one—I mean only a dog."

"Oh!"

"But he is dead."

"Of course."

"Why 'of course?'"

"Because you loved him."

The man lit a cigarette. "Do you believe in heaven?"

"No; if I did, I should have been dead long ago. I am afraid to die because I don't know what comes after death. I so long for—for peace—for something else—something beautiful—something to love. Do not laugh."

"You are not a bad woman."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you ought not to have been one."

"True. That is the cruel part of it."

They watched the men and women promenading before them. Then the woman said, "It is a strange world."

The man did not answer. He was thinking. She continued: "You are a strange person. Where do you live? What do you do? How do you amuse yourself?"

"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now my dog is dead. I watch people. I listen to what they say, and—I think."

"What do you think?"

"I think that when he—whoever 'he' is—created men and women he ought to have made them altogether gods or altogether animals. No one in the world is happy, because no one is ever certain whether he—or she—should live for the 'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore men decided to seek for both, to be sometimes good and sometimes bad, to play at being gods once a week and beasts twice a week—in fact, to live for the 'real' 6½ days out of the 7. And some of us, you know, cannot, as the saying goes, 'do things by halves.' We must be wholly one thing or the other. There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There is no 'mediocre' for some of us. So we leave the choice to fate, and when fate has chosen for us the world rises and either crowns us with the laurel wreath or paints us with colors from the devil's palate. The world is so blind it cannot see that really we had no choice in the matter. I think sometimes fate makes a mistake. She grows weary sometimes and gives the 'good' where she ought to have given the 'bad.' "

"She made a mistake when she chose for me. Say she made a mistake—please."

"She made a mistake. I knew it the moment I saw your face. You were intended to show men the path to heaven."

"And I have only shown them the road to"—

"Hush. Come with me. Come home with me and rest. I live alone. I have never done any good in the world. I have never loved any one or helped any one. I am 'a good man.' It is not my fault. I was meant for 'a bad.' But as fate made a mistake you can trust me. I will try to help you. I will try to make life beautiful for you. I will take you where the sea murmurs among the rocks, where the wind blows the scent of heather across the great wild moors. Come with me"—

The woman rose and gazed at the man with large, dreamy eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I am going to make life beautiful and peaceful and pure—for you."

"Leave off dreaming," she whispered sharply. "Awake! Do you know where you are? Do you see the sort of people who surround us? This is no place for dreams! It is time to go—good night. See here—you have spoken strangely to me—you cannot understand what it means for a woman—like me—to hear a man—like you—speak as you have spoken. My God! Why didn't I meet you before?"

He laughed. "Because fate made a mistake."

"Listen! You are a good man. Perhaps you won't be one always—never mind the music—listen! When I'm dead, tell the world what you have told me. Yes I know—it's nothing. That may be so, but tell them what happened tonight and what I said. You are a good man, and you will do some good in the world, because good men are rare. Do as I've said, and you'll help us women. Goodby. You don't know what you've done for me tonight, what I feel—goodby! When I'm dead—don't forget. Oh, I am a fool to"—

The orchestra was playing "God Save the Queen," and the woman disappeared into the crowd. The man watched the electric lights go out. He lit a cigarette. Then some one told him it was time to leave the building. He ran out quickly into the street and searched for her, but she could not be found.

And all this happened some time ago, as I have said, and it is all quite true.

And the man has not forgotten his promise.—Pall Mall Budget.

MYSTERIOUS TIDES.

THOSE OF THE LAKES THAT THE SKIPPERS CALL SWASHES.

They Rise Suddenly From Calm Water and Display Many Strange Caprices—An Old Lake Erie Skipper Talks Interestingly on the Subject.

"Tidal waves on the great lakes are not of uncommon occurrence," said an old Lake Erie skipper, "and although meteorological experts have for more than 100 years tried to study out their cause we don't know any more about it now than they did at the time the great wave rose suddenly on Lake Erie, off Rockport, and destroyed Colonel Bradstreet's fleet, in October, 1764. That was the first tidal wave on the lakes that we have any record of.

"I have seen many of these swashes, as we call them on the lakes, the last one about ten years ago, when my schooner was swept high and dry at Port Stanley by a wave that seemed to rise on the lake like some monster marine animal coming from the depths to the surface. We could see it rushing toward us a mile away. It came with a boiling front ten feet high, hissing like loud escaping steam as it swept toward us. That is a peculiar thing about the lake tidal waves. They do not come with a roar, like the ocean surf, but with a loud, hissing sound, and there is only one instance on record where they are either accompanied or followed by strong winds.

"That one instance was at Toledo, in December, 1856, when the wind, which had been blowing stiff offshore, suddenly whirled into a howling nor'easter, and as quick as the change in the wind that wave leaped out of the lake and came hurling upon the shore, a wild and angry mass, eight feet high. In every other recorded occurrence of these mysterious freaks of the lake waters the surface of the lake has been perfectly calm and the air scarcely perceptible.

"Such was the condition when that big wave attacked us at Port Stanley, swamping my schooner and drowning one of my men. The wave receded as fast as it had rushed in, and the lake, in less than ten minutes, was as smooth as a mirror.

"Within the next hour there were four more swashes, each one of less force and volume, until the last was scarcely more than a ripple.

"Almost the first thing I remember, for I was but three years old at the time, was one of these tidal waves. It appeared early in the spring on the Canada shore, off Otter Creek. There was a piece of woods there then, with a long stretch of beach between it and the lake. My father had a 35 ton schooner lying off the shore half a mile or more. The water was a dead calm, when, without warning of any kind, a wave lifted itself from the bosom of the lake, probably 1½ miles out, and swept shoreward with its mighty hiss. My mother and I were with father on his schooner. As that swash came rushing upon us it seemed to me as if the leaping foam of its white crest was higher than the schooner's masts, but I know now that it was not more than 12 feet high. The wave was high enough and strong enough, though, to sweep the schooner ashore as if it had been a cockleshell, and across that stretch of beach into the woods, where it was left among the trees, a hopeless wreck.

"In ten minutes the lake was as calm as ever, but an hour later a similar wave appeared at Kettle Creek, 20 miles from Otter Creek, and tumbled all sorts of lake craft ashore.

"I guess the greatest tidal wave ever seen on any of the lakes was the one Dr. Foster and his party of voyagers saw on Lake Superior, between Copper harbor and Eagle river. That was in August, 1845. This swash was more than 20 feet high, and, like all of its kind, sprung suddenly from the lake at dead calm. It was a quarter of a mile distant from Dr. Foster's boat, which, when the disturbance began, was directly in the path of the wave. It was crested with foam, and curled over like a mighty ocean surge. Before reaching the boat, however, the wave turned so that its nearest extremity swept past it at a distance of 50 feet, the water between that extremity and the boat being scarcely ruffled by the influence of the rushing tide.

"The wave was only half a mile from shore, but notwithstanding its great size and velocity it never reached there The same mysterious caprice that caused it to change its course and pass harmlessly by the vessel seemed to seize it once more, and it sank rapidly from its great height as it approached the shore and struck the beach with no more force or rise of water than might have come from the wash of a passing vessel.

"I remember a notable swash on Lake Michigan at the mouth of the Menominee. That one appeared in April, 1858, and rushed into the river with such tremendous force and volume that it upset the ferryboat on the Menominee. The recurrent oscillations of these swashes are usually of decreasing size and force, but this one on the Menominee wasn't that kind. The ebb of this tide was just as sudden as its flow, but in a few minutes it was followed by another wave much larger than the first one, and the ebb of the second swash was followed by a wave still larger than the second.

"That seemed to satisfy the mood of the lake at Menominee that day, and, with the receding of the third wave, calmness even unwonted prevailed on its bosom The time between the coming of the first wave and the receding of the third was less than 20 minutes.

"The curious thing about these lake tidal waves is that they are entirely local in' their influence. A swash, even of the greatest force and height, may not affect more than a mile of lake front, the water at either end of them being undisturbed beyond that distance. They always come in from the open water."—New York Sun.

NO MEAT FOR ARTISTS.

Only Fruits and Vegetables Fitted to Feed the Imagination.

The idea that people who work with the brain and the imagination ought to diet themselves in accordance with the special nature of their avocation seems to be of tolerable antiquity. There is evidently nothing new under the sun, even in the way of dietary reform.

Raphael is said to have subsisted almost entirely upon bread and dried fruits, being as much of a "faddist" in such matters as the most up to date of our modern vegetarians.

It was his idea that a meat diet was not suitable for a painter, his theory being no doubt that light food was more conducive to the state of mind necessary for the production of imaginative work.

Perhaps he was right, though I fancy that some of the other immortal old masters managed to get along without any such self denying ordinance.

As for our modern painters, even the most imaginative among them do not appear, so far as one knows, to be converted to a vegetarian regimen.

Only imagine the irony of the situation if Sir John Millais had had to paint his memorable "beef eater" ("A Yeoman of the Guard") on a diet of raisins and whole meal bread!--Lady's Pictorial.

SHOWED THE ARMY HOW TO DO IT.

A Young American Officer Instructs His Captors In Loading Guns.

The average wide awake, self assertive American who meets in their own bailiwicks Central American officials does not, it must be confessed, feel for them a profound respect.

A young American officer who was ashore down there once when a periodical revolution was in full bloom was riding along a street on a donkey. He wanted to catch a railroad train, and he peacefully steered the donkey up to the gate of the station.

A sign there announced that donkeys, wagons and other such hostiles were not allowed to enter the station. The young officer read the sign and then, drawing up his legs so that he could thump with his heels the donkey's sides, proceeded to guide his little charge through the gates.

One of the favorite resting places of a Central American army is a railway station. At this particular station was gathered the usual army.

It might have been a force of ten men or even a dozen, but it was an army, lieutenants, captains, colonels, general and all.

When the donkey and the American tried to storm the railway citadel a great howl went up from the army. Several regiments of one man each advanced upon the bold ranger and called upon him to halt. Then they informed him that he was a prisoner of war.

The American got off the donkey and went over to one of the regiments and explained that he wanted to board a train. The regiment announced that this was impossible, as he was a prisoner.

"All right," said the American, "good-by," and he started to walk away.

This caused a tremendous excitement

throughout the regiment, which immediately set to work to load its gun, while another regiment threatened to prod the American with a bayonet.

The regiment which was trying to load its gun seemed to afford a great deal of amusement to the American. The regiment was fumbling with the cartridge and vainly trying to throw open the breech of the rifle, while the American watched the proceeding for a time with a good natured smile. Then he stepped close up to the regiment.

"Here," he said, snatching the gun away and taking a cartridge from the belt which encircled the gallant regiment, "let me show you how to do it."

He threw open the breech quickly and deftly, slipped in a cartridge, snapped the breech back into place, and holding out the gun to the regiment made a low bow.

"There!" he said, "that's the way to do it. You see, it's very easy when you know how."

And then bowing again "Good day" he sauntered into the station with a careless smile on his face, while the army stood dumfounded and then retreated.—New York Tribune

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The Naming of the Dolphin.

An old story, but not a bad one, was told the other day by an officer of the navy who heard the argument repeated in it. While General Arthur was president, and during one of the summers of his administration, he was on board of the Dispatch at Newport, and Secretary of the Navy Chandler was pestering him to consent to naming the new dispatch boat, afterward the Dolphin, the Concord, after the first battle of the Revolution. General Arthur was disposed to quiz Chandler about his proposed name. He preferred the name Dolphin as being more suggestive of speed at sea. When Chandler argued the importance of keeping in mind the heroic resistance of the colonial militia and the brilliant opposition offered to Pitcairn's men, General Arthur asked him:

"What is it that you propose to call this ship?"

"The Concord," answered Chandler, giving the approved New Hampshire pronunciation.

"There," retorted Arthur, inviting the attention of Captain Reeder. "Do you hear that? Conquered. Do you think that a good name to give a ship-of-war? Then suppose you change the pronunciation and call it Concord, just as spelled. Does it not strike you, Chandler, that there is a degree of Concord in the presence of a vessel of war?"

The new ship was called the Dolphin, but the Concord appeared after General Arthur had ceased to have influence in naming the ships of the navy.—New York Times.

Jean Antoinette Poisson.

In reply to the question, "What man or woman, not monarch or acknowledged ruler, has wielded the most despotic power?" a writer says no single individual has ever equaled or even approached Jean Antoinette Poisson, the most famous among the train of Louis XV of France, who was created Marquise de Pompadour and for 20 years swayed the whole policy of France. She filled all public offices with her own nominees and made her own creatures ministers of France. She it was who brought Belle Isle into office, with his vigorous policy, and introduced the Abbe de Bernis into office to work her own pleasure. Previous to 1756 the policy of France had been to weaken Austria by alliance with Germany

This she arbitrarily changed because Frederick the Great lampooned her, and because Maria Theresa wrote her a courteous letter entered into an alliance with Austria, ultimating, as it turned out, in the Seven Years' war. She, moreover, corresponded with the generals in the field, prepared all business for the king's eye and daily examined the letters sent through the post. The king was a mere puppet, who assisted at the spectacle of his own reign, and the people for the time being "bowed down and worshiped" her. —Chicago Tribune.

Maternal Love.

The devoted attachment of the mother to her young is known to exist in every range of life, a fact which proves that "self preservation is not the first law of nature," for even the most fragile being which flees from man and other enemies disregards personal safety and will fight until death when the safety of its helpless offspring is concerned. An adder would hardly be selected as a type of loving affection, yet we hear a story of one which, when approached, gave a fearful hiss, and at this signal four little adders instantly glided down her throat for protection. Waiting to shelter them from the menacing danger, she lost time in getting away, and the narrator of the story was able to kill her.—Philadelphia Times.

A Serious Purpose.

Flypps—Do you suppose Scribble gets paid for his jokes?

Flopps—He certainly must. They show of themselves that they can't be written for fun.—Buffalo Courier.

A JOLLY SORT OF FARM.

Vegetables Growing at One Hand, the Prod ucts of the Sea at the Other.

"Once some years ago," said Superintendent H. T. Woodman of the city's aquarium at Castle Garden, "I went up the west coast of Florida in a sailboat on a collecting tour for shells and so on. On the north shore of Tampa bay we saw a little white house—very white indeed it was—a whiteness, as we afterward learned, that was due to whitewash made of lime from shells that the owner had burned himself. We went ashore there and were most hospitably received and invited to stay. We couldn't do that, but we were in the neighborhood for a day or two, and we ate two or three meals at his house, and subsequently I called upon him once or twice and was received in the same hospitable manner.

"No doubt there are other gardens like his, but his is the only one of the sort I ever saw—a kind of land and water garden combined. His land garden, which was about half an acre or so, was 50 or perhaps 100 feet back from the shore. He had in this garden cabbages and beans and potatoes and lettuce and garden stuff generally. His water garden was composed of three patches, each about 50 feet square, side by side and under water, close to the shore and each inclosed in a palmetto crib, which was, however, only one log high, for that was all that was needed. He could go out in a skiff at any time and catch anything that there was in any of the cribs.

"In the first patch of the water garden he kept hard clams, and he had plenty of them. The second patch he had fixed up for oysters. He had thrown in shells for the oysters to spawn on, and he had an abundant supply of oysters. The third crib he had fixed up for crustacea. He had thrown in some old stumps here and shoved in under the crib some slabs or planks that had drifted ashore to make a shelter for crawfish, which like to back in under things, as the lobster does. He had in this crib crawfish and crabs. Of course these could easily have crawled over the single log of the crib if they had wanted to, but they didn't want to. They preferred the shelters in this crib to the sandy beaches outside. In fact, the crib was an attraction to any stray crawfish or crab that might come that way. You see, he had only to step out of his house on one side for his vegetables and on the other for his sea food. He gave us oysters steamed in a big iron pot over a fire in the yard and the pick of both his gardens, land and marine, and certainly we couldn't have had anything fresher or more delightful."—New York Sun.

"ASTERIA."

Interesting Data About the Magical Star Stone of Ceylon.

Familiar to some of the ancient writers and credited with supernatural powers, the Asteria, or star gem, was highly valued for the benefits supposed to be conferred on the wearer. Its bright, six rayed star, ever changing and shifting with every play of light and especially shooting out its flames in the direct sunlight, would seem to be something more than an ordinary crystal, and to the superstitious mind it could readily be believed to embody some tutelar spirit. The particular virtue attributed to this gem was the conferring upon the wearer "health and good fortune" when worn as an amulet, and to those fortunate to be born in the month of April, with which that stone was associated or represented, the wearer was insured from all evil. The star stone is found principally in Ceylon, invariably in soil peculiar to rubies and sapphires. Indeed it is composed of the same constituent "corundum," its chatoyant, or star rays, being caused by the presence of what the natives call "silk." It is found in many different colors, from pale blue, pink and white to deep dark blue, ruby and purple. The blue are termed "sapphire stars," the red "ruby stars." It is always cut en cabuchon, the star dividing into six rays at the apex. It is next in hardness to the diamond.

The "Moorman" of Colombo, with tools as rude and simple as his forefathers used 1,000 years before, with no training or instruction except the unwritten mysteries of the craft handed down from father to son, will produce the most wonderful results in cutting and polishing gems and in many instances rival the more educated lapidary of Europe for judgment in cutting gems to the greatest advantage. —London Graphic.

Costly Business.

"Lookee here, mistar, kin yo' tell me whar dey git marriage sustificates?" inquired an old colored individual of one of the bailiffs at the city hall the other day. The bailiff steered him toward the clerk's office. When he appeared before one of the gentlemen who issue the small slip of paper so requisite to the eternal happiness of a pair whom Cupid has visited, he repeated his request.

"Yes, sah; she hab a funny name; but, Lor, I don' know how she spells it," he said in answer to the clerk's question. "I alwa' jes' call her Luc fo' short. Do yo' wan' to know her age? She's jes' 25. I'm 65. Dat's a little discrepshon in our ages, but it don' matter. What money I makes I get at de top o' telegraph poles—dat is, I'm a lineman."

After venturing these remarks the old man stopped a minute to renew his supply of oxygen and then inquired the fee.

"Dat's purty strong, mistar. It's a purty costly bizness, dis her' gettin married, even when I'ze gwine to git a young an han'som' bride," said the old man as he fumbled in an aged purse and laid three quarters, two dimes and a nickel before the clerk.—Nashville Times.

The Military Salute.

The military salute required in almost all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier on meeting the emperor has to stand still, face about and remain with hand raised for from 12 to 20 paces before his majesty approaches and for the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same thing for the king and subalterns for generals, though ten paces only are required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything so that their hands are quite occupied salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other, but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.—London Standard.

The Clove as a Préventive of Nausea.

The funny men in the alleged funny papers, says Dr. E. B. Sangree in the Philadelphia Times and Register, have so long made merry over the man with the cloven breath that I am rather timid about advocating this odoriferous spice. Yet my experience has been that the clove is a good antinauseant. Persons who get "qualms" when riding in the cars or on boats can almost certainly quiet them by slowly chewing a clove or two. Indigestion, accompanied by formation of gas, nausea and dizziness, will often yield to the same simple measure. There are other and better means of accomplishing these results, but the value of the clove is that it occupies so little room, is so easily carried about and can be so readily got when wanted.

Grown Cold.

Wife—Oh, George, I fear your love has grown cold.

Husband—Well, if it has, it is only because it is trying to match the steak and coffee you give me every morning.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MOON'S CLIMATE.

Why Our Satellite Is Subject to Great Extremes of Heat and Cold.

In illustration of the important climatic effects of an atmosphere, I need do little more than cite the case of the moon. Our satellite is practically at the same distance from the sun as the earth, and in its case also internal heat has no present effect on the temperature of its superficial portions. It would therefore seem that, so far as sun heat is concerned, the moon must be in much the same condition as the earth. But if we thence deduced the inference that the temperature conditions prevailing on our satellite bear any resemblance to the temperature conditions prevailing on the earth we should make a great mistake.

Observations of the moon's heat show that its surface is exposed to a tremendous range of temperature, extending to hundreds of degrees. It has been demonstrated that the temperature of the moon under the full glare of the sun rises to a point in excess of that of boiling water, while it is equally certain that when the sunbeams are withdrawn the temperature of the moon sinks to a point far below that with which any arctic explorer has made us acquainted. Here, then, is a globe fed just as we are, with sunbeams, and yet undergoing tremendous vicissitudes of climate, surpassing any changes endured by the earth.

The climatic difference between these two neighboring globes is certainly connected with the fact that the moon has very little atmosphere, even if it be not completely destitute thereof. Our atmosphere acts as a climatic regulator. It reduces the degree in which the intense fervor of the sun affects the earth, and it mitigates the rigor of the cold to which the earth would be exposed when the sunbeams are withdrawn. Such an ameliorating agent is absent from the moon, and hence arise those violent extremes of its climatic condition.

We thus see what potent factors the existence and the extent of an atmosphere become in determining the nature of the climate that a planet is to have. We do not know enough regarding the atmospheres of Mars, Venus and Mercury to be able to draw any certain conclusions with regard to their climates. But this we may at least affirm, that it seems quite possible for the different influences we have named to go a long way toward neutralizing the contrasts that the climates of these globes would otherwise present in consequence of the different supplies of sunbeams that they receive at their actual solar distances. So far as mere climate is concerned, it seems quite possible that appropriate atmospheres and land distributions might be adjusted on the earth and Mars, Mercury and Venus in such a manner that certain organic types might be common to all the four globes.—Sir Robert Ball in Fortnightly Review.

BISMARCK CONSENTED.

He Was the Final Arbiter of an English Love Match.

Apropos of the marriage of the third son of the Duke of Argyll it is related that when his affections became attached to an untitled woman he felt bound to ask the old gentleman's consent. The duke answered that personally he had no objection to the match, but in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the queen he thought it right to inquire her majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval.

Her majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the prince consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs.

The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask the emperor's opinion on all important questions. The case now came before the kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his prime minister.

Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the "Iron Chancellor," who was then in office, had no wish to consult anybody and decided that the marriage might take place.—Kate Field's Washington.

Hideous Animals In Death Valley.

Many, many years ago Montesquieu, the great French philosopher, emphasized the influence of climate upon human nature. The effect of nature itself upon animal life has been most strikingly revealed by Special Agent H. B. Martin of the United States land office, who has just returned from a perilous trip through the "Death valley" in Nevada. His report pictures this weird, unfinished spot of creation as a region of horrors. Even the fauna are uncanny and in almost diabolical accord with the inferno nature of this vast realm of sand and salt.

That hideous and loathsome reptile, the Gila monster, flourishes in this fit retreat. Lizards, rattlesnakes, huge scorpions and tarantulas and toads, all abnormally venomous, writhe and hop across the heated waste, but they are nothing in comparison to kangaroolike rats and mice that feed on scorpions. One of these curious mice is known as the grasshopper mouse, from his curious leaping, and his chief delicacy is a wriggling centiped. The women might be excused for jumping upon chairs if such kind of mice infested the households of the land.—Philadelphia Record.

The Difference Slight.

"What's this?" demanded the guest, pointing to one of the side dishes the waiter had brought.

"Sausages, sir," answered the waiter.

"I didn't order any."

"I thought you did, sir."

"I ordered sauce. Can't you tell the difference between sauce and sausages?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, gathering up the rejected dish with unruffled dignity. "Between sauce and sausages there is merely a difference of ages. Wish coffee, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

Fish We Have Learned to Eat.

It is hard for the younger people to believe that so good a fish as the halibut was considered unfit for eating not very many years ago, yet many old fishermen yet live who remember when it was first offered in the market, selling then at 4 or 6 cents a pound It was many years since that that the swordfish first found its way to the frying pan and the table, and a Rockland fisherman recalls the time when haddock were about as highly esteemed as sculpins are now.—Lewiston Journal.

Many pairs of sandals have been recovered at Pompeii. The soles are fastened with nails.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS.

A bold Bulgarian shepherd boy who looked so like a sheep,
So gentle yet so sportive in his showy shepherd's dress,
Lay down upon the railroad track and played he was asleep
To fool the engine driver on the Orient express.

The driver, who disdained to slay the ram upon the rail,
Put on the brakes, reversed the wheels and turned his face away.
The stoker stood beside him, for it seemed his heart would fail,
Whereat the shepherd boy stood up and laughed and ran away.

Then came the Irish section boss the day the train came back
And poured about a barrel o' tar between the ties that day;
So when the shepherd boy lay down the tar upon the track
Trickled through the whiskers of his robe and held him where he lay.

The driver could not hear the cry that swept the right of way,
The deathcry of the shepherd, and his soul was filled with mirth.
He opened up the throttle valve and turned his face away;
The train bore down upon the boy and swept him from the earth.

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A MODERN LOVE.

Mrs. Martha Demain, known before marriage as Martha Sprigg, was 6 feet in height, had feet that required broad sevens to shod them, moved the atmosphere like a hurricane as she swept out of the drawing room of the old country house at Henley and had a voice that could not whisper words of love—it was a loud, powerful voice, like an auctioneer's.

"She's a fine woman, isn't she?" remarked her husband, lighting a cigar between the assertion and the question, and then puffing contentedly, as he gazed in reverie across the richly hued rug and the new fangled tiled hearth into the fire.

"Yes, ye-s-s! She is a fine woman," I answered, scarcely able to repress a laugh. She was altogether too fine for me, and I was amazed that Frank, who was a pretty man, fair, petite, with an aristocratic face and a languid manner, should ally himself for life to such a looking woman.

"She's taken complete possession of me," murmured Frank. "I'm like a good boy—I never go anywhere without her—and I like the bondage," he added tenderly, "because I love her."

"Where did you meet her?" I asked, noting the touch of real feeling in his voice. (I had been away ranching in America for a couple of years and did not know the story of his courtship.)

"Oh, in the most ordinary way," he said, deftly making a smoke ring over the end of his nose. "I was paired to play with her in a golf match on the Peak Links. She was quite a stranger—visitor at Buxton. All I knew about her was that her people were from Manchester; her father was in calico prints. She strode and drove like an amazon. She alternately terrified and amused me. The caddies, when we stood at the tee, could not keep their impudent faces straight at our disproportion. Martha—or, as I addressed her at the time, Miss Sprigg—has a sense of the grotesque, too, and as I struggled over the rough ground and foozled the drive at the third hole she gave a sonorous chuckle indicative of suppressed amusement, and I hated her."

"What!" I ejaculated in surprise.

"I detested her," he continued. "Her skill with the driver, her towering form, deep voice and superiority of manner made me feel so mean and small. Little did I think that I was destined to worship her."

"It must have been a sharp conversion," I hazarded.

"It was," he replied, "a sharp and dramatic conversion. The ground, as you know, is strangely riven in the Peak. Near the far hole the golf course was broken by a stream. A bridge had been flung across the brook for the use of the players, but unfortunately my cleek stroke did not clear it. The ball fell short and rolled into the water. It was a picturesque river, flowing through the limestone formation, and it was made up of such swift erratic currents that to recover the ball needed sharp work of eye and hand. I was savage and reckless, and in rashly endeavoring to net the ball overbalanced and plunged with a sharp cry into the current.

"'E's tumbled i't' mine run,' shouted the caddie in dismay and whirled his arms about like a maniac.

"Meanwhile, struggle as I might, the brook, which appeared insignificant when viewed from the bank, carried me rapidly away from help. The limestone banks grew higher. I saw the golfers gesticulating above me, but they were unable to give me succor. The water was icy, and I no longer wondered how it was possible to petrify. I was becoming petrified myself, except in mind. My brain was in a tumult of fear, for now the stream, bearing me on its dark bosom, had entered a strange subterranean gulf, the walls of which were here black as Erebus, there dazzling with spar or gleaming with lead vein. The air was clammy and yet stifling.

A fetid mist hovered on the breast of the underground stream, and beyond in the recesses of the cave was the surge and roar of water as if it was descending into some abyss."

"You're romancing a bit, aren't you?" I asked incredulously.

"No," he gravely asserted, shuddering at the remembrance of his peril. "The cave's there yet; so is the insidious brook. In the interior of the cavern the stream grew in volume and power, and it whirled me onward in its arctic grasp to what seemed speedy death. The darkness was for a few moments chaotic. Then I noticed to the left a shaft of light and a gray crag standing, like the King rock at Flambro, out of the foam and spray the rushing torrent made.

"You caught hold of the stone pinnacle and were rescued," I blurted out, rudely anticipating the climax.

"Oh, no," he said, "benumbed with cold, I failed to grasp it, and then I swooned."

"My stars, this is getting exciting," I burst out. "How ever did you escape?"

"I could not escape—Martha saved me," he said gently.

"Never!" I retorted, in amazement.

"Oh, yes, she did—and that's why I married her," he continued, after a few tantalizing puffs as a lesson in patience.

"But, how ever did she manage it—to rescue you, not to marry you?"

"Oh, with comparative ease, and yet with splendid daring. She knew the country and the curve of the stream. When she heard the caddie's cry, she crossed the links swiftly, seized a coil of rope at the lead miner's hut and climbed down the chasm till she reached the surface of the brook. At this point the stream had emerged from the cave and was flowing through the Devil's ravine, a grewsome place, associated with many a dark deed and strange tradition. Here, gaining perilous hand grasp and foothold, she crept, face downward, on the narrow ledge that jutted from the limestone crag and waited in suspense. She had not long to wait. A powerless, helpless thing, I was swept toward her on the torrent's breast, and she dragged me, with magnificent strength, upon the ledge. Then, amid the fierce swish of water, and the toss of spray, she placed the rope around me, tied it securely to the sinking rope the mine master's gang had thrown down, and I was drawn to the brink of the cliff, Martha following, step by step at every pull, to steady my unconscious form."

"What a splendid woman!" I exclaimed, with genuine admiration.

"Yes," he said, "it was not difficult to love her after that, but there's one queer thing about her."

"What is it?" I asked, mystified, though I noticed a humorous pucker about the corner of his mouth.

"When I asked her to marry me, she laughed and said she would, but only on one condition."

"Well," I said impatiently, "what was the condition?"

"That we should be married in a chapel. She had already read the Church of England service for the solemnization of matrimony and was prepared to love and cherish me, but said she could not obey a man!"—Million.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C. They were common in the Athenian and Roman houses.

What Comes After Death.

A good thing is told in connection with the lectures on theosophy in this city. The lecturer, in the midst of a learned discourse, asked in stentorian tones:

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated, with vehemence, "Again, I say, what comes after death?"

Just at that moment the door opened, and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to a seat. The coincidence was too much for the audience.—Bangor Commercial.

A Curious Custom.

There is found in Cheshire, England, a curious survival of the ancient Saturnalia. During Christmas week the servants all flock to the towns, having received their year's wages, and for seven days they refuse to work. Engagements are made for the ensuing year at this season, but the engagement does not begin until New Year's day, the week being spent in jollity.

Something New In Biology.

Some curious experiments made at Naples during 1893 with the salts of lithium gave some startling results. Eggs of marine creatures were treated with the salts and then allowed to hatch, whereupon it was found that they had limbs, fins, eyes, etc., in all sorts of abnormal positions. The exact cause of this will be the subject of future scientific inquiry.—St Louis Republic.

HER SILVER SPOONS.

THEY REMAINED HER PROPERTY, BUT WERE VERY COSTLY.

After Buying Them Three Times She Refused to Risk Them Any More—A Little Story Bearing on the Question of the Wife's Property Rights.

The following story was told in a paper read by Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage society of Des Moines and published in The Saturday Review of that city:

Today, when we women have not outgrown the pretty fad of collecting souvenir spoons, the great variety and beauty of which were unknown to our grandmothers, allow me to recall the story of a great aunt of ours who also loved spoons, but whose plain cupboard drawer contained no sets of dainty after dinner coffees like those from which we love to sip as we sit in our clubs and talk of culture.

This aunt when a young woman was a teacher in a country school until she had saved enough money to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by—years of hard work and economy for both, happy years, though no children had come to bless their union—when by a sudden illness the husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieved wife was surprised by the entrance to her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers.

She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in the little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke and said: "These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, "but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married everything belongs in law to her husband."

So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with the rest at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home, and she, with her few effects, went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school and always sewing when possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years, when a lifelong friend of her husband, an excellent man, offered her his hand in marriage.

She liked him well, and her friends told her it was the best thing to do, and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years her husband's health declined, and for many months she gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but as it seemed an unpleasant subject she had ceased to mention it. Finally the end came. There had come to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well preserved spoons. On the evening of that day as she was preparing supper the nephew entered the kitchen and said: "Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you. The worth of all of uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose."

And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware, but there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers, and with her cat Aunt Liza again went into cozy, but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and tidiness, as a smart widower of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, "I am living here very comfortably, and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call," and closing the door hastily she turned to her cat and said:

"No, Tommy, I have bought those spoons three times, and I don't intend to risk them any more."

Bought the Ship That Brought Him.

An interesting anecdote is told of the late Captain Theodore Julius. Some time ago Captain Julius went over to a shipyard in Camden to take a look at the old packetship Tonawanda, which was being converted into a coal barge. The captain took a particular interest in the old ship, because of his having served as mate aboard her in the early sixties. While he stood watching the old vessel, a tall stranger approached him and asked, "Isn't your name Julius?" The captain replied in the affirmative. "You were a mate on that ship in the summer of 1863?" "Yes," said the captain. "You don't remember me," continued the stranger, "but I remember you very well. I was a steerage passenger on the Tonawanda at that time, being on my way to this country. I've been pretty prosperous, and I've just bought the old ship and am going to make a coal barge of her. Strange, isn't it, that I should come to own the ship that brought me, practically penniless, to this country?"—Philadelphia Record.

A Misapprehension.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!"

"I know," replied Bass. "I was at the theater the other night, and I was told it was all paper, and it was a fine, substantial looking structure too."—Boston Transcript.

How She Did It.

Trivvet—Miss Flop claims to have made a thousand refusals of marriage.

Dicer—That's easily explained. When young Callow asked her to marry him, she replied. "No; a thousand times no."—London Tit-Bits.

The West Indies were so called by Columbus, he believing them to be a portion of the Indies which he had reached by sailing toward the west.

The aib, so often mentioned as a priestly garment, was a long gown, fastened with a belt.

MARVELOUS JENNY LIND.

Interesting Reminiscences of the "Swedish Nightingale."

Among the most interesting of those of whom John Addington Symonds gives reminiscences in his recently published autobiography is Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, of whom the image has faded away for the present generation, like that of all whose power was displayed on the ephemeral sphere of the stage. He gives a very charming account of this simple minded, gracious and womanly singer, who had the highest devotion to her art, saying, "I sing to God," and whose home life and manners were those of simple affection and womanliness. Jenny Lind had passed beyond the bloom of youth when Symonds saw her, and her marvelous voice was beginning to lose its power, but her artistic method was as pure as ever, and her expression as magical. The following is his impression of her singing:

"Mme. Goldschmidt came on second in 'On Mighty Pæans.' She was quite in black and looked to me an old, worn lady, with a large head and a small person. She wore no crinoline, and her dress, with its loose waist, reminded me of grandmamma's. At the first tones of her voice I quivered all over. It was not her wonderful execution, her pathos, varying expression, subtle inflexibility, that surprised me, but the pure timbre, which so vibrated and thrilled my very soul that tears came into my eyes. The volume of tone she threw out and then diminished to a whisper, which permeated the room; the diminuendoes and crescendoes, the nightingale metallic strokes, brilliant accents and floods of swift, successive notes I expected, but I had not realized such quality of voice."

He gives a charming picture of the home of the Goldschmidts at Oak Lee, and this account of the aging cantatrice singing to her bird is very graceful:

"A blackbird hung in a cage outside the door. Mme. Goldschmidt went up and talked to it 'Come, pretty bird, pretty, pretty little bird, do give us a little song. We want to hear you sing so much, you pretty, pretty little bird,' in such a coaxing way that the bird, who had been shy at first, got down and came close to her and put its head on one side to listen. Then Mme. Goldschmidt sang to it roulades and long shakes and high, sharp notes which made the bird most inquisitive. But he continued silent until she turned to go, and then he gave a loud, shrill chirrup, as if to call her back."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Living Stones" of Falkland.

The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so called "living stones" of the Falkland islands. Those islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind. In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees, scattered here and there, singular shaped blocks of what appears to be weather beaten and moss covered bowlders of various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "bowlders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the supposed stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength. In fact, you will find that you are fooling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd shaped blocks into fuel, because it is perfectly devoid of "grain," and appears to be nothing but a twisted mass of woody fibers.—St. Louis Republic.

Soda Propelled Engines.

A fireless locomotive engine was recently used on the Aix-la-Chapelle Julich railway. The motor power is derived from soda. The invention is based on the principle that solutions of caustic soda, which have high boiling points, liberate heat while absorbing steam. These engines eject neither smoke nor steam and work noiselessly. Compared with coal burning locomotives, soda engines show a capacity equal to the former, while they are worked with greater ease and simplicity.

Cowper always spoke in a diffident, hesitating way, as though afraid of the effect of his words on his auditors.

Phosphorescent Light.

Some experiments have been made in France to determine the specific action of a considerable lowering of temperature upon the brilliancy of certain bodies which shine in the dark after having been exposed to sunlight. Tubes of glass filled with the powdered sulphides of calcium, barium, strontium, etc., all substances possessing the property of phosphorescence in a high degree, were exposed to the solar rays and afterward proved to be luminous in the dark, this being done in such a way as to fix upon the memory the mean value of the progressive diminution of the emitted light, and the time also was noted during which the light was strong, less strong and weak respectively. The tubes were next placed in bright sunlight for one minute and then suddenly introduced into a double walled glass cylinder, the interspace of which was filled with nitrous oxide at 140 degrees C. In about five or six minutes the temperature of the tubes was some 100 degrees. They were then withdrawn, and when observed in a perfectly dark chamber no luminosity whatever was perceptible. As the tubes recovered their normal temperature, however, the phosphorescence returned without the exciting agency of the sun's rays or of diffused light. These results were proved to be general for all phosphorescent substances employed. The experiments showed, too, that the production of the phosphorescent light requires a certain movement of the constituent molecules of bodies.

Making Himself Solid.

"Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with me today, Arthur?"

"What girl, my dearest?"

"Why, she was with me when you met us in front of the church!"

"Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you."—New York Recorder.

Emperor Fo-hi.

The Emperor Fo-hi, the first of his line, is the Chinese model of politeness. He is said to have been so civil that he always spoke, even of himself, with profound respect, and when the Chinese habit of self depreciation is remembered this degree of civility will be better appreciated.

Wouldn't Trust the Angel Gabriel.

Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer of culinary fame declares that she will touch the meat of no fowl that she has not seen prepared and cleaned herself "Why, when I had typhoid fever some years ago," she says, "and the doctor ordered me to take chicken broth, I replied, 'Very well, doctor, but I shan't take it if any one other than myself cleans the chicken.' Seeing that I was firm, he at length said that the cleaning might be done right by my bedside. And so it was, and I lived on chicken broth for seven weeks. For 49 mornings was the fowl brought to my bedside and carefully cleaned by my maid under my direct and personal supervision. There's not one person in a thousand who knows how to clean a chicken anyway, and for my part I would not trust the angel Gabriel in such particular work."—Philadelphia Times.

A Story of Mendelssohn.

It is related of Mendelssohn at a public dinner, at which ladies were present, and where he was surrounded by a chorus of aggressive women clamoring for his autograph, that he allowed himself to be victimized with good nature until finally a fleshy matron of mature years handed him her card. Whether with malice prepense or not, it is not stated, but the composer wrote upon the card the music and words from Haydn's "Creation." "And God created great whales." This brought the autograph hunting to an end, and Mendelssohn was allowed to go on with his dinner.—San Francisco Argonaut.

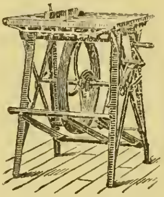
In the Wrong Office.

Caller—We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a count, a marquis or a duke.

Clerk (with dignity)—You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency You will find the International Purchasing agency two doors to the left.—New York Weekly.

According to Pliny, the Roman wheat had ears with 100 grains each.

Cochituate. Mass., was named from an Indian word meaning the place of the falls.



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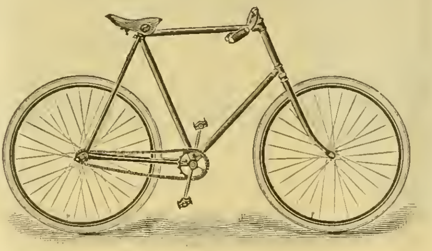

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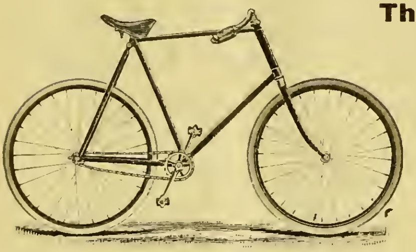

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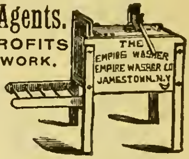

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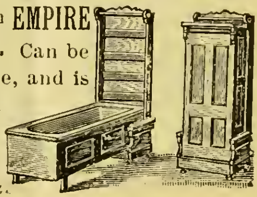

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"Tall Hives, Etc."

BY JNO. F. GATES.

For those that admire bees, they possess an attractiveness that is almost sure to carry them to success, for those that do not admire, them it is almost impossible to have success, the same theory is aplicable of course to all branches of business, but with bees, there seem to be more inclination on the part of their admirers to "fall in love" than is the case in most other branches, it is well that it is so, for in the bee business there is some sharp points to contend with, these once overcome, or the fear of there use banished, and the field is left open for great development. That word *development*, what does it mean? Does it mean to import from other countries new races of bees, thereby going farther, and doing worse? I should say no! Does it mean the adoption of all or a great part of the many useless inventions simply because they are new, or unique, not stopping to ask ourselves what we want them for? Mildly I say no! It does not mean going into senseless operations of any sort. The first thing it invites our attention to is the fact that unless we can winter our bees successfully we need not look for honey, for it takes bees to look for honey. Then have we with all our professed knowledge, found or developed a plan by which we can winter our bees with as much safety as farmers winter their animals? Have we with the multiplicity of inventions, yet developed a plan or way to winter our bees safely? I should say if we have it seems to not be very generally known, and the lack of knowledge in this one direction is enough to stamp bee-keeping as an uncertain business as a general thing, or among a very large proportion of the bee keepers. I don't mean to say that bee-keeping is an unsafe business, far from it. I believe the business is as safe and as free from loss if rightly pursued as any business, but I do say, that the loss of bees every winter by such a vast number of bee keepers, not only puts a damper on the business in a financial way with reference to those already engaged in it, but it stamps the pursuit as an unsafe one, and keeps many from engaging in it. This condition of affairs should not be, and would not be allowed in any other branch of farming. If sheep, cattle, or hogs, or in fact anything, even hens were dying every winter in porportion as bees do all over the land. There would be a stir and a big one at that until the cause was found and a remedy developed and applied. Ought bee-keepers with the fraternal spirit so often manifested, to sit with folded arms and see their friends suffer these losses? Can it be that they can enjoy themselves and have such fine frolics, when away back in the gloom of disapointment their brethern are suffering from losses which might have been averted had they but stooped and whispered in the tired ear? "This is the way brother, walk ye in it". I say can these things be? Or is it that other way, that the blind are leading the blind, and they both know it all, and a little more. Can it be that people of sense can crow and chuck each other under the chin and praise a business to the skies; while it dies before their eyes? Would a banker do that way? Would a farmer, a lawyer, a mechanis, or a merchant do that way? They would not, no! they would not. Is the fraternity then made up of, some who are selfish, some who are soft, some who are bigots, and some who are off? That to think so is unjust and I must not, but when a concern is so shaky, and unsafe, one is apt to think a screw must be loose somewhere. I have often thought of it in that light, and this evening I thought I would give expression to the matter and see what others think about it. The journals are full of articles which will just about manage to hold ones attention until read, but when we try to scrape up a little food for thought therein, we are inclined to think that we are either incapable of seeing the point, or somebody is trying to starve what little intellect we have. It certainly cannot be that somebody is puffing so many puffs for two dollars, not caring whose eyes are blinded by the smoke; no! no! they aren't. It is much easier to find fault with those that are trying to make our journals readable, then it is to write a good article ones self, but that brings up that other thought, what is a good article? Is it trying to find something to write about, or writing about something you have found out? Some of the articles are all right, but the tune to them aught to be changed once in a while sure. I supposed I had stopped all my bee-journals this fall, but the A. B. K. it seems won't let go my collar. I had sworn off writing too. I wanted to rest up but I was saying, I have always tried to make it a poiut, to have to all, each and every branch of my business, and a leading point at that. My cows must be the best, and well fed, horses, hogs, hens, yes, the land and orchards and all that is under my care are governed by that same principle, first get the best, then care for it well, you then need not worry about the result. Feed every thing from a dairy to a bee-journal, don't starve anything. But I was saying bees are but one branch of my business, yet 25 years ago I started in to put a point on them, That point was to *winter* them and have them come out in the spring in as good shape as my cows. I saw that if they could be wintered successfully, the rest would all follow sure. No matter what kind of hives they had, it was the *point* to winter them. I have succeeded surely. But when I say that with all the hives tried, the scores of experiments, and much money paid out, I have as my true and pointed friend, the old box hive. I here you say, fudg; fogy; fool! but don't judge too quickly, nor don't call me cranky, for surely my experience proves that I am not. Now suppose you had an acre, or say even 200 tall hives of bees, 28 inches high, just for *breeders*. They would live sure, with all that white honey in them, that is the *point* they would live, and out doors too. You would bore two holes, about inch holes, in or on top the hives and put a loose box over them. This must be done sure, leave the entrance open as in summer. Mine dont rob, they are all so powerful. I say if you had them you would not need to look at them during the whole year, only to catch their swarms and put them in small hives, say 7 or 8 inches high, and worked for comb honey for all there was in them until fall, and then take them up, or have an auction and sell them, or do what you please with them, I say you would not call me cranky when you saw your thousands of pounds of,—oh such *white* honey, for you put the swarms from your breeders into *empty* hives to work them each year, and how can your honey be travel stained? It can't, it is beauty itself. Managed in this way the thing goes right on each year, same as your dairy, and with not much more loss of colonies than cows. Now please don't commence to worry, for when we all get at it in this way, there will be 100 colonies where only one is now. Every farmer will have as big a patch of bees as he now has "taters" and, —well you commence right now getting out timbers for a forty acre plant to furnish small hives and sections. No joking, I am in earnest. I wrote about "tall hives that live" for breeders, some time ago in the A. B. K. and although large bodies move slowly, Dr. Miller wrote encouraging words, saying among the rest, that he seldom read an article twice, but mine was an exception, and after his second perusal of its contents, he said he was convinced there was a great deal in my plan, and with my consent he would send the article over my name to some paper, the name of which I have forgotten. Now I am candid in my views and experience in reference to these tall hives, for they will live where frame hives will not. And I earnestly wish that the readers of the A. B. K. would give us their thoughts on the subject through this journal.

Ovid, Pa.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY MRS. L. HARRISON.

In my early days in bee-keeping, I did much hard work in spring, scrubbing and cleaning hives, and changing bees from soiled hives into clean ones, and I imagined that they thanked me for my kindness. I've no doubt that I killed many a weak colony, by lowering the temperature of the brood-nest. Now I let the bees do their own house-cleaning.

SPREADING BROOD.

One spring after a very disastrous winter, which nearly destroyed our apiary, it was my thought by day and by night, how I could make the most of the remnants of the colonies left. I endeavored to follow in the foot-steps of a successful bee-master, and got left. With his experienced eye, he would have known when it would have been safe to separate the combs of the brood-nest, and insert a cold uncapped comb of honey, but I did not. After years of experience. I now say to novices, protect your bees as well as you can from cold piercing winds and let them alone in spring. The time to feed and do spring work with colonies of bees, is in the fall of the year. Stimulating bees to early breeding, causing them to go in search of water during inclement weather, is sadly injurious.

CLEANING HIVES.

Where bees have died during the winter, the combs should be taken out, and the dead bees brushed off with a whisk-broom. It does not pay to pick out the bees from the cells: let them alone for they will shrivel up, and can be shaken from the combs later on. When the combs are given to the bees, they will remove them, and they can work cheaper than we can. If the cluster of dead bees is not broken until late in the season, they will rot and damage the combs.

Many of the hives, where the bees have died during the winter, are in a filthy condition, and it seems cruel to give them to the bees without first cleansing them, and swarms seldom desert a clean, sweet hive, when they will those that have bad odors about them. First scrape out the hive with a board chisel, and brush it out: then scrub it out with boiling hot suds and a brush, finishing with a rinsing of boiling water, and turn it up to dry. When it is dry, the combs can be returned to it, after removing old queen cells, other excrescences, and changing patches of drone comb for worker. The hive can now receive a coat of paint, and be in readiness for a swarm. It will be a great relief in swarming time to have these hives in readiness, in lieu of remaining as pest holes for the breeding of moths.

WATER FOR BEES.

If drinking places are provided for bees, in sheltered nooks in different parts of the apiary early in the season, it may prevent much annoyance, for where bees commence to find water, they continue. Animals do not like to drink at troughs bordered with bees and it may cause ill-feeling among neighbors. The bees should be driven away, with rubbing kerosene around the edges, and suitable drinking places provided for them. Discarded butter tubs which may be had of the dealers for the asking, answer the purpose well, by putting in old cotton cloth, which hangs over the sides, acting as siphons; the sunny side will be one mass of bees sucking the moisture. Some of the drinking places may contain water a little brackish; a teaspoon full of salt to a pail of water, is sufficient.

BEES IN FLORIDA.

On the first day of April, I had the pleasure of watching bees at work at St. Andrews Bay, Florida, upon the yellow jassamine bloom. It is a very pretty vine,bearing yellow bell-shaped bloom and the honey is claimed by some to be poisonous. They were also working upon the white racemes of the *ti-ti.* I went up in front of a long-idea hive and watched the bees returning, and was pleased to see them alight at the entrance, as if heavily laden.

Moving Bees Short Distances.

BY CHAS H. THIES.

During the past month I have received several letters in regard to moving bees only a short distance, and while there may be others contemplating moving their bees perhaps only a rod or two I think a few remarks on above would not be amiss. Remember moving bees several miles or only a few feet or rods requires different management. There are different ways to move bees only a short distance. I will speak of only two at this time, and if any one has a better method, then please let us have it. The first method we will try to consider is to move them only a little at a time, make the first move not more than a foot, then in a day or two move them a foot and a half or two feet, and so on, each move you may increase the distance a little unless you see that the bees are not marking location as fast as you move them, if such should be the case, then you should not move them so often, or not so great a distance at a time, remember to move bees by this method, you must do it in warm weather *i. e.* when they can fly out freely each day and at each move, should you make two or three moves when they are unable to fly and thereby mark their location, you will get them all mixed, and you may have some trouble unless you have had experience enough to correct the mistake. Try to keep your hives in the same position to each other *i. e.* move all the hives you wish to move a little the same day, some bees you will find will mark location more readily than others, in fact I have seen bees from which yon could hardly hide their hive, after they were once stirred up. The other method is to move your bees away from two to three miles, leaving them there, until they have thoroughly marked their new location, by this operation they will forget their old location. The bees may be moved away by this method at any time, but better not disturb them when very cold, but they should remain away long enough so they will be able to fly out a week or more before they are returned. Should you move them away during cold weather and return them before they have had a week or two of warm weather to fly out in, it will be of no advantage, for as long as they have not thoroughly marked a new location, they will not have forgotten their old one. If you will only be a little careful, you need not have any trouble. The first method I would prefer if the distance you want to move is not too great. If a two mile or more move is wanted, all you will need to do is simply to move them at any time when the weather is favorable.

Steeleville, Ill.

Hints to Beginners.

BY STANTON E. HITCHCOCK

The general sentiment among some people is, that anyone can keep bees. They seem to think all that is required in bee culture is to be able to hive a swarm and harvest the honey in the fall, but let me tell you, that is the smallest part of the care which a colony of bees need. Bees are a peculiar insect and the products which they produce, man with all his learning and scientific appliances cannot equal. The one who purchases the little carton of sealed sweetness, knows nothing of the cost of the same. A person intending to commence the keeping of bees, I would advise, procure some good book on the subject, read and study until you are familiar with the principles before you purchase the first swarm. After you have progressed far enough so you can readily distinguish a worker, drone and queen, you have taken the first lesson in one of the finest and most interesting works one can engage in. In the selection of bees, I should advise the three-banded Italian, because of their gentleness. Within the last few years they have come to the front as honey producers, and today are considered by experts as unsurpassed by any others. The hive, a movable frame one should be made of clear, sound lumber and tightly built, so that moths, worms and other pests cannot gain admittance. Many bee-keepers in this state are still using the "old fashioned box hive" but there a few that will always cling to the old styled thing of their fathers, shunning all modern improvements. A box hive is where the honey and bees are in the same apartment, so that it is necessray to kill the bees in order to procure the article for which they are kept, but thanks to the inventive brain of Rev. Langstroth for the frame hive of today, in which the bees can be inspected and a note made of their progress daily. It is composed of an oblong box 14¼x21x9 inches which contain twelve frames which will just fit in the long way of the box. In these twelve frames the little workers build their comb and fill the same with brood and honey. The frames being an equal distance apart they can be easily removed and changed to another hive if desired. When they have filled these frames then a case containing twenty-eight one pound boxes is placed upon these frames and are filled with the sweet nectar which the willing workers produce. Before I close there is one thing which I would caution the beginners, never get excited even if the bees do buzz a little too close to your ears, always be calm and they will soon find that you are their friend. Bee-keeping is as much of a profession as any other and if well conducted will prove to be as paying.

Newport, Vt., April 8, 1895.

A Question Answered.

Island Park, Pa., April 29,'95.
P. O. Address: *Sta. A. Easton, Pa.*

Mr. Chas. H. Thies,
Steeleville, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly give your opinion of the following through the columns of the American Bee-Keeper?

I have four colonies of hybrid (black Italian) bees in 10 frame Langstroth hives (want of room will prevent my keeping more) which I want to run for comb honey. Two colonies are breeding up strongly and are apt to cast good swarms. The remaining two, while in a fair condition, are not as strong as they might be to assure a large surplus. So I propose to establish the following treatment:

Between now and the opening of the honey flow I will gradually move the two weak colonies toward each other until they stand side by side. Next, just at the opening of the honey flow I will make both colonies queenless for 24 hours after which time I will remove one hive, giving all the brood to the remaining one. To this now very strong colony I will give a young laying queen hoping thereby to prevent further swarms from that colony and be enabled to procure a larger surplus from this strong colony than I would have, had I allowed the two weaker colonies to remain.

It is supposable that at least one of the strong colonies will cast a swarm, to be hived on the old stand, and in the parent colony be used to replace the one lost in the first manipulation.

Farther increase I will have to prevent by "running" them back 24 hours after they have issued, or by exchanging queens as per your article in a late issue of the A. B. K.

Will taking the combs containing the queens and exchanging do, or should the queens have to be caught and caged?

Easton, Pa. WYNETA.

[Your method should work all right. It is always necessary to have strong colonies to produce comb honey, And your method should certainly make a strong colony. I suppose you aim to give all the brood to the colony you move to a new location, and give the united colony either empty frames or frames with foundation. If you give them drawn combs, you will retard their work in the sections, therefore it would be best to give them either empty frames or frames filled with foundation. It would be well enough to give the united colony one frame filled with comb, to give the queen an opportunity to deposit eggs at once. It will be necessary to give this strong colony a young queen, as an old queen will be sure to make preparations for swarming. Of course if you make this manipulation at about the time when honey is to be had, you should put on your super at once, having the sections filled with foundation, so the bees will go into the sections at once.

This changing of queens I have practiced only on colonies that were determined to swarm, colonies that were really not strong enough to think of swarming. Also on colonies that were determined to swarm out of season, at times when it was not desirable to have swarms. How this would work during the swarming season, on colonies that are in good shape to swarm, I am as yet unable to say.

Yes Sir! it would be necessary to cage the queens just the same as though you were introducing a queen you had just received by mail. To exchange the queen without caging will almost surely result in the loss of your queens.

If you should want to run any of your colonies for extracted honey, by extracting often enough and giving room enough you can keep down all swarms.

Hoping that this is all plain and that you will meet with success, I am,

Yours Truly,
CHAS. H. THIES,
Steeleville, Ill.

Do not forget you can order supplies from us using the catalogue of any first-class manufacturer. Our prices are no higher, and in some cases lower. While our goods are guaranteed to be superior in material and wormanship. We furnish anything wanted by bee-keepers.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY H. E. HILL.

I find that with me the large hive, the large colony and large surplus have traveled hand in hand.—J. A. Nash, in Gleanings,

Bees of a weak colony leave their brood to gather honey with great reluctance, hence if surplus honey is the object, one good, strong colony is to be preferred to a larger number weak in bees.

Speaking of the giant cactus which tower like great sentinels upon the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, to a height of 40 to 60 feet, the Chicago Blade says that "swarms of bees have been known to take possession of the hollowed-out trunk of these monsters, that the woodpecker has first attacked, and fill them with the choicest of wild honey." This "choicest" honey must be gathered from mesquite or cactus.

E. W. Moore, in Progressive Bee-Keeper says: "We can start with a black virgin queen and have her mated to a pure Italian drone, and in five generations, by having all mated by pure Italian drones, we can have as light colored five banded bees as anyone can from pure Italians or a cross between Italians and Cyprians."

C. I. Dugdale, of West Galway, N. Y., in A. B. J., corroborates my theory, expressed in the Bee Keeper, Oct. '94, that the bees probably gnawed away the cells when the cocoons became a hindrance to brood rearing, and built anew. Mr. D. has been favored with an opportunity of witnessing this tearing down and rebuilding of cells, though the remodeled comb still retained its dark color, which would discredit my idea of the addition of new wax in reconstruction. Could they have utilized the old wax of which the comb was originally built? It seems so.

Replying to the question, "How old do you allow your brood combs to get before changing to new?" Rev. M. Mahin, in A. B. J., says: "O say 35 or 40 years or so," which is in accord with the opinion of the veterans generally, and tends to strengthen the theory that the bees remodel the combs when necessary themselves. Mr. Mahin's reply is figurative, of course, and implies that they need not be changed at all.

A good suggestion by C. W. Dayton, in the Progressive Bee-Keeper is: When setting bees out of winter quarters or moving an apiary place the light ones all in a row by themselves, thus concentrating the work of caring for those that need special attention.

The Nebraska Queen, in an effort to establish a new idea regarding cocoons, by its own citations clearly defeat its own theory. If the Queen man, with combs in which brood has developed but a few times, will repeat his expersence the next "hot day in August," he will find the "linings" will not be as leather-like as those of the old combs to which he refers, but will collapse, as if tissue paper, which ought to be convincing evidence that the "lining" does become "thicker" with continued use.

The laborious task of handling hives heavy with honey, of which so much is said in the large vs. small hive discussion, will not be considered an objectional feature by Florida bee-keepers for a few years, at least. Large apiaries with too light hives have a tendency to more clearly define the wrinkles of premature old age, now depicted upon the faces of some yet young in years, and younger in the business.

New Smyrna, Florida.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THE W. T. FALCONER, MAN'F'G CO.—Gentlemen: You have sent me three or four sample copies of the *American Bee-Keeper* during the past year, and I find them most interesting, as I am a keeper of bees but in a small way only thus far. It may be I have not gone in more extensively owing to the low price of honey here, as it seems from prices quoted in the *Bee-Keeper* you obtain a great deal more for your product than do we, so we have not taken to the business as your prices would aid us to do. We are also very much subject to floods or droughts, as the bees suffer in either case, causing sometimes a year's delay or so in one or more ways.

Then black bees are to be found in most parts of the colony in the bush with plenty of honey at certain times, and a good deal of this bush honey finds its way into the market for local consumption, which keeps or helps to keep the pure extracted article at a low price. It is 2½d. now. Wax is about 8 or 9 d. but the industry is going ahead slowly. I think the real cause is the new appliances, frames, hives, &c, producing the interest needed for the proper care and more cleanly product.

I am sending you 2s 5d which I take to be about a year's subscription. I don't mind if you will send me the back numbers for the year.

Yours truly, ASHTON CLARKE.
The Bulgo, N. So. Wales, Mar. 6, '95.

OUR EXTRACTOR

(From Am. Bee Journal.)

THE BEES FOR THE HARVEST.

BY FRANK BENTON.

In colder portions of our country each colony of bees as ordinarily brought through the winter will be found during its early spring flights to contain only a small part of the adult workers necessary to take fair advantage of any honey-yield that is to follow. If an important honey-flow occurs early in the season it is impossible to secure the full advantage of it. The bees to gather the honey are lacking.

The young workers do not normally, even though honey be plentiful in the flowers, enter the field as gatherers before they are about two weeks old ; adding to this the three weeks required for the development from the laying of the egg to the appearance of the imago or perfect insect, we see that all eggs to produce workers for a given harvest must be laid five weeks before the harvest begins. But as the amount of brood which may be developed at one time in a hive is to a great extent limited not alone by the fecundity of the queen, but also by the supply of food, the number of bees to cover the brood, and the temperature about the brood-nest, it is evident that the five weeks required to get one generation of bees ready for the field will not suffice to render the hive suitable populous for a given harvest. It is not at all difficult to have queens whose fecundity is even greater than the ability, early in the spring, of any colony to care for their eggs and developing larvæ and pupæ. Nor will the careful bee-keeper neglect the second point mentioned and let the colony lack for food. But the other conditions which limit the increase of population are not so easy to meet. We may house our bees or pack warmth-retaining material about the brood-nests so as to keep the temperatute moderately warm and as even as possible, and may thus favor brood-rearing. But we find practically that the only way to secure the desired number of bees in each hive for a given harvest is to see that brood-rearing is going on at a rapid rate some time previous to the five weeks' limit noted. In other words: three weeks or more must be added to this period in order to produce workers in sufficient numbers to care for the main brood which is to develop into the field-bees for the given harvest. Thus our hives, all of which contain at the opening of the spring comparatively few bees besides those which went into winter quarters and which therefore are too old to avail much as gatherers, must, in propotion to the bees they contain, be well stocked with brood eight or ten weeks before the opening of the honey-flow. Moreover the brood-rearing should be kept up without interruption as long as it is expected that the workers can be utilized in the given flow.

White clover being, in our middle latitudes, an important yield which usually begins early in June, it follows from the above that our hives must be well stocked with brood toward the end of March. It has been argued by many whose experience it has always seemed to me should have taught them better, that early brood-rearing was disadvantageous; some perhaps merely for the sake of the notoriety to be gained by being quoted as differing from the majority—have even gone so far as to say that brood-rearing should not be begun before May 1 in our northern States. It is plain from the facts stated above, that such a plan could only contemplate the securing of a crop of honey in July or later, and would lead a great disapointment in localities whose main honey flow comes earlier and where no midsummer or fall yield occurs. But in most localities in these States there are, aside from these later yields, usually two good honey-flows before midsummer—namely: that from fruit-blossoms and that from white clover just mentioned; while in some places a third yield is added—that from tulip trees (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) called in some localities poplar and in others whitewood trees. Where these occur there is no reason why the full advantage from all of them should not be taken, yet I venture that not one bee-keeper in twenty realizes how far he is from fully utilizing these early honey-flows—especially that from fruit-broom. When we are obliged to take time after the middle or latter part of April to develop strength in a colony in order to have it ready for a harvest, the early honey-flow passes with no return beyond what it furnishes toward building up.

Successful wintering is then the first essential toward securing the full advantage from an early honey-yield.

And by successful wintering I mean that the colonies ought to reach the earlier honey-yield in condition to take full advantage of it, *i. e.*, in such condition as regards numbers and health as they are ordinarily found *after* this early yield has passed.

Let us see what course Nature pursues in preparing her willing subjects—the honey-bees—to pass successfully the ordeal of winter and enter upon a season of prosperity. Perhaps we can profit by imitating the plans of the ancient dame who is supposed to have been wise even in the long-ago ages when our remotest ancestors were but inert molecules.

As a matter of fact strong colonies of bees located in hollow trees or in log gums or in box-hives, and whose combs are therefore undisturbed in their natural arrangement, if well provisioned, and so constructed as to be fairly protected from extremes of weather, to premit the escape of surplus moisture while at the same time retaining during the colder portions of the year as much as possible of the natural heat generated by the bodies of the bee, are, barring natural accidents or provisions having no connection with the above-named conditions, *always* in excellent condition on the opening of spring and ready to fulfill the double work for which they were created, namely : 1st, the pollenizing of blossoms to the end that more and better fruits and seeds should be borne ; and, 2nd, the collection and elaboration of a valuable sweet. I say *always in excellent condition*, for, if the conditions named above are present, the colony will withstand our coldest winters without freezing ; nor will it starve if well provisioned, for that implies an abundance of good stores suitably disposed for the bees to reach them during any kind of weather ; nor will inclement weather cause the colony to become diseased as long as the bees and their habitation are dry. Colonies in frame hives can be put into practically the same condition as those box-hive colonies. I have taken as examples above : indeed, if we fully understand those conditions we can be more sure with frame than with box hives that they are uniformly and exactly complied with.

Some one might argue that even when the preparation of the bees for their most trying season is left wholly to Nature, such conditions are not always established by our good mother as to most favor the bees. They die. Admitted. Yet this by no means controverts what I have just claimed, for Nature, in working out her laws, purposely sets certain destructive forces over against our protegees. She looks well to all her creatures, and only exceptional merit will cause her to let one kind flourish to the exclusion of others—so nicely is the balance adjusted. And if no checks had been provided the bees would soon have overrun all.

Perhaps a study of these same natural agencies which are set as a limit to bee-life will also be a good lesson—will show us what we must fight constantly and what to avoid. In a state of nature we find colonies that go into winter with queens decrepit—either permaturely or after years of good service, rendering them unable at the most critical period—late winter and early spring—to keep up the population of the hive, or again repeated swarming may have unduly reduced their numbers; such weak colonies may not be able to keep up sufficient heat to drive off the moisture surrounding the cluster; it gathers and trickles down over the combs and bees rendering their food sour and themselves unable to withstand a low temperature. The soured food is sure to bring on dysentery if the bees are confined to it for any length of time, or the dampness of the bees themselves combined with chilling of their bodies will produce the same effect. Or again, an unfavorable season has prevented their securing an abundance of stores, or what they may have obtained is perhaps not so located that severe weather will find them able to reach it. Or the bees may have failed to find the most suitable habitation, such as would properly protect them from inclement weather and permit evaporation without great loss of heat, yet give them pure air. All such causes, unaided by man, combine to exterminate thousands upon thousands of of colonies every winter. A man, with his interference in the brood-chamber of the colony, and in the surrounding conditions is often another destructive agency.

I cannot give here at length the details as to the plan of wintering which has resulted from the foregoing considerations together with my success and failures of over a quarter of a century—much of the time in very cold climates. The principal is, however, simple, and all who will may apply it. Indeed, it is nothing but what all have been trying to do, namely: to keep the bees warm and dry, furnish them with good food always accessable and with pure air. This can be carried out either in-doors or out-doors, but cellar wintering or wintering in special repositories introduces into the problem the possibility of complications, and for the majority, therefore, I feel sure the out-door plan is the best. For the North, however, all of the ordinary single-walled hives are, for this purpose, an abomination, and not to be tolerated at all. Most of the double-walled hives should be put in a category near to those just mentioned.

The brood-combs upon which the bees are to be wintered, and which contain the winter stores, should be surrounded closely on all sides, above and below, with six or more inches (according to severity of climate) of porous, yet warmth-retaining material —woolen goods and newspapers are best; there must be several inches of space between the material that is over the bees and the roof of the hive, and this space must be freely ventilated; but not a drop of water must be allowed to reach the packing from outside the hive; the combs must be six or more inches above the bottom packing; the entrance or flight-hole must be wide, so as to give ample lower ventilation, and, where it reaches the alighting-board, preferably ten inches below the bottoms of the combs; between the latter and the flight-hole there should be a screen, to prevent drafts of air from rushing against the combs; the food should be well-ripened honey or properly-made syrup, and either case a plentiful supply—stored mostly above the cluster of bees; hence if frames of the Langstroth shape are used, they should be on end for the winter; it is best to have a good supply of pollen in the combs; vigorous queens and plenty of bees bred the latter part of the active season are essential. The colony is to be put into this condition before severe freezing and not disturbed after that, if the best results are expected, until settled and moderately warm spring weather has returned.

As the apple-bloom comes in May, stimulative feeding for this harvest may commence in March. At that time the bees will have been breeding for over a month, and gentle stimulation with thin food at night without permitting any loss of heat and without manipulation nor disturbance, will not induce flying out during unseasonable weather. The stores in the combs being ample, brood-rearing will go on apace, and *apple-blossoms will find us ready with the bees for the harvest.—Read at the Indiana State Bee-Keepers' Convention.*

Washington, D. C.

(From Am. Bee Journal.)

AUTOMATIC SWARMING—QUERIES AND COMMENTS.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent sent me two or three questions to answer, and they proved to be of such interest to me that I have concluded to give them to the readers of the American Bee Journal, together with some comments thereon.

1st. "It is well known that when a hive is full of bees, so that they begin to think of 'laying out,' they will crowd into an empty space which may be about the hive, much sooner than they will go on the outside of the hive. Taking advantage of this fact, suppose that as soon as the sections are filled with bees, they being well at work, and before the swarming-fever comes upon them, we bore a two or three inch hole in one side of the hive, and on the inside of the same put a piece cf queen-excluding metal. Next we will bore a corresponding hole of the same size in an empty hive, cover the same with queen-excluding metal, and set this empty hive right up against the other having the bees in it, so that the holes match, and then put a queen-cell in this empty hive. Now the point I wish to know is, will there not in time be a new swarm of bees in that empty hive?"

That this will work just as outlined above I have my doubts, but I think there may be something in it with some modifications which may be of benefit to the bee-fraternity. From past experience I judge that, did the bees go into the empty hive and care for the cell until it hatched, the queen on going out to meet the drone, would, on her return, enter the wrong hive and be killed, thus spoiling our work. But what is there to hinder placing a comb of honey and one of brood in the empty hive, and then giving the queen- cell? I would now warrant the bees from the old hive to go through the queen-excluding metal, take care of the brood nest and cell, and care for the queen just the same as if she were in an isolated hive or nucleus, when in due time she will become fertile and go to filling the combs with eggs. From all of my experience in the past, in rearing queens as given in my book, in having them reared above queen-excluding metal by the thousand, while the old queen was doing her duty below, I am just as sure that this plan would work as if I had tried it and proved the same.

2nd. "By using the plan which I have outlined above, will it not prevent the original colony from swarming? If so this will do away with some one to stay at home all the while to watch for swarms during the swarming season, besides proving a bonanza to those having out-apiaries which they wish to work for comb honey?

Well, as I said before, I do not think it would work as the questioner gives it, but by using the suggestions given as I have explained, I see no reason why it should not stop swarming entirely. As soon as the young queen gets to laying, or before the old colony is a very strong one, take more combs of brood from it and put in their places frames of foundation or frames of worker-comb, so they will have no chance to build drone-comb, putting the brood thus taken out over into the hive having the young queen. Sections should now be replaced over the part of the new hive where the brood and combs are, so that in no case the bees lack for room to store all tne honey there is coming in; and I would have these sections in every case filled with foundation, so that the bees would have no excuse for any desire to swarm by being loth to build comb. Occasionally, or as often as the out-apairy is visited, move more frames of brood over to the new hive, putting frames filled with foundation in in the place of the frames taken out each time until the new hive is full, always putting on sections as the bees seem to require. If I am correct in thinking the above will do away with swarming, we shall have something of great advantage, at least to all those working out apairies.

3rd. "Will a colony thus managed store as much honey as they would had they been kept in the old hive, and by some means not allowed to swarm?"

If we had that "*some means*" which would allow the bees to work with a will all summer long, with no desire to swarm, then I should say that they would produce more honey in the original hive, and with only one queen; but inasmuch as bees are, as a rule, determined to swarm where worked for comb honey, it looks to me as if the above would give more honey than could be obtained either by letting them swarm, or so throwing them out of their normal condition by manipulation so that swarming can be prevented.

All cutting of queen-cells, caging of queens, etc., to prevent swarming seem to put the colony into an abnormal condition, so that the work that they do while so placed seems to be done with a protest; hence it often happens that the season is mostly consumed by the bees sulking the time away, instead of their working with a will. Such a state of affairs always results in a small crop of honey, and, as a rule, that which we do get is of poor quality. If there is a short-cut route to prevent swarming, and at the same time secure a good yield of a good quality of honey, which can be used at any out-apiary, it will be a great boon to all those wishing to keep bees more than what the home-yard will accommodate.

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EDITORIAL.

In the May *Cosmopolitan* there appears an illustrated article by W. Z. Hutchinson, concerning bees and bee-keeping. The article is well written and very interesting, even to one who knows nothing of bees. It is very instructive and will no doubt be the means of inducing a great many of the readers of the *Cosmopolitan* to start in bee-keeping. The subject will be continued in the June number.

Copies of the *Cosmopolitan* containing the article can be obtained at 20 cents each, post paid, by addressing W. Z. Hutchinson, Flint, Mich.

We are in receipt of the first number ot the *Southland Queen* published by the Jennie Atchley Co. The contents are well up to the standard and show evidences of experience on the part of the writers. The typographical appearance however is very inferior, and the proof reader evidently needs considerable experience. However these are faults that can easily be remedied and will no doubt disappear in a short time.

We wish the *Southland Queen* success.

The article on "Giant Bees of India" by Frank Benton which we recently published in the *Bee-Keeper* has caused considerable stir among bee-keepers. We have been requested to publish the following petition sent us by Ruth S. Taylor, Secretary of the Ontario Co. Bee-Keepers' Association.

> WHERAS, The honorable secretary of agriculture in his last report to the president says "The entomologist strongly recommended as a part of the work of this fiscal year an attempt to introduce into the United States from Ceylon, Giant Bees of India-Apis dorsata
>
> WHEREAS, it now remains with the bee-keepers and farmers to unite in petitioning the proper authorities to carry out the work recommended by the entomologist, therefore let it be
>
> *Resolved*, That we, the bee-keepers of Ontario county, New York, in convention assembled, respectfully ask the publishers of the bee-papers to print and distribute with their papers a petition to be circulated by each subscriber, the extra expense to be shared pro rata by the bee-keepers' societies throughout the United States.
>
> Signed C. A. OLMSTEAD.
> E. H. PERRY.
> E. HUTCHINSON.

It would not be very expensive to obtain some of these bees from Ceylon and we believe the experiment is worth trying, and if petitions were circulated as suggested in the above resolution there is little doubt but that the government would take hold of the matter.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the times, we are overrun with orders for supplies of all kinds. Have been compelled to decline several car-load orders so that we could take care of our smaller trade promptly.

"*How to Manage Bees*," a 50 cent book, and the American Bee Keeper a year for only 60 cents, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture (latest edition) and the Bee Keeper one year for 85 cents, or including Gleanings one year $1.75.

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture with paper cover which we will send post paid for 55 cents each, or with cloth cover for 85 cents each.

New England customers will save freight by purchasing their supplies of our Eastern agent, W. M. Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5 cents each.

THE WOODS BY NIGHT.

Sounds, Sights and Shadows Among the Trees and Bushes.

"Sit still in the woods at night and look and listen," said an old time naturalist to me one day, "and you will see or hear strange things, not to be seen or heard save by rarest chance in the busy hours of the day."

I thought of the remark as I sat perfectly still in a small opening of the Adirondack woods at the close of one day last summer. It was twilight, and out of the dim, uncertain light loomed the outlines of the tree in the valley and of the Ampersand mountain in the distance. Quickly I saw the shadow of a moving figure, which I made out to be that of a fox. How stealthily the sly fellow crept along! He made no noise; not a twig broke beneath his catlike tread.

As he turned, for the first time he noticed me. He looked at me, and I looked at him. Then reynard revealed the cunning of his kind. Still keeping his eye on me, he sidled away until he reached the dark shades and recesses, when he disappeared in an instant.

I knew reynard was out on his nightly foraging expedition. Perhaps he was looking for a wild rabbit or a fat partridge, or perhaps he intended to rob some farmer of his choicest fowls. The fox is a night traveler. He makes his journey after dark, finds his dinner and retires always before the break of day. —Our Animal Friends.

The Lunchbasket.

I can't for the life of me see why a business woman should be ashamed of the fact that she carries her lunch with her, yet there are dozens of department women who adopt all sorts of subterfuges to conceal the identity of the little bundle of eatables they carry every morning. Sometimes they have boxes that resemble books in the same way that a folding bed resembles a sideboard or a piano an organ. Sometimes they carry little shopping bags, but not once a week do you see a real little lunchbasket.

There was a young department woman in a Georgetown car not long ago, and she carried a black marten muff. She carried it gingerly, and she did not put her hands in it. When she paid her fare, she laid the muff on the seat beside her for a moment. A man who entered the car just then sat down on it suddenly and very much harder than he meant to. Out popped a bit of torn paper, a sandwich and a piece of apple pie.—Washington Post.

The Pathos of a Single Life.

One of these single women, after living alone in her little hut on Cape Cod until old age, a reticent, miserly creature, became at 60 suddenly and violently insane. Her physician, wiser than his kind, prescribed no medicine, but procured a huge doll and the clothes of a baby and gave them to her.

She was at once quieted. She treated the doll as if it were alive, fed it, slept with it in her arms, worried over its diseases, ran to the neighbors to tell of its sayings and pretty ways. It was her child. God had given it to her at last. While she lived it kept her occupied and happy.—Century

BABY'S LOGIC.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so,"
That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—St. Louis Republic.

HIS LAST BLAST.

Slug canyon, Sierra county, has always been famous for the number and size of its golden nuggets. The canyon heads among the huge skyward towering mountains that rise on the south side of the North Yuba, into which river it empties its waters just before the lower end of the famous old mining town of Downieville. In 1852 a son of Erin named Mike Maroney had a placer claim on this canyon of nests of golden eggs, which in his opinion was nothing less than the secret storehouse of the "Goblins of the Golden Mountains."

Mike's claim was not in the present or modern channel of the canyon, but upon a bench above it, where was a channel that had been formed by the stream in ancient times. In this old upper channel stood a bowlder of enormous size, a granite rock as big as a cathedral. Mike was undoubtedly attracted to the particular piece of bench ground on which he staked out his claim by the immense size of the bowlder lodged upon it, a rock so large it seemed to be a pinnacle broken from the top of one of the overhanging mountains. He in some way got it into his head that in the old channel, at the point where he had staked out his claim, was gold proportionate to the size of the rock and in keeping with the difficulties to be overcome.

The bowlder stood in the lower end of the old channel, which it blocked completely from wall to wall. To blast it out and get into and work the channel seemed a herculean task. Many a miner had looked the ground over and departed with a sigh, after a careful survey of the rock, before Mike Maroney set his stakes on the ancient channel. All thought well of the ground, but feared to attack the "giant" that stood in the way.

Mike built a small cabin on a bench of the canyon above high water mark and settled down in full sight of the enemy he had determined to conquer. Alone and single handed he mounted the great granite rock and began drilling and blasting it. The rock was hard, and the work went on slowly, but he was always to be seen hammering and banging away at the task he had undertaken. All the miners passing up and down the canyon halted for a word with Mike. They admired his pluck and cheered him on by telling him that under the bowlder and behind it he would find enough gold to load a train of half a dozen mules.

Mike was a small man as to height, standing less than 5 feet in his boots, but he was immensely broad across the shoulders, and in strength was a little Samson. Altogether he was a curiously constructed creature. He had a head big enough for a six footer. His mouth seemed the result of a slash of a cleaver, and he wore it with one corner drawn up toward his left ear in a very knowing way. On his broad flat face was stuck a short stump of a nose with vast cavernous nostrils. Add to these features a pair of enormous ears, little black eyes that twinkle beneath an overhanging crag of brow, then top out the whole with a thatch of coal black hair the size of a haycock, and you see Mike Maroney as he appeared mounted upon his big rock with drill and hammer in hand. Seen thus he might well have passed for the king of the gnomes, just popped up from the chambers of his golden caverns for a mouthful of sunshine and a peep at the upper world.

Mike was nearly two years in blasting out his great bowlder. When he first began, such was his enthusiasm that he thought he would make short work of it, but after he had been engaged upon it about three months he began to understand more clearly the nature of the task he had undertaken. His stock of provisions was exhausted, and he lacked money with which to procure a new supply; also he could no longer obtain powder, fuse and other supplies on credit. It became evident that he must have money, or he would be obliged to stop work on the bowlder.

In this strait he went up into the town of Downieville and explained the situation to a number of friends. All knew Mike's claim, and all had faith in it, for the old channel with the big rock in its mouth had been the talk of all the Slug canyon miners long before Mike set his stakes there. Therefore he found it a less difficult business than he had anticipated to raise money with which to proceed. Half a dozen friends became his backers, telling him to go ahead and call upon them as often as he needed money. They would take the chances of his finding enough gold to make them all right once the big bowlder had been conquered.

Again Mike set to work in high spirits He told his backers that in two or three months more he would have utterly demolished the big rock, but when that time had passed the work seemed only fairly begun. After Mike had been at work for about a year and a half the men who were "putting up" for him began to grow tired of the whole business and did not come out with their coin so cheerfully as at first, and they asked rather anxiously in regard to the progress being made.

In order to cheer them up Mike would say: "Byes, I do be knockin the ould rock to smithereens! I've got her so wakened now that she shakes wid ivery blasht!"

Finally the men tired of hearing this story when Mike came round to collect money and he then began to say, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" This went on so long that it became a byword in Downieville. Everywhere it was, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" Mike's backers laughed with the others and put up the money he asked for.

All things have an end, however, and when Mike's "lasht blasht" shattered the huge slab, constituting the sole remnant of the once enormous bowlder, he went to the base of the mass and began working under it with his pick. On a sudden the big block began to topple over. Mike dropped his pick and retreated with the rock following him on a steep down-grade. The situation was such that in order to escape being crushed to death Mike was obliged to leap into the canyon.

Owing to a spring freshet, the canyon was at the time a roaring torrent. Therefore his leap was almost as that proverbial one from the frying pan. He was swept down the canyon about 200 yards till almost at the verge of a vertical fall of some 30 feet, when he had the good fortune to grasp the top of an overhanging bush and drag himself ashore.

Mike escaped with a few slight cuts and bruises and the loss of his hat. These, however, were matters that did not trouble him. All his thoughts were of the spot whence had just tumbled down the steep the last fragment of the big bowlder. Thither his mind ran faster than his legs were able to travel, though the latter soon landed him at the spot where he had so long and faithfully labored.

Looking down into the bed of that last huge slab of granite which had seemed to leap forth and chase him into the canyon, Mike beheld a large disk of pure and glittering gold. It was a piece of the precious metal about the size and shape of a dinner plate. He waited to see no more. Leaping down into the hole, he grasped the golden prize, which looked to him as big as the face of the full moon, and then at once made a break for Downieville to find his backers, show them the gold and tell them the great news of the final annihilation of the big rock.

Mike was wild as a hawk. In his hands he held a mass of gold that weighed nearly 20 pounds, and as he dashed down Slug canyon with his prize he shouted at every jump: "That lasht blasht fetched her! That lasht blasht fetched her!" Thus shouting as he tore down the canyon, he passed several claims where miners were at work, but he halted at none of these for a single moment.

"Mike Maroney has gone crazy about his big bowlder!" cried the miners on seeing him running bareheaded down the canyon trail. At some of the claims he passed men threw down their tools, and scrambling up the bank of the stream to the trail called out after him, but the only answer they received was, "That lasht blasht fetched her!"

When Mike reached Downieville and

started up the middle of the town, hatless, dripping wet, shouting and carrying before him his golden prize, he soon had a crowd at his heels. He paid no attention to the crowd, but when he saw on either side of the street miners of his acquaintance he shouted to them in passing: "Byes, that lasht blasht fetched her! There's a whole bushel of goold undther the bottom of her!"

Strangers in the town thought they saw before them a crazy man, but every resident of the place knew Mike, and soon along the street was raised the cry: "Mike Maroney has struck it at last! He's knocked the devil out of his bowlder and got a chunk of gold bigger'n a fryin pan!"

Hearing this news, others shouted, "Hurrah for Maroney and his 'lasht blasht!' "

"Yis, hurrah, byes!" cried Mike, who felt himself in the seventh heaven of glory. "Hurrah, for this minit I'm the pride of the wurruld!"

By the time Mike had found some of the friends who had for so long backed him with their coin and had displayed his big nugget there was a grand excitement in the camp. Some said he had found an old channel paved with nuggets as big as cobblestones, and others that great slabs of gold covered the bedrock.

Mike told his friends that, though he had only stopped long enough to catch up the first big nugget he saw, he was sure there was a whole bushel of gold in the nest of the big bowlder. With the sample brought in by Mike lying before them all were ready to believe that he had made the "strike" of the age. Every man who heard of Mike's find said he always felt sure that there were "mule loads" of gold under the big bowlder of Slug canyon.

As soon as Mike's backers had collected their wits, scattered by the sight of the big nugget and his wild story of bushels of gold in sight, they dropped everything and prepared to go at once to the scene of the strike. With the elated Maroney in the lead they set out, taking with them a pack mule that happened to be at hand. They were joined by a number of idlers as they passed through the town, and in going up Slug canyon the crowd was increased by the miners at the several claims who desired to feast their eyes upon what by this had grown to be "Mike Maroney's mound of gold."

Seeing the miners thus flocking after him, Mike cried: "Cheer for me, byes. The lasht blasht fetched her!"

During the absence of the party the excitement in the town was at fever heat. Some new wonder was constantly being added to the story of the big find. Then occasionally there were false alarms. One of these that sent a crowd rushing down toward the river was to the effect that Mike and his friends were on their way back to town and were "just crossing the bridge at Jersey Flat with a mule load of gold."

At last, when the sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, the party came straggling back to town. They were a dejected looking crowd and gave short and surly answers to the questions fired at them on all sides. The backers were particularly gloomy and snappish. As for Mike himself, he was nowhere to be seen.

Finally the tongues of some of the disinterested idlers who had gone out with the party were loosened though the administration of copious doses of stimulants. They then said squarely and frankly that they had found nothing at all. The nest of Mike's big bowlder was empty. In the smooth and soft bed of the rock they found the spot where Mike's "golden moon" had lain and saw his tracks beside it, but not a single nugget was in sight. Then they had dug into the edge of the old channel and found it barren and smooth as the bottom of an iron kettle.

"What has become of Mike?" asked some one.

"Ah, poor Mike! Well, we are afraid he is in a bad way. As soon as he found that there were no nuggets in sight and was told that he had merely imagined them he took on the color of a corpse. He reeled about, pawed the air, and then, with a howl such as I never want to hear again, ran off to his cabin and locked himself up in it. As he couldn't be induced to come out, two men were left to watch him, for he is evidently upset in the upper story. No one can get anything out of him but mutterings about his last blast."

The next day Mike was brought into the town for medical examination. The doctors said his mental derangement was of a nature so mild and harmless that he might safely be allowed to remain in his cabin. Indeed, at times he seemed for a moment or two to get back his senses. One of his friends happening to speak of his mother and his people in Ireland, he at once broke out with: "Byes, I don't care so much meself for the trouble and whorlin in me haid, but I do be thinkin of the poor ould mother back across the wather. What will become of her and of them all, widout the money I promised to sind?"

It was in vain they spoke of the big nugget he had found, telling him he should have it and do with it what he pleased. He would hear of nothing of the kind. That belonged to the men who had put up their money for him. His gold was still under the big bowlder, where he had fired his last blast. He had seen it once, and he would see it again and get it.

The men who had backed Mike—half a dozen in number—ascertained the address of his widowed mother from men who had known him at home, and selling the big nugget, which proved to be worth $3,600, sent her a check for the amount.

Mike shut himself up in his cabin and was seldom seen outside of it during the daylight hours. Men mining on the canyon, however, reported that he was in the habit of prowling about of nights. They said they had frequently seen a light up at his claim very late at night just at the spot where he had demolished the big bowlder. Upon investigation by a friend, it was found that Mike had got into his head that the pile of gold he had seen had been sunk deep into the ground by an evil spirit. However, he would yet get it, as one night each month at midnight—he did not know what night—all the big nuggets came up to their old nest under the bowlder. All he had to do to beat the goblin that had lived under the big rock was to be on the watch and shout when the gold appeared, "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin."

Though he wanted nothing to do with any one, yet he was always peering out at the chinks of his cabin, watching those who passed by. When any one came along the trail, he would pop his head out at his door and utter his new warcry of "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin." Seeing that the life he was leading was making him worse, his friends on the canyon tried to get him out of his cabin, offering him big wages to work in their claims. All was useless, however, until one day a man happened to say he had a big bowlder in his diggings he wanted blasted out. Instantly Mike pricked up his ears and was all attention. He was ready to set to work upon the bowlder at once.

Being given a trial, it was found that he was able to work as well and intelligently as ever at drilling and blasting. While engaged in that work he seemed quite sane, but he could not be induced to do anything in the mines except blast bowlders. For that business he seemed to have a perfect mania and could accomplish nearly as much in a day as two ordinary men. Battling with the bowlders was seen to brighten him up wonderfully, and he was given all the work he could do in his favorite line by the friendly miners up and down Slug canyon.

* * * * * *

One day after Mike had been for some months waging a war of extermination against the bowlders of Slug canyon his friends up in Downieville had a big surprise. All unheralded and unexpected, the "Widdy Maroney," with a raft of tall and buxom daughters, landed in their midst, fresh from the "ould sod." They had come to make their home in America "and look afther poor Moik." Marriageable girls being at that time in great demand, the family were heartily welcomed and well provided for at once. It was then so contrived that Mike was suddenly brought into the midst of the whole crowd without a hint being given him beforehand that his mother and sisters were in the country. The surprise so shook him up mentally that the balance wheel in his head at once started up and moved along as smoothly and regularly as ever.

Soon the family were comfortably settled at Downieville, and Mike with them. His last blast had not been so very disastrous after all. It had not only fetched the big bowlder, but had also fetched all his people out to America to a good home, and the raft of bouncing girls to where they all soon captured good husbands, three among whom had been Mike's backers, and helped pay for the powder exploded in firing his "lasht blasht."—Dan de Quille in San Francisco Examiner.

Dr. Newman Smythe's Discovery.

Several years ago the happy thought occurred to me that a newspaper reporter was a human being, who, like other human beings, was under the necessity of making his living by diligent work, and that he was therefore not to be treated as an enemy of mankind. Since I made that discovery I have found no class of men more quick to respond or willing to pay careful regard to the courtesies and the confidence of gentlemanly intercourse. And whenever I have myself met newspaper men fairly and frankly I have never known one of them intentionally to misrepresent or to abuse such confidence. My experience leads me to conclude that if citizens generally would help newspaper men in all legitimate inquiries the public would have less reason to complain either of inaccurate or improper news.—Hartford Courant.

AMICABLY SETTLED.

It was only after innumerable pieces of evidence, the meaning of which there was absolutely no mistaking, that little Mrs. Denison was at last reluctantly forced to the conclusion that her husband had really got tired of her. His days were given up to the office, his evenings to the club, he had ceased to care about his appearance, and his clothes had become deplorably untidy. For a week she could think of nothing else. At the end of that time she began to look about for means of consolation. For a woman she took a strangely philosophical view. She knew that she could not live without love, but instead of sitting down and deploring her lot she just determined to make the best of things.

There were plenty of men in love with her already. She was far too pretty and charming a woman not to have the chance of numberless admirers, but hitherto she had always proved entirely inaccessible. Henceforth she made up her mind things should be different.

Her choice fell on Algie Owen. He was little more than a boy, only just down from Oxford, and had long admired her in silence. A word from her would, she knew, be sufficient to bring him to her feet. Within an hour from the time she came to her decision Algie had received a note asking him to come round to tea the next day. Within a week he had become her constant companion, and her husband's indifference had lost half its sting. And at the end of a month Mr. Denison, coming home unexpectedly, had surprised Algie in the act of pressing a kiss on her lips. His first impulse was to kick the boy out of the house, his second to leave it himself. Neither impulse, however, prevailed. He just stood there looking. And as Mrs. Denison was far too frightened to speak it was Algie who at last blurted out, his face rosy red and his lips quivering—he was really very boyish indeed, despite his grown up airs:

"Well, sir, what is to be done?"

"That, sir," said Mr. Denison, almost smiling—the pair before him looked more like two naughty children than anything else, "that, sir, lies with you. What"—ironically—"is your suggestion?"

"I—I will tell you," stammered Algie, "what I—what Mrs. Denison wants. She—she"—it was really a very daring thing to say—"she wants to marry me, and she wants you to go—go and do something that will get—get her—her a divorce."

The suggestion was so cool that for a moment it quite took Mr. Denison's breath away.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he ejaculated at last.

He was silent for a moment, thinking.

"Now," he said at last, "go. Oh, by the way," he added as Algie turned toward the door, "can you come in to dinner this day week? We shall be very pleased to see you."

Algie's blue eyes widened into a stare.

But when the question was repeated and he saw that Denison was in earnest he said that he would be very pleased. And then he went out, wondering what extraordinary thing would happen next, and trying to remember if he had ever heard any reports of madness in the Denison family, and Tom Denison, after ringing for his wife's maid and telling her to see after her mistress, as she wasn't very well, strode off to his club to think out a certain little scheme.

That day week, when Mr. Denison walked into the little drawing room about 20 minutes before the dinner hour—his usual practice was to get home, if at all, about ten minutes after it had been announced—Mrs. Denison opened her eyes very wide indeed. Instead of the old shabby tail coat he had donned what was evidently a brand new dress suit, cut in the latest fashion. His hair had been freshly cut and trimmed, the heavy mustache was curled off his lips, and the yellow rose in his buttonhole became him to perfection. He looked at least a dozen years younger.

He just bent over his wife and gave her a kiss, and then sat himself down to the piano, and his fingers straying over the notes began to sing more to himself apparently than to her. Music aways appealed to her, and she could not help remarking in a pause that came between the verses that it was a very pretty song, and she had no idea he could play so well.

"It comes from the new opera at the Futurity," he said. "I haven't got it quite right, but it went something like that, I think, as far as I can remember." He had bought the music three days before and had been trying to get right ever since.

"You are very spruce tonight," she said, looking up as he shut down the piano and took up his stand against the chimney-piece.

"Are you going out anywhere? I'm going to supper, and you will have Owen to entertain you. He is sure to stay late. He hasn't seen you since yesterday, has he?"

She ignored the sarcasm in the suggestion, and, still looking up at him, reflected with an inward sigh that she wished Algie was half as handsome as this husband of hers. Then her mind reverted to the supper.

"It's to be with some woman, I suppose?" she said.

"What?" he queried carelessly.

"Why, this supper."

"Nothing of the kind," he said, but in a tone which only confirmed her suspicions.

"Well, where's it going to be anyway?"

"Oh, at a little place in Soho. I don't suppose you've ever heard of it."

"And you are really going alone?"

"Certainly."

She got up from her chair and came over to where he was standing.

"Can't you make it dinner instead of supper and take me with you?" she said.

"But Mr. Owen?"

"Oh, bother Mr. Owen! He can have his dinner by himself. I can easily invent some excuse."

"And besides it's not exactly the sort of place a woman like you can go to; it's not"—

She flew out of the room and returned a moment afterward in her cloak. "Come along, quick," she said, "or he'll catch us."

"Who?"

"Why, Algie!"

Mr. Denison smiled. It was really very funny.

* * * * * * * *

The dinner was a great success, the champagne irreproachable. As Mr. Denison produced his cigar case he thought he had never seen his wife looking so pretty. So the divorce never came off, after all.

ALL FOOLS' DAY FUN.

SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE MERRY ANNIVERSARY.

Stories Alleging the Origin of the Day. Napoleon Married on the 1st of April. The Scotch Have Great Times With the Gawk—The Grocer Evens Up.

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters and a merry 1st of April to us all," wrote the genial and gentle Charles Lamb.

He further goes on to say: "I will confess a truth—I love a fool as naturally as if he were kith and kin to me, and, take my word for it and say a fool told you, that he who has not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

Very few men are willing to embark in a new enterprise on April 1, and marriages are rarely solemnized on that day. One that has a historical record is that of Napoleon I with Maria Louise, which cannot be said to have furnished an example calculated to bring the day into favor. The French people attached much significance to the choice of that day by Napoleon. Like all Frenchmen, the emperor was susceptible to ridicule, and it is hard to understand how he gave the Parisians an opportunity to deride his marriage day, which they did most effectually, a theme which was important at that time to both Napoleon and his dynasty and called attention to his daring revokal of the laws in his second marriage.

Shakespeare, who, like Lamb, loved a fool, does not once allude to the custom of keeping April 1 as All Fools' day. Indeed he only mentions April 1 once in his plays, and that is in connection with a tragic incident when King John is informed:

"The 1st of April died your noble mother."

That the custom was in vogue at that time in France is established, but there is no absolute certainty of the time when it was introduced into England.

Some pretend to date the custom back to the Feast of Fools, a kind of saturnalia popular in the middle ages. Its chief object was to honor the ass, on which the Saviour made his entry into Jerusalem. Processions of fools accompanied the central figure, and whenever the animal brayed they imitated it. As similar tricks are played at the Hull festival, there must be another solution of its origin. It is claimed by other historians that the observance of the day dates from 1564, when New Year's day was changed to Jan. 1, leaving the 1st of April, which had been the date of the new year, without service, and it became a burlesque anniversary.

An old legend tells a pretty story of the disappearance of an eastern prince on this day. His subjects mourned him sincerely, and every year on the day of his mysterious disappearance sent out the children of the kingdom to search for him, and they turned the day into one of merrymaking.

The story got abroad and reached Japan.
From thence by story tellers it was hurled
Into the islands of the western world,
And so the legend of two thousand years
The cause of April All Fools' day appears.

In Scotland the April fool is called a gowk, and in France an April fish. In England the day is always observed as an opportunity for getting off practical jokes on the public. On the 1st of April, 1860, a complimentary card was sent out generally inviting people to an entertainment at the Tower of London. These cards read:

Admit the bearer to view the washing of
The White Lions
On the 1st of April at 12 precisely.
Admitted only at the White Gate.

All London was in an uproar. Cabs rattled about all the forenoon. April 1 came that year on Sunday, and the trick was the most successful and the least harmful of any hoax ever perpetrated on so large a scale. Many went away satisfied that the show was genuine, but that they had missed it by not finding the white gate.

The Scotch gowk is a rather interesting feature of the day in that country. The gowk is a boy or rustic who is sent on an impossible errand and bade to run all the way. If he is bright, he will discover the joke and pass it on to another, until half a dozen have been enlisted in "hunting the gowk." A rhyme of the occasion is this:

Rin for your mither, boy, rin, rin, rin.
The eggs are ready, but she hasn't a hin,
And if you wait till the eggs grow cool
Then all your life you'll be April fool.

The best joke of all is when a man refuses to believe the truth on that day. A Londoner was told that his house was on fire, but he recalled the fact that it was All Fools' day.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I can see it burn!" and the house had really burned to the ground before he could be made to believe it was not a joke.

A boy who was playing truant on the 1st of April was warned by his chums that his father was coming.

"Aw, come off," he said; "you can't fool me on no 1st of April!"

But when he felt his father's hand on his coat collar and received the weight of a hickory stick on his shoulders he wondered who was the April fool.

Fool confectionery is one of the modern attempts at a joke. Cake stuffed with cotton batting is baked with an inviting exterior and sent to friends. Candies dosed with red pepper, sugar mixed with salt, caramels made with liberal quantities of snuff and similar jokes are worked off on the unsuspicious.

Every kind of trick is resorted to by the grocer on that day to get even with the unprofitable customer who tastes from every box and barrel in the store. Salt is mixed with molasses to make it resemble brown sugar, raisins are sprinkled with kerosene, figs filled with red pepper and imitation crackers substituted for the genuine. Loaded cigars are left conspicuously handy, and chewing tobacco is generously doctored with quinine. These and a hundred other schemes of folly carry out the design of the day.—Detroit Free Press.

THE EXPRESSIVE HUMAN HAND.

Strength of the Fingers Is an Index to Mental Balance.

Much has been written about the hand. Artists have depicted its perfection, physiognomists have interpreted its shape and expression, chirologists and the gypsy queens have tried to prophesy from its markings. But a study of its peculiarities by the inductive method takes one into entirely new fields and shows that to interpret the significance of the hand one must start on quite new lines. There is something perhaps in the fact that the artistic hand has somewhat tapering fingers, but beyond this one deals with uncertainties, and I recollect an idiot youth whose extremities had the contour of a genius or a Trilby.

If one examines the hands of a large number of persons with a nervous endowment, he will find curious defects in the length and relative proportions of the fingers. The length of the finger is determined by that of the middle one. If the index and medius are closed upon the palm, the ring and little finger being left extended, the middle finger will reach close to the place where the so called life line runs down, between the ball of the thumb and that of the little finger. It will touch the palm just below the highest part of the ball of the thumb. The middle finger is taken as the standard of length by which to gauge that of others. In a normal hand the forefinger reaches just to the root of the middle finger, the ring finger is longer and should reach nearly to the middle of the nail of the medius, while the little finger should reach to the last joint of the third finger. Now, in inebriates, epileptics, neurotics and the degenerative generally these proportions are often not observed. The most common defect is shortness, especially of the third and little fingers, though sometimes a disproportionate length occurs. Sometimes these fingers are unnaturally slender, or the little finger is slightly bent. The most common abnormality of the thumb is excessive shortness, with a defective mobility. These peculiarities, well accentuated, from what we may call the "decadent hand"—the hand that writes our sensuous novels, the Hauptmann drama, paints symbolic pictures and exploits pure atheism. Such hands may be well formed to the ordinary eye and may be attached to slender and graceful limbs, but this kind of beautiful hand and arm is found quite as often among the children of alcoholics and among those highly cultivated families which have become degenerated by vicios vices and viciouus crossing.—Medical Record.

PYGMIES.

Some Information About These Strange Mites of Humanity.

The Greek word pygmy means a measure from the elbow to the hand. The pygmies were a fabulous race of dwarfs about whom many interesting stories have been told. According to Homer, they were so very small that they were attacked every year by the cranes on the coast of Oceanus and were unable to defend themselves.

Writers of a later date locate the pygmies at the mouth of the Nile. We also read of northern pygmies inhabiting the region of Thule, and of others that lived in subterranean dwellings on the eastern side of the Ganges. It is said that once when Hercules visited the country inhabited by these little creatures two whole pygmy armies attacked him while he was asleep. One army fell upon his right and the other upon his left, but the hero easily and quickly rolled them up in his lion's skin.

They were not, it seems, at all afraid of Hercules, for by the aid of a ladder they climbed up his drinking cup and helped themselves to its contents.

Aristotle says: "The pygmies were probably some diminutive race in Upper Egypt who rode very small horses and lived in caves." He did not believe that the stories told about them were altogether fabulous.

It has often been declared that there are pygmy races of human beings in the heart of Africa. Indeed Du Chaillu some time ago discovered a pygmy race in the mountainous country on the east of the southern great branch of the Ogobai. They are about 4½ feet in height and are called Orbongos. "They live in the midst of negro tribes of ordinary size," says Du Chaillu, "and there is nothing remarkable about them except their diminutive size."—Baltimore American.

A Unique Coat of Arms.

There was one Philadelphian who not only invented arms for himself, but new and republican arms, after discarding the ancestral arms of his family. This was Peter Brown, at one time an eminent citizen of Philadelphia.

In 1794 William Priest, an English musician, became attached to the theater in Philadelphia in his professional capacity. In 1802 Mr. Priest printed in London a book entitled "Priest's Travels In the United States," which is now exceedingly rare. The frontispiece to this book is a strange and curious design, entitled "Peter Brown's Arms." In explanation of this frontispiece Mr. Priest says: "Peter Brown, a blacksmith of this city, having made his fortune, set up his coach, but so far from being ashamed of the means by which he acquired his riches, he caused a large anvil to be painted on each side of his carriage, with two pairs of naked arms in the act of striking. The motto, 'By this I got ye.' "

What a Blessing Is Education!

These are some answers to examination questions given in an eighth grade school not a thousand miles from Chicago:

"Liberia was established in 1822 as a colony for aspirated negroes."

"Nine-tenths of all the plants not found in any other part of the world are found in Australia."

"Salem Witchcraft was neither a soldier nor a sailor, but he discovered some cities."—Great Divide.

Man.

Bearing in mind that, as far as general configuration goes, the ground plans of the present continent have been about the same, only an occasional bit of land having been topped off, as in England, the question arises, Is man an animal of the old world or of the new? If we descend from some anthropoidal ape, then that Asiatic or African monkey must have had a fair hand, and, above all else, a working thumb. Baboons run on all fours, but the gibbons, who are arboreal and live on fruits, have nicely developed thumbs and can pick a nut and shell it neatly. An American monkey has not these exact capabilities He does not depend on his hands to cling to a branch. He uses a fifth limb, which is his prehensile tail. The true gibbon is not, however, utterly a nut or fruit eater. If confined to that diet alone, a strictly vegetarian one, he pines. He likes eggs and devours small insects. Vary his diet in a menagerie, making him slightly omnivorous, and his condition improves. If not, then, for these arboreal ancestors, who had hands, we might never have been. We may then trace our origin from the old rather than from the new one, but we really know but little about the particulars.—New York Times.

A NAVAL YARN.

Twenty years ago there came to Tien-tsin an Englishman and his son. The father was a retired army officer of some means, and they were traveling for pleasure. They took a fancy to Tien-tsin and decided to settle there for awhile. Looking about for a house, they were much attracted by one just outside the city, which stood near the water's edge and commanded a beautiful view of the harbor. Their friends, and more especially their Chinese servants, cried out aghast, "They must not think of such a thing." The house was haunted. No one had lived in it for years. It was as much as one's life was worth even to pass it after nightfall. The Englishmen, however, were not to be frightened off by any such silly stories.

They rented the house and moved in. For several months all went well. Both father and son were delighted with the place and finally decided to buy it. One evening the son, who had been dining in town, came home quite late. As he opened the front door he heard what seemed to be a scuffle in his father's room. Before he could reach the top of the stairs a soul piercing shriek rose high above the confused din. Then all was silent. Rushing into his father's room, the young man found him lying on the floor in a pool of blood. There was no one else in the room, nor was there any apparent way for any one to have left it without passing him in the hall. A knife was sticking in the breast of the wounded man, a wicked looking Malay knife, with a curiously carved handle. The young man stepped into the hall to call the servants to his father's assistance. When he stepped back into the room a moment later, the knife had disappeared!

The wounded man never rallied. He lived several hours, but was not able to speak. His face was distorted by an expression of unutterable terror, and he died with the look still in his eyes.

The associations of the place were too painful for his son to remain there longer. He offered a large reward for the discovery of his father's murderer and left a minute description of the knife that had so mysteriously disappeared. Then he packed up his belongings and returned to England. The house stood vacant, of course, more dreaded than ever.

Months passed, perhaps years. I do not know, but after a certain lapse of time one of our men-of-war visited the harbor of Tien-tsin. Several of the officers were ashore one night dining with a party of foreign residents at the club. Some one told the story of the haunted house and the murdered Englishman, adding that the natives said that the murder was reenacted every night at the same hour. Our officers expressed a lively interest in the narrative.

"Let's visit the house some night," one of them suggested, "and see the show."

"Why not tonight?" exclaimed a young Dane whom we will agree to call A. "We have plenty of time, and the steward of the club has the keys of the house. The Englishman left them with him when he went away."

The men were all young and keen for adventure. Perhaps the excellent club punch had made them even braver than usual. Anyhow the suggestion was received with acclamations. The keys were called for. Some one produced a lantern. The rest filled their pockets with matches and candle ends. When they were ready to start, they looked about for A. He was nowhere to be found. The party set forth without him. One of our officers could not refrain from expressing some amusement that the organizer of the adventure should prove the only one afraid to carry it through.

"A. afraid?" cried one of the club members. "You don't know him. He doesn't know what fear means. I'll wager he's up to some deviltry at this moment. Probably he has gone on ahead to put on a pillowcase and play ghost for us."

They had to hurry to reach the house at the intended hour.

"There it is," some one said at last, and Lieutenant B., who carried the lantern, looked at his watch by its light and announced that they had just three minutes to spare. The door was unlocked with difficulty, for the fastenings had grown rusty from disuse.

"By George!" cried the first man who stepped into the hall, "there's something going on up stairs."

"It's A.," said his friend, laughing, and they all started up stairs, Mr. B. walking ahead with the lantern.

A cry of agonized despair startled the smiles from their lips and quickened their steps to a run. B. pushed open the door of the room from which the sounds had come. As he did so, and before he could see anything, the lantern was dashed from his hand and the door slammed behind him. He stood still in the darkness for a few awful, terror stricken seconds. Then he took a step forward and tripped over something on the floor. He stooped over, and his hand encountered a pool of warm, oozing liquid. It flashed on his mind that this was blood and that the thing he had stumbled over was a man's body. His heart almost stopped beating. He was afraid to move, afraid to breathe. The instants during which his friends in the hall were striking a light and opening the door seemed an eternity. Lieutenant D. is now the gray haired father of a family, but he says the horror of that moment is as fresh as though it had all happened yesterday.

At last the door was opened. The young men crowded in with their candles. There at their feet lay poor A. with the Malay knife in his heart.

Explanations are always an anticlimax. But the explanation of the foregoing tragedy is too curious to omit, though its pretensions to being a ghost story are thereby destroyed. After this second murder the authorities were aroused to a display of tardy activity. The house was carefully searched, and the discovery made that the walls were double, containing secret doors, staircases and storage chambers. One of these secret doors accounted for the murderer's escape and his return to get the knife, which he evidently felt would be a dangerous clew. In the secret chambers were found a considerable supply of arms and a large quantity of valuables of the most varied description. It was evident that the place had been used as a refuge and storehouse by Chinese pirates, its proximity to the water making it the more convenient. The owner of the knife and some members of his gang were subsequently captured and put to death.—Washington Star.

A BAG OF MYSTERY.

T UPSET THE EQUILIBRIUM OF A CARLOAD OF BROOKLYNITES.

The Peace of Mind Which the Resident of Brooklyn Puts on With His Sunday Clothes Greatly Disturbed by the Strange Young Man's Actions.

There was an odd little episode in a Brooklyn trolley car of the Flatbush line on a recent Sunday afternoon, which gave rise to an amusing comedy of conflict between the natural curiosity of human nature and the civilized obligation to restrain it.

The Flatbush and Flatlands line runs away out into the region of cornfields, truck farms and forests, lately gathered into Brooklyn's municipal area. When the car started from the end of the route it had aboard one passenger, a pleasant faced young man who carried a large leather handbag. He was well dressed.

but his clothes were covered with dust and his shoes with mud, suggesting that he had been roaming across lots in the rural wards. As the car approached and passed Prospect park it filled up with Sunday strollers.

The young man sat beside the stove, with his bag on his knees. After awhile he opened the bag a trifle, shook it gently and peered attentively inside. Then he put his hand in and seemed to be gently stirring up its contents. The passengers sitting directly opposite to him became interested in his doings, but he didn't look up. After shaking the bag from side to side for a little while he bent over and became interested in some mysterious business which for the rest of the trip absorbed his entire attention and also that of his fellow passengers.

He reached down into the bag with his right hand, lifted out something carefully in the hollow of his palm, weighed it carefully, held it to his ear, shook it, held it to his ear again and then decisively reached around and put it into his overcoat pocket. Then he reached into the bag again and went through the same motions, except that this time he placed the something carefully in one corner of the bag. First one and then another of the passengers became interested in the young man and his performance until very soon every one was peering closely, some almost painfully, over at him and his bag. But he never looked up. By and by the conductor came in and walked nervously the length of the car several times, peering into the young man's bag as he passed. But the bag was open only a trifle, and he could see nothing of its contents. He went outside and discussed the matter with a man who stood on the platform.

The young man, intensely absorbed in his performances and seemingly altogether oblivious of the intense interest of the other passengers in him, kept steadily on, lifting out invisible somethings, weighing them, listening to them, shaking them and sorting them over. Once in awhile he lifted out bits of twigs and leaves and threw them on the floor. The passengers eyed them over attentively, but could make nothing out of them. Soon they began whispering one to another about the mysterious doings of the young man, and the women moved nervously around, and one or two men looked as though they were determined to ask the young man for an explanation if he looked up. But he didn't look up. Once in awhile a passenger got out and tried hard to peer into the bag as he passed it, but uselessly. The situation was painful and was also intensely comical to one passenger who was almost as much interested in watching the ill concealed curiosity and strained nervousness of the passengers as in trying to fathom the mystery of the young man's performance. Probably if it had been any other day than Sunday some one would have plucked up courage to ask a simple although maybe impertinent question and so relieve the general strain. But the restraint imposed by Sunday clothes held every one back.

Finally when the car was entering Fulton street, the young man suddenly looked out of the window, closed the bag with a nap and hurried out of the car. There was a movement on the part of the other passengers, partly of alarm at the escape of the young man with the mystery unsolved and partly perhaps of relief at the end of the suspense. One man made a quick jump after the mysterious young man and caught him for a few seconds as he was about to leave the car.

"What've y' got? Whatcher doing?" he asked, regardless of all proprieties.

The young man looked surprised and then smiled and said:

"Oh, cocoons, chrysalides, moths, you know. I've been gathering them out in the country, and I sell them to the naturalists." Then he jumped off the car.

The impulsive, inquisitive man returned to his seat, and the remaining passengers were eagerly waiting for him. He explained that the young man was a naturalist or naturalist's collector. He evidently made a business of going around the country hunting over the fences and bushes for the chrysalides, or pupæ, of moths and butterflies. Some of these are attached to fence pickets, but perhaps the greater number are found on leave or twig. They look like balls of silk usually, but often are covered with dust, dead leaves and such matter. The collector simply gathered everything into his bag and then sorted them out later. Some of the cocoons are empty, and these he could tell sometimes by their light weight, but more certainly by shaking them. The pupa is usually loose and rattles inside the cocoon. The empty shells he put into his coat pocket, the live pupæ he sorted out according to size or perhaps by peculiarities which distinguished their character

It seemed a curious business, but yet it wasn't quite so odd as the comical perplexity in which it kept about a score of Brooklynites —New York Sun.

The Story of Bresca.

The little town of Bordighera, in Italy, has furnished the Easter palms at Rome since the year 1856. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to, without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Aiga. Dai de l'aiga ae corde!" ("Water. Give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon. The obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted and is respected to this day.— [illegible]

RIVAL EDITORS.

I had established The Weekly Herald at Calabash City and was getting along well when an opposition paper was set up.

"The Calabash City Spy, George Rowe, editor and proprietor," appeared in all the glory of secondhand type—mine was third hand—and a grade of paper somewhat resembling real "news"—mine did not resemble it at all.

Rowe was a good looking, bright, active, well educated young fellow, with whom I should certainly have been friendly under different circumstances, but this was now quite impossible.

One publication day I sat down early to do up the customary batch of "scathing exposures" and "unanswerable arraignments" of The Spy when Bud Haskins, my editorial assistant, compositor, job printer, mailing clerk and man of all work, came in beaming with joy.

"Got some good news for you, Mr. Warren!" said he, grinning. "'Cording to the way it looks now, there won't be no Spy this week—p'r'aps not next week—p'r'aps never!"

"How's that?" I inquired, much pleased.

"Rowe's sick abed—fever or sunthin. He can't do a stroke of work, 'n that fellow McKay he has with him ain't of no great use. No Spy this week, I tell you."

For a moment, mean as the emotion was, I felt glad. If Rowe missed an issue or two, he would lose the ground he had gained and probably would have to give up altogether. Then I should be left with the whole field to myself. Yes, I actually felt glad.

"I'm going out for a few minutes, Bud," I called to Haskins.

My reception at The Spy office was chilling. As I entered the dingy, pine boarded room McKay, a big, stupid looking man, stared and then sidled toward a mallet on the imposing stone.

"I want to see Mr. Rowe," said I.

"He's in bed up stairs," growled McKay, lifting the mallet.

On a camp bed in the attic lay Rowe, flushed, breathing with difficulty and rolling his head irritably about the coarse pillow. He seemed a combative person. It took some little time to convince him that my intentions were friendly, but when he became assured of this he met me with the manliest frankness.

"You're a good fellow, Warren," he exclaimed, seizing my hand. "I've been a fool"—

"No more than I."

"Well, then, we've been a pair of fools.

If ever I come out of this, we'll be a pair of friends instead, but"— He broke off with a groan.

"Come, come," said I, "you aren't going to die. You'll be well in a week or two."

"I know that, but the paper—the paper! I can't do a solitary thing, and McKay alone won't get the matter up in a week."

"Right enough. Now let's see how we can manage it. I can do your part of the composition today and finish up my own tonight. If we're both a day late, it won't make much difference. I'll begin setting at once."

Hurrying down stairs to escape Rowe's thanks, I came upon a spectacle which took my breath away. Standing at a case, sleeves rolled up and thoroughly at home, clicking the type into his stick at a great rate, was Bud Haskins.

"Hello!" said he, looking around, "how's your editor, publisher, 'n propi'tor today? Fin' him pretty comf't'ble?"

"How on earth did you get here?" demanded I.

"Same way you did. Got to thinkin—that's all."

In a few moments I was scribbling away on an improvised desk by the bedside almost as fast as Bud was setting the type below. Scratch, scratch—think an instant—scratch, scratch again—think once more—and so on until a pile of "copy" had accumulated. This was the beginning:

A FATAL FALSEHOOD.

Our by no means courteous and not in the least esteemed contemporary, The Spy, which is at once a disgrace to American journalism, a libel upon the name of a newspaper and a blot upon the fair city in which it is as yet still scornfully suffered to drag out an existence noxious to others and of no value to itself, etc.

Rowe listened without saying a word. At the end he quietly remarked:

"That's a powerful article, Warren."

"Well, now, see how this one strikes you." And I began reading again:

DESPICABLE DECEPTION.

We had hitherto supposed that the utmost imaginable depths of reckless, shameless, honorless, conscienceless mendacity had long ago been reached by that sheet unknown to fame, but intimately acquainted with infamy under the name of The Herald.

Rowe bounced up in bed.

"Do you mean to say you're going to abuse yourself like that?" said he.

"I mean to say that such a savage article as mine has got to be replied to a little more savagely if possible."

Rowe by this time had taken the humor of the situation into his fevered brain. He replied faintly:

"I think you'd better call yourself 'falsifier' first and save up the 'ignoramus' for use later on. Toward the last you might work in some reference to your general resemblance to a donkey, if you don't mind."

"Mind? Why, it's the very point I want. I'll say that the only thing in which I don't resemble a donkey is my utter incapacity for any useful employment."

"Suppose you attack me again?" suggested Rowe when the article was finished. "There should be at least two sharp leaders in each paper. You might mention the probability of my being ridden out of town on a rail because the citizens can't stand my continual lying any longer."

Aided by Rowe's suggestions, I wrote until I had matter enough for four columns, two for each paper. There were a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for The Herald, a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for The Spy, besides two strings of satirical verses which I chanced to hammer out.

Bud Haskins and McKay, working first at one office, then at the other, got the precious stuff into type, and then, with my assistance, made up The Herald and ran off the edition that night. Next morning our united forces did the same thing for The Spy.

All this was ten years ago. Calabash City is beginning to taunt Chicago with the certainty of being second to her in population, wealth and resources by A. D. 1905 at the latest. The Spy-Herald is one of the leading journals of the west.

Rowe and I might call ourselves rich men, though we never do. We have always been the best of friends.—Tit-Bits.

The Largest Medical Library.

A writer in the Washington Star says that the largest and most complete medical library in the world is the collection of medical works located in the Army Medical museum, in that city, under the care of the surgeon general's office of the war department and the immediate supervision of Dr. John S. Billings, U. S. A It may be said that the card index system of medical publications used by the library is the most thorough and practical index of medical works in the world. The library now includes about 112,000 bound volumes and about 150,000 pamphlets. It is estimated that this collection comprises three-fourths of the medical literature of the world, and at least nine-tenths of the medical literature which has been published within the last ten years.

Blubber, the fat of sea animals, costs 10 cents a pound in Lapland.

GALLANTRY COST A SHIRT.

Disastrous Results Followed a Scheme to Hide a Cigar From a Lady.

One of the most popular men in the down town produce district is G. W. Christie. His temper, however, has been sorely tried of late, and there is a wicked gleam in his eyes when anybody utters the word "Fire" in his presence.

"Chris," as his friends call him, owns more truck horses than any other man in the city. He also owns a stock farm in Poughkeepsie. He recently invited one of his friends, Fred Gebney, a banana importer, to visit his country place. Mr. Gebney accepted, and both men started for the Grand Central station in a buggy. Chris drove.

Chris, be it said, sported an immaculate shirt front, in which glittered a large diamond. The friends were bowling along Fifth avenue when Chris, who was smoking a cigar, suddenly started. He had seen a lady friend, and the impropriety of saluting her with a cigar in his mouth caused him to let the weed drop, as he thought, to the bottom of the buggy.

They had proceeded a block or so when Ed remarked:

"Something's on fire."

"That's so," replied Chris, looking around. "I can smell smoke. Maybe it's in one of these buildings, and—

"Great Scott! Wow!" he yelled. "It's me. Cæsar's ghost! It's burning me up!"

"Have you got 'em?" inquired Ed. "Suppose I turn in a fire alarm."

Before he could make any further comment Chris had stopped his horse, jumped from the buggy and was executing a war dance on the sidwealk. Smoke was rising from beneath his waistcoat, and the cigar, the cause of it all, dropped to the ground.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," exclaimed Chris. His spotless shirt front was discolored and burned in places.

"Perhaps it was the diamond," suggested Ed.

"Diamonds be blowed!" retorted Chris. "Say," he added, "I can't go to the farm looking like this."

"Oh, that's soon remedied," replied Ed. "Get a celluloid shirt front. If you're careful, it won't take fire, but you mustn't smoke, and don't put the sparkler in either."

Ed's suggestion was carried out. The journey was resumed, and when the men returned to the city the story leaked out. That is why many down town produce merchants take down their fire extinguishers when Chris happens along.

Chris says he appreciates a joke, but when he is invited to a business men's dinner and receives a miniature fireman's cap and red lantern as souvenirs "the thing's going too far."—New York Herald.

Fashionable Philanthrophy.

Englishman—Why is it you Hamericans copy the Hinglish?

American—We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks and get disgusted with yourselves.—

The first bits of india rubber that were sold in London for erasers brought about 75 cents a cubic inch.

Loaves of bread charred to a mass of black coal have been taken from the Pompeiian ovens.

Coffeepots are an oriental invention and are supposed to have come from Arabia in A D. 1400 About the same time they were used in Persia, but they did not come to France until 1662 and made their appearance in England with coffee in 1650.

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

Boston, Mass., May 20. 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 13 to 14 cents per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Have but little inquiry for Beeswax. Very light supply. Price 30 cents per lb.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Kansas City, Mo.. May 21. 1895.—Poor demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb. 12½c. Extracted ; none. Good demand for beeswax. No Supply. Price 25. Old crop of honey about cleared up.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich.. May 20, 1895.—Slow demand for honey. Low supply. Price of best white comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Fair supply. Prices 28 to 29c per lb Beeswax has come in better of late and prices have declined

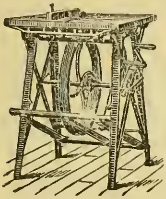
M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

CINCINNATI, O., May 20, 1895.—Demand for honey slow. Supply fair. Price of comb 12 to 16c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Beeswax is in good demand Fair supply. Prices 25 to 31c for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 20, 1895.—The demand for honey is very light. Supply light. Price of comb 8 to 12c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax at 28 to 30c per lb. Supply scarce

It is between seasons for honey now; little or no demand but old stock all good. Soon be ready for new crop. H. R. WRIGHT.



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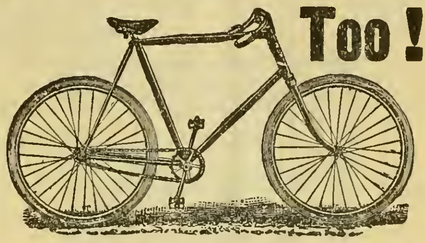

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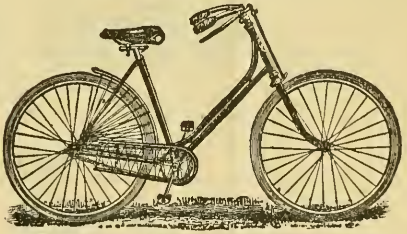

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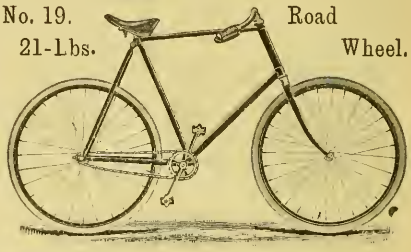

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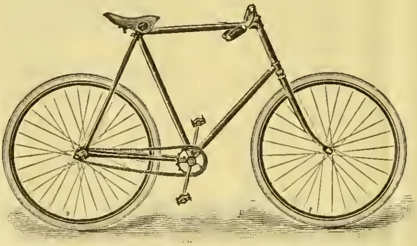

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. V. JULY 1895. NO. 7.

How to Obtain a Large Honey Crop when the Blossoms Produce it.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Often we do not obtain honey, for want of flora.often we have lots of honey producing flora, but they fail to produce honey, but oftener we have lots of honey producing blossoms loaded with honey, but we havn't our bees in the proper condition to store it. We are unable to bring out the blossoms when our bees are ready, so if we want a honey crop we must have our bees ready when the blossoms are there. Strong colonies only will produce a surplus, weak colonies often barely make a living, so the question would naturally arise, how shall we succeed in having our hives full of bees, when honey is to be had? Next spring is not the time to commence preparing your bees for the spring flow, but you should begin to make arrangements this fall in order to have strong colonies for the spring. First and foremost you should see that each colony has good, young, vigorous, queens. Don't think by this that I am trying to induce you to send me an order for queens, but get your queens where you wish or raise them yourself just so you have a good young queen in each colony. For several years back I have been using only queens that were two years or less old, these queens will breed up fast, are less inclined to swarm, raise less drones, and will give you better colonies in every respect. Try this for yourself, young queens that were bred in the spring, if properly bred, will build up faster the following spring. In some localities and in some seasons we have quite a heavy fall flow, which sometimes continues late, when the combs are filled with honey, giving the queen little if any room for laying. The bees in the hive become old by labor, and they go into winter with old bees and but few of them, these bees die a natural death before young bees are hatched in the spring to take their place, leaving the colony very weak, the very best young queen is unable to build up a colony of this kind. My experience has been that if you have a good supply of young bees to go into winter with, you will have better colonies in the spring. Young queens breed later in the fall than do old ones, which to me is another point in favor of young queens. I well know that many good bee-keepers differ with me in going into winter quarters with young bees, but I have given you my honest experience, and in conclusion would say, try the above plan in a small way at any rate and satisfy yourself.

Steeleville, Ill.

Hives for Wintering.

BY ED JOLLY.

I read with much interest the article on wintering bees in tall hives by Jno. F. Gates page 145. And as he solicits the experience and opinions of others, I will give mine and I may find it necessary to indulge in a little friendly criticism of Bro. Gates's system. He is quite right when he says the most serious drawback to bee-keeping in the North is the long cold winter. It has deterred many from taking up bee-keeping, it has driven many from the field with discouragement and it has even cut off a good slice of the profits of those who have remained in the ranks. And so he says until the bee-keeper can winter his bees with the same assured success that he can his other live stock bee-keeping will never attain its proper place along with other rural industries. He calls attention to the fact that with all our costly repositories, expenisve hives with double walls, packing, dead air spaces etc., we have never attained anything like the success in wintering we had with the old box hive. I agree with him in everything so far. But when he comes to the remedial plan I can not agree with him. He advocates the use of tall box hives to be used as a nursery for breeding bees and casting off swarms which are to be hived in small shallow hives and from these swarms must come the sole crop of surplus. Hives 28 in. tall, he didn't give the other dimensions, but the height of the hive would necessitate its being at least a foot square to make it stand up safely. Now if a hive of this size is a good swarmer it must be a revelation to those fellows who have been advocating a large hive and claiming non-swarming on account of its size as one of its prime features, when in reality their large hive is a third smaller then this one which is especially kept as a swarmer. But be that as it may the other disadvantages of the box hive system are sufficient to bar against its coming in general favor. The apiarist has absolutely no control over his bees. Here is a colony who are too cross to be tolerated, another whose bees presist in hanging idly on the front of the hive, another whose queen is not prolific and does not get strong enough to swarm and thus defeats the very purpose of the breeding box. These and other undesirable qualities which are easily weeded out by superseding the queen are here allowed to remain and multiply for want of this license. Another thing, the overabundance of drones in 200 of these hives would consume a good share of all the honey that a moderately good locality would yield. I know some would say that as no surplus was expected from these hives it wouldn't matter about their drones but the forage field most support them besides being forced to support double the number of colonies that are giving a surplus. Now we have looked on the summer side of this system, we will return to the winter. He says in the fall we can make an auction and sell off the small shallow hive. Pray why do you sell them, is it because they won't winter and you want them to die on someone else' hands? Then you see that it is a poor solution of the winter problem because your apiary doubles itself every year and only one half of which you are willing to take the risk of bringing through the next winter yourself. I have done considerable experimenting on out door wintering myself and have tried different so-called winter hives and packing and dead air spaces and I nearly always had to face the facts in the spring that my bees didn't winter as those that were kept in box hives in the same neighborhood. After studying the matter over carefully I came to the conclusion that to winter as safely in the frame hive as the box we must bring the conditions that the colony wintered under in box hive and apply it to the frame hive as nearly as possible. Now it a generally conceded fact that bees will stand almost any degree of cold if well provisioned and kept dry. Reasoning thus I put half my colonies in the dovetailed hives in '93 and the only preparations I made was to see that they had plenty honey and put two empty supers or one empty hive body on top and an extra heavy cushion of chaff on the top of the frames. Leaving the outer-walls of single thickness entirely unprotected. The theory of the work was this, the air inside the bee hive becomes saturated with moisture which condenses whenever and wherever it comes in contact with cold of a sufficient degree. Now the outer-walls being thin are easily penetrated by frost and cold and as the warm air in the hive comes in contact with the frosty outer-walls the moisture is attracted and condensed and runs down and out leaving the cluster dry. The heavy packing over the top prevents the cold from penetrating through to the top of the cluster consequently no moisture is condensed over the bees. The same law that attracts and condenses the moisture of a warm room on the thin frosty window pane attracts and condenses on the the thin outer-wall of the bee hive. After trying this experiment in the winter of '93 I was perfectly satisfied with it and last winter I worked it on all my hives and must say that my wintering by this plan has been perfect, and when I say perfect I mean that 100 per cent of my colonies came through the winter bright, healthy and strong and ready for business. Now the advantages of the single walled hive for wintering are these. First it condenses the moisture where it will not effect the colony. Second it warms up more quickly when the sun shines but a short time and the colony will often have a flight while those in thick walled hives will remain in-active, in fact I have seen that very thing myself. Third on account of warming quickly by the sun they offer more frequent opportunities for changing the position of the cluster and for carrying honey from the outer combs to the center. Fourth they are much cheaper than those hives built specialy for wintering and come nearer bringing the conditions of box hive which all must admit is excelled by none.

Franklin, Pa.

Subscribe NOW for the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER.

She Bee Fakirs.

BY PHILO. S. DILWORTH.

In most live stock business, we find breeders with a high standard. Such breeders delight in showing their stock, extolling their good points, showing how much better stock theirs is than somebody elses. They seem to be constantly trying to improve.

But when we get into the class of queen bee breeders we find a great mass of "She Bee Fakirs." Instead of breeding for points, for great excellence, we find them catering to a supposed "demand." Any kind of a she bee that will bring in dollars.

At one time New York State could boast of a high class of queen breeders, but they joined the procession. At one time they could get their own prices for queens. Now I would not give two dollars for the best queen offered. Instead of continuing to try to educate the people up to a high standard, they joined the fakirs. There is no reason why experienced and high standard specialists should try to cater to a manufactured demand.

A demand worked up by cranks, or people with axes to grind.

I have no sympathy for fakirs who shout themselves hoarse in their efforts to gull the public. I have no kindred feeling for she bee fakirs, or machine breeders who throw a comb of eggs into a machine, give the crank a few turns, and, "*zip*" advertise, "Queens from imported mothers."

I doubt if many of those people are willfully or intentionally dishonest. They have not been educated to the higher plane. Perhaps some of them occupy the low ground that a queen is a queen, and a queen is worth a dollar. That principal is rank fallicy. In my former writings I attempted to show that a poor queen is worse than worthless. You discover their worthlessness by the loss of a colony, or by the failure of that colony to gather the honey or store it properly.

Queen breeders should give personal attention to each individual colony and become personally acquainted with all the good and bad characteristics of each queen and colony. Breed from none but those who have proven themselves up to the standard. I very much favor the plan for every bee-keeper to have an imported queen in his yard at all times.

At the same time an imported queen is no better than your own unless they can show some superior qualities side by side with your own. To argue that stock can be improved by breeding from queens that are inferior to or no better than your own, just because that breeding stock is pure, in my judgment shows ignorance, or a species of dishonesty, that wilfully indulges in false teaching for the money there is in it.

Ingram, Pa,

Cuba and its Value.

BY A RESIDENT.

Lying here in the old Atlantic bathed forever by its waters, fanned almost constantly by cool coast breezes visited weekly by ships of all nations, lies a gem of unknown value held down by an iron grip which the people have often tried to throw off time and again but without success, is an island whose name, *Cuba* is known far and wide. It is a long narrow island 700 miles long by 30 miles wide in its narrowest place the value of which is not known for under the present government not half of its capabilities are known, not much more than half of its land is worked, its rich iron and coal mines lie idle awaiting for the day to come when it will pass from Spain to a more humane power. Spain treats this, its palm of possessions, worse than I can find words to explain. Although it has 1,168,000 inhabitants they consider it at their mercy and tax the people till they have hardly a cent left with which to buy their clothes. Think of this many people paying an annual money tax of 2, 400, 000 dollars to their superior brothers, tax, tax, tax, nothing but taxes, you have got to get a little piece of paper for this, for that, and for the other, if you drive a buggy you will have to pay 8 dollars a year for doing so. You have to have a citizenship paper every year, this however is only 20 cts a head, without this paper you have no right to own anything and it could be taken from you at any time no matter how much your property is valued at you have no right to it without this paper. If you are a butcher you have to pay 3 dollars for every grown hog you kill and five for every beef, if you wish to embark in store keeping you shall hove to search the corners of your pockets lively for at the end of a year you must hand over 300 dollars no matter whether you come out even or not, for the privilage. If your fancy runs to hair cutting and shaving, you must pay according to the number of customers you. Should you have a desire for shoemaking, to protect the feet of these poor unfortunates, you will only have to pay 5 cts a pair for every pair you make. If you set up in the blacksmith business do not be shocked at the end of your first year to learn that you owe Mrs. Spain 100 dollars or more, for the privilege of practicing on the feet of our poor, dumb, faithful, animal the horse. Of all things keep control of that vital organ the heart for, matrimony is very expensive here and often a poor fellow works for months bending his back to the blazing sun after he has built his palm hut. It will only cost him 25 or 30 dollars for the knot, and right here let me say of the palm that there is no other tree that grows, out of which a human being can get all the material to build a house and the broom to keep it clean and feed for his pigs. You think I am gassing? All right then, now I'll show you. Selecting a tall straight palm he falls it, cuts it in the lengths he wants it, splits it into boards of the proper width, hews off the fibers from the inside, and leaves them for the sun to dry and harden, these boards which is the shell are very hard when dry and about an inch or more thick. Now he proceeds to cut the leaves which are left about two days in the sun to season. While his boards and *shingles* are drying the frame-work is put up. This is a short job. The size of the house is generally about 12x20 ft. The four posts are set very firmly in the ground, being hewed from everlasting wood. Plates and rafters are all made of poles, the plates being spiked well to the posts. The rafters and crest poles are all lashed firmly with palm string. Now the house is ready for the roof. The palm-leaves which are 8 to 10 ft. long are cut up about

2 ft. in length. Commencing at the eaves they begin to tie them on very thick so as to leave the roof about 8 or 10 inches thick. One of these roofs when well put on will last for 10 years. After the roof is finished, then the sides are put on. These consist of strong bark that comes from the upper part of the tree which is tied onto poles which are tied securely to posts. These barks are generally put on thick, making a siding more than an inch thick. Now we have the roof and siding. Well, in 9 cases out of ten nature provides for the floor. A hole cut through the side with a bark to stop it at night makes a window in lots of cases. These same barks tied to poles with strings for hinges makes the door (a few have board doors) these barks make the partitions, *i. e.* some use these barks in preference to the boards for they are much quicker and easier put on, now we have the house complete. These royal palms blossom about every two weeks. The blossoms are very large and very beautiful when new ; in a few days there is a fruit that begins to set, or rather a nut. It is, when grown, about the size of corn or a little larger, and a good bunch will weigh 150 lbs. These are very nutritious and are next to corn for hogs. They will ripen in four months and turn a bright red, Then cut them and hang the bunch up over the pigs and in a few days they will all drop off. This is the best of feed and besides you have a very durable broom by just tying a couple of strings around it. Though only about 2½ ft. long the poor have to get along with it. So now what do you think? Name another tree out of which the natives (or any body for that matter) can build a house with all material, shingles, boards, nails all complete, besides the best of feed for hogs, and then a broom with which to keep the house clean. I don't believe there is another that grows. As for the war, as yet there is not much fighting going on, but the natives are making big preparations for something to come in the near future. Shiploads of arms have been bought in the last twelve years by leading men from here and have been shipped to Florida covered with tallow, then wrapped in greased rags and packed in very tight boxes and buryed along the coast where it would be most convenient to load them at the proper time. Immense sums of money have been raised and like the arms stored away in safety awaiting the proper time. Several small gun-boats have also fell into the revolutionist hands, they have 20,000 followers in Florida and Mexico, the war was not planned to break out here before July. Then with half the population of the island, with large reinforcements from abroad, of money arms and men, they expected to take Spain by surprise. But they are watching all the time so closely that they have got wind of it a little before hand and are hustling troops here as they have never done before. A few important leaders have organized small bands of natives in the extreme eastern end of this island and are playing hide and seek in the mountains there, but no real battles are expected till after July when most of this year's crops and work will be over, and when the down pour of rain is getting well under way. The nature of this soil is such that no man

can walk over a plowed field here when wet without carrying 20 lbs. of mud on each foot. So this you see will make the transportation of artillery almost impossible only by rail. This Island is very rich. A garden spot planted and replenished by nature from whose soil crops are grown constantly without rest or manuring.

It should by all means belong to Uncle Sam, and I think before that youngster in Spain is old enough to rule he will be relieved from the troubles and tribulations the ruling over these people would bring to him.

Whenever the day comes when Uncle Sam says "if we cannot buy Cuba in peace, then we will take her by force," when he puts on his silk hat, his long-tailed coat, and buckles down his pants, and dabs a little war paint on his temples and goes out for a stroll, leading his little cannon, why then Miss Spain, look out how you fire shots across our bows, and because we don't heed you, plow the heaving bosom of old Atlantic in the vain hopes of overtaking an American greyhound of the seas.

My last words are, "look out and don't let your blood boil over into the sea and be floated down here for the people who love the stars and stripes might take it as a challange to fight.

Punta Brava, Cuba, June 1, 1895.

Current Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

It takes a "right smart" of sentimentality, though 24 carats fine, to tip the beam against a means of livlihood, "these times."

The 200 or 250 (or so) cocoons which would be nested inside of a cell 1-5 of an inch in diameter, in 35, or 40 years, (or so,) would leave a "pretty small" hole.

If sentimentalism is the strongest argument that can be adduced in opposition to the importing, or migratory (or *annihilation*, if you please) system of management, by which, according to the originator's experience, the specialist may render his avocation more lucrative, it is now in order that one advance step be accredited to John McArthur, of Toronto, Ont.

To pharaphase H. G. Osborn, of Cuba: The prosperity which formerly obtained in that verdant isle of tropical splendor and bloody insurrections, has forsaken it. A foul brood scourge, natural recources being superseded by cultivated fields and a 40 per cent decrease in the price of honey. The former is indeed, deplorable, *lo siento muchisimo*. The second, is doubtless of but local moment, as it would seem that the ambitious honey producer, while the latter might be attributed to the manipulations of middle-men, without serious danger of injustice.

"It is estimated that to produce a single perfect strawberry from one hundred to double or triple that number of independent fertilizations must be accomplished. If fertilization fails, instead of a lucious berry we have a hard, shrunken, greenish mass.—Bee-Master, in A. B. J. The moral is obvious, and anything from Bee-Master's edifying quill is pretty sure to merit a degree of thought, at least. Notwithstanding that *nom de plume*, behind which his identity is supposed to be effectually concealed, like Editor Leahy with little Tommy Taylor, I think I have him "spotted."

It is said that the annual value of bee-keeping in England and Wales would probably reach $750,000, aside from the sale of bees. The annual yield of honey and wax in the same place approaches 4,000,000 lbs. which might be increased if more bees were kept.

New Smyrna, Fla.

OUR
CORRESPONDENTS

We have not received any correspondence during the past month that will be of particular interest to our readers. We have not been in the habit of publishing many letters praising our goods, but we do not wish our readers to think it is because we do not receive them. Below we print a few which have been received during the past few days which will show those of our readers who do not know from experience that our goods are first class and pretty sure to give entire satisfactory to the purchasers.

The W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co.—Gentlemen: The sections and foundation, also section frames came in due time. Well, Now! Talk about nice goods it makes me smile every time I open a box. They are perfect.

M. T. Underwood.

Geneva, N. Y., June 5th.

The W. T. Falconfr Man'f'g Co.—Gentlemen: I received the goods today. They came through in good condition. Everything was all right. The goods were the finest lot I have ever had.

Yours truly, S. L. Carper.

Grand View, W Va.

The W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co.—Dear Sirs: The goods are at hand in good order. I am very much pleased with the sections. They are "Dandies". The best I have ever seen. Comb foundation is also O. K.

Yours truly, Geo. Hodollar.

Karthaus, Pa., June 24.

The W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co.—Dear Sirs: I received the goods and in nice condition. Am very well pleased with all. The Perfect Supers are certainly the best thing I have had yet for surplus honey.

Yours sincerely, L. Hawk.

McMichael, Pa., June 19th.

The W. T. Falconer Manf'g. Co.—Dear Sirs: Yours of the 13th at hand. My bees commenced swarming June 8th and stopped on the 13th. There seems to be no honey to gather at present. Due to dry weather probably. My supplies are nearly all put together and are a very fine lot.

Thanking you for past favors, I remain, Yours respectfully,

A. G. Amos.

Delhi, N. Y., June 18, 1895.

[The above will show how our customers like our goods. We get a great many letters similar to these, all being sent to us voluntarily.—Ed.]

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From The Bee Keepers' Review.)

MANAGEMENT NECESSARY FOR SECURING THE BEST BEES.

BY B TAYLOR.

More than thirty years ago I began experimenting with different methods of managing bees, with a view to finding the best method of keeping the stock vigorous and the surplus crop as large as possible. About fifteen years later I recognized the method that seemed to give the best results in a more systematic order. I rearranged my yard by making a lot of stands of a proper size to hold two hives. These stands were made by driving four small cedar stakes and nailing narrow boards upon them six inches from the ground. These stands were placed in a circle one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. This circle arrangement worked well, as each stand had an individuality of its own hard to attain in any other way.

In the spring one swarm is placed on each of the stands, covered up warmly, and care taken that all have plenty of food, then let alone in quiet except that there is constant critical observation of *outside appearances* to detect any failing colony and give it the necessary attention.

The first five or six swarms that issue are hived in brood chambers contracted to not more than 800 inches of comb surface. The supers of sections that have been put on the parent colony some time previous are changed to the new swarm which is then placed on a new stand some distance from the parent colony, which, in the case of first swarms, is left on the old stand. The reason for leaving them there is that we want them to have plenty of bees to finish and mature all the queen cells ; for here is the nursery in which new queens are to be raized to supply each old colony with a queen after it has cast a swarm.

After I have started enough nurseries in this way to supply me with queens, each swarm is set where the parent colony stood, the supers are moved to it, a queen excluding honey board being put under it, and the parent colony moved to the other end of the same stand with its entrance turned in the opposite direction from the new swarm. I want all the field bees in the new swarm to keep it strong, for it is from these new swarms that comes eighty per cent of the white honey crop.

I can get more white honey by hiving these new swarms in hives with only starters of comb foundation in the brood frames. In theory, I do not intend to winter these colonies, but to work them for all the surplus they can be *forced* to produce, then unite them in the fall with the parent colonies. Sometimes, however, in spite of all forcing, they are in first-class condition, and I select enough of the best to supply the waste and loss that comes each winter.

In a day or to after a swarms issues, the parent colony is examined by taking out each comb carefully and removing all queen cells. (I will say right here that for making these and all other examinations of the brood nest, my full brood chamber, wire-end frame, handy hive far surpasses all others with which I am acquainted, for I can remove and return the combs with an ease and dispatch that is impossible in any other hive I have tried. I have followed after false gods for some years, but will wander no more, as hereafter each swarm will be hived in these hives. Mr. Editor, I give you my word of honor I do not use this language for any other purpose than because I know it to be the *truth.*) It is very easy to find all cells at this time for there are but few bees, and these young ones that will scarcely try to fly. When the combs are returned I stick in a queen cell, taken from the nursery I have described, that will hatch in a day or two, The cell is put between the top bars of the hive directly over the cluster of bees, because I can examinate it by simply raising the hive cover, and it will hatch just as well here as in the comb below. Let me say here that if the queen cells are not cut out of the combs at all, but the nearly mature cell used just as described, not one colony in ten will destroy the introduced cell, but I wish to make sure, not only that the colony will not swarm again, but that the introduced cell furnishes the queen; for this, in my opinion, is the natural and best method of improving the bees, within the *reach* of man. It is the law of the *survival of the fittest* to use the highest type of each kind for *parantage*; and the colony that, under the same conditions, builds up and casts the earliest swarm has *proved* its *claim* to first rank.

The plan outlined will be the one followed in the future to improve my bees. I will keep introducing a little fresh Italian or other desirable blood each year, and will keep some black stock in the yard, but will not strive for five-banded, three-banded, goldens, or other arbitrary standard but will *crown them that excel* in good works.

There is another way of using some of the brood from the medium early swarms. With all our care, there will always be some backward colonies at swarming time. Indeed, this seems necessary in all of nature's works. I look upon the universe as a growth; always unfolding towards a higher order. I regard creation as going on as truly to-day as in any former time, and if in bees and other things there were no difference, and all colonies were just alike there would be no starting point from which superiority could be detected and utilized, so we want to build up tnese backward colonies by working out inferior blood and substituting *superior*, and we take the brood from our more vigorous colonies, remove from the weak colonies the combs that have no brood and fill up the space with surplus brood. This not only improves the strain of bees but insures reasonably early swarms. Please remember that by this method we are not trying to suppress swarming: we are to accept the fact that swarming is implanted by nature and that the *true* ways of nature are the voice of God which no wise person will resist or try to injure when they hear and understand it. I have tried many plans to prevent swarming but without profitable results, and I now believe I can get the best results, not by preventeng but by encouraging swarming and then *properly* utilizing it to accomplish certain aims. I have learned to my cost that there are other vital interests to consider besides the *current year's surplus,* and one of the greatest of these interests is the condition of our colonies for future work. What does it profit a person that relies on honey production for a living to gain a big crop and then lose all his bees? The parent colonies treated as I have described will in the fall, if there is a fair yield of nectar, and without which all methods are vain be heavy with stores and filled to overflowing with young bees. *Without which successful wintering is impossible.* This method enables us, after we have got as many colonies as we wish, to control increase, for we are to unite the prime swarms with the parent colonies again in the early fall. This I do by setting the prime swarm on top of the parent colony with a queen excluding honey board between them, having first removed the old queen. If the new swarm is very populous I will set the two together without the honey board and winter them in the two story hive ; in fact this may be the best in all cases where the colonies are very strong in bees. I have learned, however, from actual experience' that it does not improve the parent colony to add the bees from the other colony to it, especially if done late, and if I could satisfy my consience I would kill or abandon to its fate the new swarm after the brood was hatched and utilized, using the combs and honey in the most desirable way for wax for future use ; but I cannot reconcile myself to this cruel work. I know it is no worse than to raise and kill our domestic and wild animals for food, but I believe that the person that can enjoy the milk from his gentle pet cow during her useful life and then with bloody hands take her life and enjoy the meat, can do so only because he is yet a savage. Believing as I do that all forms of life are related I feel like obeying ihe command, "thou shalt not kill." I feel thus not so much from fear of harming the inferior animals as from fear of blunting my own better nature.

FORESTVILLE, Minn.

(From the Nebraska Queen).

SOMETHING ABOUT SWARMING AND HIVEING OF BEES.

The bees swarm because their natural instinct is to multiply themselves, and because their home becomes too small and warm. The bees in small hives will swarm earlier and more in number if left to themselves, other things being equal.

Now, if we wish to control the swarming tendency, and we must if we expect to get a good crop of honey, I have found by long experience that good-sized hives are better than small ones.

I think it is better to give them room to occupy just as soon as the strength of the colony will permit ; don't wait until your hive is chuck-full of bees.

By giving room in advance they will not be apt to swarm so early, and when a swarm comes off it will be very large. Such swarms are A No. 1 for making comb for extracted honey.

A record should be kept of the date of the swarming, because in seven or eight days we must go through the parent hive and dispose of all the surplus queen-cells, as only one queen is necessary for each colony.

At such times the opportunity is good to supersede poor stock with good. If the surplus queen-cells are not cut out, there will nearly always be several after-swarms, which are very annoying, as such are often hard to manage, and unprofitable unless we want increase.

By managing thus, you have only doubled your stock and your bees should be in prime order to get honey.

I will give a few thoughts about swarming and hiveing the bees.

The old way used to be, when the bees swarmed, the women-folks and all hands were out with the bells and the tin pans, and there was din and clatter until the bees settled, which was not nearly as soon as they would if they had been alone.

It is nice to have some small, smooth trees near by, but should not be allowed to get over about 12 feet high—smaller 'are better—for the bees to cluster on.

No large trees should be near the apiary, as they are apt to make trouble.

If you have no trees, just go to the woods and cut some, and put in front of the apiary about two rods. Put down as you would a hop-pole.

The bees will cluster on them, and you can pull and carry the swarm where you choose.

Now, I will give you my plan, when you first see a swarm coming out, go quietly to the hive, stand beside it, and see if the queen is able to fly with the swarm—if not, you will find her on the ground, if you are on hand.

If she is not able to fly, place her in a cage quickly, and put her with the swarm, or else remove the old hive out of the way, and place a new empty one on the old stand. Place the queen in it, and the swarm will hive themselves, although care should be taken and not let them go into other hives, as they sometimes will.

Now when the queen flies with the swarm : if you wish them to alight quickly, don't get in their way, nor interrupt them, unless they should move in a direction where there are no trees. In that case sprinkle with water or scatter dust among them.

The first or prime swarm will rarely ever try to run away if properly treated.

I use a light box on a pole about 10 feet long. The box is like an old fashioned box-hive, with one end open, and lots of holes bored in it for a swarm-catcher. When about two quarts of the bees have clustered, put the box up and shake them in, and turn the open end out so the others can fly in, and if you don't do this too soon they will all go right in, or on the box.

You can just lean the box up against the tree if the pole is the right length, and prepare the hive, if not ready.

Right here let me say the hive must be large enough so the bees will have reasonable room, and the entrance large enough, and the hive must be well shaded or they will not stay.

When the bees are all settled in the box, you can carry them where you wish. To hive them, take the top of the hive off, and the qneen-excluder, and put a quart or two in to start them; put the excluder and covers on carefully, and shake some in front of the entrance. They will soon go in.

You can hurry them up by brushing them carefully.

When you pour some of the bees out hold the box out of the way, or it will draw them to it. Gently tapping on the hive will help to get them in.

You can put sections on immediately or extracting super over a queen-excluding honey-board.

Should the bees be very cross while swarming, the smoker is the best remedy. If you shake them off the trees and they fall some distance, they will be angry. I have kept bees on the above plan for 17 years, and have found it reliable. I seldom, if ever, have any "runaways."

A. C. SANFORD.

(From the American Bee Journal).

HOW TO PREVENT SWARMING.

BY JOHN WELCH JR.

To the apiarist whose chief object is the production of honey, the prevention of increase by natural swarming becomes a serious problem, which is not satisfactorily solved by many. The numerous members of the bee-keeping fraternity practice various plans to accomplish their ends in this respect, such as removing or caging the queen, cutting aut queen-cells, using entrance-guards or queen-traps, extracting or giving surplus room above.

Where I run for comb honey alone, I have attained very fair success along this line, by keeping myself well posted concerning the condition of the colonies, and whenever I find one whose brood-chamber is getting nearly full (and this the experienced bee-keeper is enabled to tell at a glance on opening the hive, by observing that the bees have begun to whiten and bulge the combs at the top-bars), I put on a super at once, and put in it two or three partly-filled sections to entice the bees to go to work above, which it will usually do at once if there is a sufficient flow of nectar. If I observe that the bees are still hampered for room, then put on another, putting it beneath the first, which should now be partly filled. Give the bees just room enough, and then entice them to go to work above. and you have accomplished your object, and thereby increased your profits and abated the swarming-fever.

In addition to the above, if it is at a time of the year when the young bees reared would mature at a time to assist in gathering some particular honey-flow, I remove the outside frames, which are usually filled with honey only, and slip in the middle of the colony a couple of frames filled with full sheets of foundatiou; this will give the bees and queen more room and work for awhile.

But it is my opinion, to get at the matter aright, so as to obtain the best results, it becomes necessary for us to go further back, and see that we have got a strain of bees whose energies are spent on honey-gathering, more than on increase alone. There is without doubt a vast difference in various strains of bees in this respect; while some with a vim are gathering in from field and wood, the various sweets which they can find, others with equal energy are bent on increasing their numbers more than their stores, and consequently when winter comes, they find that they have swarmed the harvest time away, so to speak, and are without stores for winter.

We should breed only from those queens whose colonies approach nearest our ideal of perfection, considering in their proper order the qualities of hardiness, honey-gathering, gentleness and beauty.

The qualities of different strains of bees are as diverse as as those of different people, and the intelligent and wide-awake bee-keeper keeps an eye on thls point in selecting his breeders.

Frost, Ohio.

HOW TO TREAT HOUSE-PLANTS.

Do not keep your rooms too warm; 70 or 75° is probably what the human occupants will insist on, and most of the plants listed will do very well in such a temperature. But frequently our living rooms are kept at 90° or more, and plants cannot stand such a heat because there will be but little moisture in the air. This dryness of air is one of the chief drawbacks to successful plant-culture, and one must do everything possible to counteract it. Shower the plants daily. Keep a vessel of water evaporating on the stove or register. Be very sure to admit fresh air daily, by opening doors and windows some distance away form the plants. If fresh air blows directly on the plants, it will be pretty likely to chill them.

Water only when the soil looks dry on the surface. Then do it thoroughly. Give enough to saturate all the soil in the pot. Some plants, like the heliotrope, require much more water than others, because of their many fine roots. Give each one careful attention, and do not go on the principle of treating all alike.

Even with the utmost care insects will sometimes appear, and they increase rapidly in warm, dry rooms if not fought promptly and presistently. Use a reliable insecticide, and use it thoroughly.—*From "The Winter Window-Garden," in Demorest's Magazine for July.*

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

TERMS:

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☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

☞A blue cross on this paragraph indicates that your subscription expired last month. Please renew.

EDITORIAL.

The honey season for the manufacturers is practically closed for 1895. Taking it altogether we have had a much better business than for several past seasons although the late frosts followed by extremely dry weather caused trade to stop very suddenly about the middle of June.

The *American Apiculturist* has put in an appearance but once in about four months.

We fear the dull times and consequent shrinkage of subscription list has proven almost too much for it. We truly hope not.

We note that the *Review* has far more paid advertisements than any other magazine in beedom. Which is a great deal owing to the tasty way in which "Hutch" gets up the matter. He makes them all attractive.

"Oh! Consistancy thou art a jewel." Hasty in June *Review* finds fault with us for publishing a certain story in our May number and then proceeds to give a detailed synopsis of it for the benefit of his readers. Sorry you found it so objectionable Friend Hasty. The editor has in fact never read the story himself. It was sent us by a reliable "press association" and "accepted" by one of our assistants.

Advertising is something of a science, and should not be experimented with even in bee papers.

For instance, the best and largest buyers of bee-keepers supplies, queens etc., are not the old experienced hands, they make the greater part of their supplies themselves, and raise their own queens, but it is the beginners, and the way to reach them is not through those publications which cater especially to the advanced bee-keepers but those which, like the *American Bee-Keeper*, strive to serve the beginners.

Do not forget you can order supplies from us using the catalogue of any first-class manufacturer. Our prices are no higher, and in some cases lower. While our goods are guaranteed to be superior in material and wormanship. We furnish anything wanted by bee-keepers.

Those "funny (?) pictures" in June 27th issue of the *American Bee Journal* are evidently "from the German."

It is rather difficult to discern much humor in them.

We notice that a western firm advertise wood base comb foundation. This does not seem to us to be a practical idea. Though it might do in the brood chamber, of course it could not be used in sections.

We must urge every one who is behind on their subscription to pay up at once.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture—latest edition—and the BEE KEEPER one year for 85c, or including *Gleanings* one year $1.75.

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 55c each, or with cloth cover for 85c each.

New England customers will save freight by purchasing their supplies of our Eastern agent, W. M. Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Credit System In London.

A case in the queen's bench division threw some curious light on the credit system. Miss Edith Lane Fox (Mrs. Fitzwilliam) was, it seems, in debt at the time of her marriage to the extent of nearly £10,000. Prior to the marriage her husband paid £2,000 of these debts and after marriage the remainder. Is it customary, we wonder, with west end tradesmen to let young unmarried ladies run up debts to this kind of extent?—Westminster Gazette.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place,
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night,
Those who have gone before?
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

—New York Ledger.

THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR

His chief occupation in the daytime was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this, and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them, and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within, for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moaning and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impacted wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself more in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions.

With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all. With the latter he had nothing in common, for they were criminals, and he—he had blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night; that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left; that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came a blank. He waked to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away

When the officer put their hands upon him, he shook them off. When they did it again, he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure.

Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. That was the compromise effected. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not believe he had committed the crime. Robbery? He shrugged his shoulders at that. He insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion.

But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word that they had played cards again. Anger? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young Seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the courtroom hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes, and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know, and I don't know, who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent. How will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less these 20 years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my ten years."

He turned from them, and as he did so he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the courtroom with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a mocking sort of way. As he went from the courtroom another woman made her way to him in spite of the guards. It was the little chemist's wife, who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands.

He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabre. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious, for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the warders protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excitable, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of 20. He lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the courtroom haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived largely at the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself. He was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he rocked to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a warder heard him cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment, "O God, canst thou do everything but speak?" And again, "That hour, the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons, and he was doing this one day when the jailer came to him and said: "M. Converse, you are free. The governor has cut off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion and the little chemist and his wife and others more important—but he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the courtroom. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and the good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied.

"But that is no reason."

"I once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness.

"That's bad," he said. "Were you punished?"

She shook her head and answered, "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she said, an agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips, and his eyes were all afire, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said. "I remember I waked and saw you looking at me that night! Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

She nodded. He was silent for a moment.

"The child still lives?" he asked. She nodded again. "Well, let it be so," he added. "But you owe me five years and a lost reputation."

"I wish to God I could give them back," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was for my child, he was so young!"

"It can't be helped now," he said, and he turned away from her.

"Won't you forgive me?" she asked bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied meaningly.

"If the child did not need me, I would give my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him sorry. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud gone from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town looking neither to right nor left and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open window, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her as he had done when he went condemned to prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and entering sat down before the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.—Gilbert Parker in New York Herald.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

Wood Engraving.

No doubt there are few outside Germany who can engrave a head as finely as Klinkicht can in his own style, but as a general rule German engraving is far more precise, more mechanical, more according to formula, than that of either France or America. There is often great skill and sometimes considerable artistic feeling in German wood engraving, but, as a rule, it does not compare with the highest French work. Yet its condition is not unsatisfactory. Thanks chiefly to the great engraving "studios" or factories, which flourish upon the low prices at which copyright for wood engraving may be obtained from dealers and artists, the illustrated magazines and newspapers, not only of Germany, but of other countries, too, are kept supplied with excellently cut blocks, "at moderate prices, and with regularity and dispatch."

But the craftsman is rarely an artist, and when he is he is rather an artist in intelligence than an artist in feeling. He reveals the scientific and philosophic far more than the artistic side of the national temperament, and for that very reason no doubt his work is accepted without much question, and his existence is assured.—National Review.

A Diary.

First Day—On the high seas; stormy weather; disagreeable company.

Second Day—Captain very admirable; made a declaration of love and offered me his heart and hand; rejected.

Third Day—Captain returns to the charge; threatens to kill me, commit suicide and blow up the whole vessel with 300 persons; rejected.

Fourth Day—Saved the lives of 300 persons.—London Globe.

Dr. Johnson had an exceedingly unattractive face. His complexion was red, his eyes, besides being bleared with scrofula, were so nearsighted that his expression was that of intense dullness.

SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

So many things I do forget,
And fain would I remember
Bright things, glad things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the home where my childhood learned its songs,
And the trees where my father set them,
And the brook and the bank where the pine belongs,
I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget,
And fain would I remember,
Bright things, wise things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the friends of childhood's long ago,
By the mountain shadowed river—
With a fadeless light their names shall glow
Forever and forever.

So many things I do forget,
And fain would I remember,
Bright things, sweet things, my footsteps met
Before they crossed November,
But the blue of my angel mother's eyes
And the tears of love that wet them,
And the kisses of one beyond the skies,
I never shall forget them.

So many things I have forgot,
Nor wish I to remember,
Sad things, hard things, I tell them not
To April or December,
But the ivies of the mountain wood,
And the scarlet plums behind them,
Would I forget them if I could,
Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget,
And fain we would remember,
Ere feet that danced the minuet
Have walked to slow December,
But the songs that silent lips have sung
Our memories silhouette them.
We sing them over. We are young
And never can forget them.

—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great frost, and, unmindful of my 50 odd years, I undertook to skate 20 miles or so along the frozen Lea. When I returned home, I was tired—so tired that scarcely was I seated in my armchair when I found myself nodding, and undoubtedly I should have fallen asleep had not an exceedingly strange circumstance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from my chair in my home in north London, whirled through space for a couple of hours and then deposited gently but firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath

when an aged man of venerable aspect, whom I at once recognized as the man in the moon, approached me and inquired my business. I explained that I was an involuntary trespasser on his hospitality, and then, thinking as I was there I might as well learn something about the history of our satellite and its inhabitants—supposing there were any —I proceeded as respectfully as might be to question the old fellow.

"Yes; you are right," he exclaimed in answer to my query as he placed the load of fagots he was carrying on a projecting mass of granite and rested his back against the cone of an extinct volcano. "I have seen a lot of changes in my time. How old am I? Well, I don't know exactly, but it is some millions of years ago since my first birthday.

"Why, bless my heart, when I was a lad, this old dried up moon was as bright and fresh as your earth is now.

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks gleamed and flashed through the valleys and forests clothed with verdure the mountains now dead and silent. Aye, these were glorious times. The birds sang in the woods from early dawn to nightfall, the fishes leaped and plashed and leaped and plashed again in every eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers. Great mammals, some uncouth and some beautiful, but mostly the latter, roamed at will amid the glades of our mighty forests. Then, after a million years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, man," he reiterated rather testily. "Man, of course. Do you think your earth alone has been the home of man? I tell you he lived and flourished here while the earth was yet formless and void, a vast white hot mass of semifluid granite. At first he was weak for lack of knowledge, and fought—often unsuccessfully—with the wild beasts of the forests for food and drink and raiment. Then as he grew older he grew wiser and carved for himself weapons of flint and wood, just as the earth man did a million or two years afterward. Our lunar men were very clever, too—very clever. Not so large or so strong as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker to learn. Why, it did not take us more than 200,000 years to perfect our civilization."

"And what happened then?" was my next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question hard to answer," quoth the old man sadly. "All I know is that one year there came a blight over all things. It was not exactly a plague. It was rather a want of vitality in the atmosphere that reacted with terrible effect on all animate nature. Man, being the most highly organized of all things living, was the first to feel its baneful effects, and he dwindled and pined and finally perished, and the places that had been wont to know him knew him no more forever.

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew more and more attenuated the mammals first and afterward every form of animal life grew cold and dead. The lowest forms of plant life lingered for a few thousand years longer, until the last drop of water had evaporated into space, in fact, and then they, too, vanished, and the moon was left as you see it today, a dead world, without heat, atmosphere or moisture."

"A sad fate surely, but you must have become resigned," I said soothingly, for the old man was sighing heavily and gazing fixedly into space as though he saw again the lost visions of lone livers he had been describing.

"No, I am not resigned," and he shook his head slowly from side to side. "Both myself and my sister look forward to better times to come."

"Your sister?" I exclaimed wonderingly. "I was not aware"—

"That I had a sister?" he interrupted. "Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course you have never seen her. She lives on the side of the moon opposite to the earth, amid mountains and valleys, upon whose bold outlines no earthly eye has ever gazed. It is by far the best side of the moon, too, but she is getting rather tired of living there and talks about changing places with me. I expect you would be rather surprised down below there if some fine day—or night, rather—you found a woman in the moon instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and forgetful of his recent fit of the blues the old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied, laughing in my turn, "although I fancy, unless your sister's appearance differs in a marked degree from your own, that we should scarcely be able to distinguish the difference. You must admit yourself that one must possess good eyesight to tell a man from a woman 240,000 miles away."

"'Oh, but," answered the old man, with a touch of family pride, "she is a fine woman! Not bent and bowed with age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000,000 years younger than am I. Then, of course, she dresses in—in"—

"The habiliments suitable to her sex," I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last visited her, some 25,000 years ago, almost her first question was, 'How do the women dress now on the earth?' Of course there wasn't much to tell her because—well, the women of that day didn't trouble themselves much about dress, but I am thinking of paying her another visit soon, and then I shall have a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I was not much interested in the old fellow's sister, "something about the earth. You must have seen almost as great changes in the earth as in the moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not quite. My world is cold and dead. Yours is still alive, as was mine once, but your turn will come some day, and then we shall both go circling through space, cold, silent and lifeless. But that," he continued, "will be many millons of years from now, almost as many millions as it is since I first set eyes on your planet. Then, as I said before, it was a mere mass of molten matter—a vast white hot ball whirling round the sun and carrying me with it. I remember as though it were yesterday the first beginning of earthly life. At first the seas covered everything, and beautiful specimens of marine flora floated everywhere upon the surface of the water, while in its translucent depths fishes of strange form and glorious coloring disported themselves. Then the dry land began to appear, and by slow degrees the great forests that shrouded as with a mantle all the earth not covered by the waters. For millions of years what you are pleased to call the lower animals were the only denizens of their somber depths, and even after man came it was hundreds of thousands of years before he even partially dominated the face of nature."

"But was there not," I asked, "an ice age?"

"A what?" he exclaimed, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"An ice age," I repeated. "A period of time when the ice, which, as you are aware, is always present at the poles, spread northward and southward until it enveloped almost the entire globe."

"Oh, yes," responded mine host, with the air of a man trying to recall some long forgotten and altogether trivial incident. "I believe something of the kind did happen, and not more than 100,000 or 150,000 years ago either. But it only lasted about 20,000 years, and I had quite forgotten all about it until you mentioned it."

This concluded the interview, for although I would have liked to have pursued my inquiries further the old chap suddenly snatched up his bundle, bent his back and resumed his orthodox position, at the same time indicating by a gesture that he was not inclined for any further conversation. "We are right over Greenwich observatory," he explained in answer to my look of surprise, "and I don't want the astronomers there to see me without my bundle and talking to a stranger too. It isn't respectable."—London Amusing Journal.

Paper Money and Disease.

There is no place in the world where more dirty paper money is handled from day to day than in the national bank redemption division of the treasury department. There are in existence some 3,500 national banks, each of which has outstanding bank notes ranging in amount from $10,000 or $12,000 up to nearly $500,000. Every dollar of these notes passes through the hands of the men and women employed in the national bank redemption division. This office has been in existence now for about 30 years. There are employed in the division somewhere about 25 girls and women. They handle "untold millions" of bills in the course of a year, and if there was any danger from contagious and infectious diseases in old bank notes it would seem as though this would be the place to find symptoms.

Yet Mr. Rogers, who has been chief of the division for ten years, and who has been connected with it since it was organized, assured the correspondent that there has never been a case of infectious or contagious disease contracted by one of the employees of his office. Every one of them handles the bills sent in for redemption. They are counted and sorted time after time. They are the dirtiest specimens of money to be found in the country.—Rochester Post-Express.

Looking Forward to the Chase.

"You ought to take some rest," said the sympathetic friend. "Can't you go fishing or something like that?"

"Well," replied Mr. Weary, "I'm going duck hunting pretty soon."

"Where?"

"Up on F street. My wife has seen a duck of a bonnet that I have to go in pursuit of."—Washington Star.

The Unselfish Cricketer.

The cricket ground is a wholesome training field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have traveled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 536 runs, and if I had staid away they would only have made 535."

So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learned to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side.

Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he ocnfined his attention to the golf course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill regulated disposition.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blind Tom," the idiot pianist, remembered nearly 4,000 compositions.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN.

Apart from any question of right, would it be for the best interests of civilization to grant women a wider sphere of activity? The trend and current of the social evolution is surely in the direction of larger liberty for all, in the degree that they are able to use it. It is in the direction of the removal of barriers and needless restraints. Every attempt at such removal in the past has been greeted by loud phrophecies of disaster. The aroused watch dogs of church and state have started in full cry upon the track of the innovator with angry yelpings of alarm. But that was what might have been expected, and should frighten no one. We all inherit a residuum of antediluvian sentiments which remain suspenden in our minds like mud in water and interfere with the clearness of our thinking. It is only when it has had time to settle, and we recognize it for what it is, that we gain full command of our intellects. Now, I do not pretend as yet to have full command of mine; but, for all that, I seem to have a few star-gleams of intuition which manage to struggle through the turbid medium of antiquated feeling.—*H. H. Boyeson, in July* LIPPINCOTT'S.

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, Mo.. June.19 1895.—Price of No.1 white comb, old, 13c per lb. Extracted 6½ to 7c per lb. for light. 4½ to 5c per lb. for dark. Beeswax 25c per lb. Old crop of honey cleared up. No new on the market.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, Mich., June 19, 1895.—No demand for honey. Fruit taking the attention. Supply low. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 24 to 25c per lb There is no sale for honey in Detroit during the strawberry season.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 20, 1895.—No demand for honey. No supply. Price of comb nominal. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. It is between seasons now for honey. Look for better demand and better prices this season. H. R. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., June 19, 1895.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 14c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Very light demand for Beeswax. Light supply.
E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., June 24, 1895.—Fair demand for extracted honey with fair supply. Slow demand for comb honey. Price of comb 12 to 15c per lb. for best white. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Demand for Beeswax is good. Supply fair. Prices 25 to 30c per lb. for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

The world is like a crowded bus ;
A few good men perhaps
May find a seat, but most of us
Must hang on by the straps.
—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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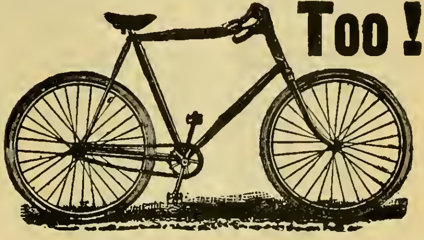

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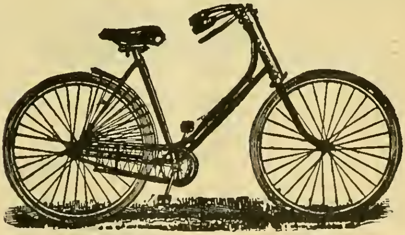

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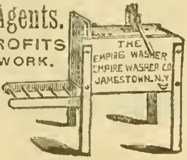

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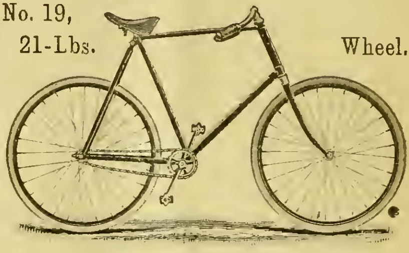

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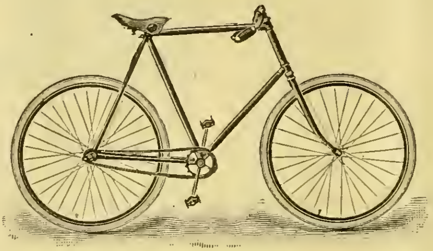

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1895. NO. 8.

Something about Hives and Extracting Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Many think that large yields of honey are owing entirely to the style of hive used, but this is not so. Hives have something to do with the yield of honey, of course, but nothing as compared with a thorough knowledge of the location we are in and an understanding how to apply that knowledge so as to secure the bees at the right time so they can take advantage of the yield of honey when it comes. Again, the manipulation of the hives, has more to do with our surplus crop than the hives themselves, for no matter how good the hive is, if the combs are never touched or the surplus room put on in the right time, all may count for naught to the would-be bee-keeper and the flowers bloom in vain as far as any profit to us is concerned. In order that no one should get the idea that the hives used and recommended by our best and most successful apiarists would give them thousands of pounds of honey without work, I have said in concluding several of my articles that if any one could not spend the time on bees which they required they had better keep out of the business. I know of no hive with which a man can secure large results by simply folding his hands and letting the bees work. Such is not the economy of nature, and in order to succeed in any calling in life we must put energy, industry and perseverance into our work if we would reap a harvest worthy of our gathering. To work hard from four to fourteen hours each day, at mere physical labor is not all that is required either, as many assert by their actions, if not by words; but there must be an energy and push, mentally, sufficient to grapple with all of the unsolved problems which are in the way of our success. If these are all combined there is no reason why bee-keeping will not give as good results for what there is expended on it as any other calling in life, even though it is not so supposed by the majority of the world. It should be understood that large yields of honey can only be secured where there are large numbers of bees in the hive, and securing said bees in time for the honey harvest is the great secret of success. The hive which comes the nearest to the natural wants of the bees and the one which is easy of manipulation and susceptible to the requirements of both the bees and their keeper, is the hive for the practical bee-keeper to adopt. There are several kinds of such hives now in use, and did I have thirty or more colonies in any of the many good hives of the present day, I should hesitate some time before I made a change, trying first to see if a thorough knowledge regarding their manipulation, and adapting of this to my field would not give success. If it should prove that the hive was not at all adapted to my locality, then of course I would make a change, but to change hives every time something new comes along, with the thought that with this hive I shall succeed, is not the proper thing to do. Again, no matter what style of frame hive is adopted, many seem to suppose that something must be done in the time of the honey harvest, and when the sections are on the hive, to clear the brood combs of honey to give the queen room to lay, else the bees will crowd the queen so that she will not have room enough to lay eggs so as to keep up the population of the colony sufficient for the best results. Not long ago I saw an arrangement advertised to swing the surplus arrangement up any time for an examination of the brood combs, to see if the queen had room enough below to lay in. I have been a careful observer for twenty-five years and find that when bees are at work best in sections there will be very little honey in the body of the hive, if the hive has the right size of brood chamber, during the early or white honey harvest, which is the one that the bee-keeper is the most anxious about. But should some honey accumulate in the brood combs, it would be a doubtful expedient to use the extractor on the combs below, and I have reason to know that if any one expects to secure a large yield of comb honey and use the extractor on the brood combs at the same time, they will not realize their expectations. After the bees get thoroughly at work in the sections let the brood combs alone, and you need have no fears about the queen's being crowded. If honey accumulates in the combs before the bees are fairly started in the sections, have no fears, for as soon as they go to work above they will carry it all up into the sections and make abundant room for the queen. For instance: I have repeatedly hived swarms on nine Gallup frames well filled with honey, all capped over, putting on the sections at once, and in from fourteen to eighteen days, (if honey is to be had in the fields) had nearly every pound of it put in the sections and the combs filled with brood. Once more: If you let the first of prime swarm issue from a hive and keep down all after-swarms, by the time the young queen becomes fertile, every available cell in the brood-chamber will be filled with honey, and still no start be made in the sections ; but just so soon as she commences to lay, the bees will commence in every section, (if the section room is about fifty pounds capacity,) at once, and I have known every section to be completed in from ten to twelve days from the time of commencing, under such circumstances. Examine that hive in twenty days and you will find as choice a lot of brood as you ever witnessed with very little honey in the combs where only a short time before it was nearly all honey. Now we will suppose that just as this queen was fertilized, you had extracted that honey, you would not have secured a single section of honey, unless it was from buckwheat or fall flowers. "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," is as trite a saying today as it ever was.

Borodino, N. Y.

The Passing of the Bee.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

Much complaint has been heard of late concerning the partial or entire absence of honey in many of our later flowers, white clover, buckwheat, etc., and more than one bee keeper is inquiring for the cause. When one has on apiary located in the very midst of buckwheat fields in abundance and still fails to secure hardly a pound of honey therefrom, it is certainly time to inquire the cause. As a side remark let me here call attention to the fact that farmers complain of their seed not forming about in proportion as the bees are disinclined to work the flowers of the plant, a strong argument in the favor of bees being benificial as fertilizers of flowers.

For some years scientists, backed up by theory and experience, have been warning us of the results to be expected from the destruction of our native forests, and while I am not aware that they have particularly mentioned bee keeping as a vocation likely to suffer from this violation of nature's strong-holds, I believe a good deal of the difficulty complained of may be directly referred to the same cause.

Complaints in regard to our early spring flowers are rare, or at least much less common than those which bloom later in the season. Where the weather is at all favorable to honey gathering during fruit bloom we hear most encouraging reports, to be followed later by complaints of no honey in the summer and fall flowers. So much for fact. Now for theory.

The difference in our soil and the effect upon it of a rain between now and previous to the day of so much cutting down of forests cannot but be distinguishable to all thoughtful observers of nature. How often we hear the remark, "How quick the ground dries up this season after a rain!" And every season seems to be an exageration of the last one in this respect. The reason for this is easily determined by a simple experiment. Throw a pail of water upon a mass of sponge and it is at once absorbed and held to trickle down in little streams for hours. Throw one upon a board and it dashes off in a mass leaving the board, if exposed to the hot sun, as dry as ever in twenty minutes or less.

A thick forest is usually carpeted with moss, or some similar porous sponge-like sod. When rain falls this sod absorbs and holds it, thus guarding against freshet and drouth alike. The water is treasured up and given out for weeks only as needed. But when the same rain falls on soil baked so hard and dry that it cannot penetrate, every water-course is filled to overflowing in carrying off the precious liquid as fast as possible. Everything is overcome more or less by the surface flood while one may at the same time dig into the ground and find it dry. The porous sod, the tree-roots, at once leading the way from the surface to innumerable underground passages made by other tree-roots, and, by occasionally crossing and interfering with the watercourses, creating numerous surface reservoirs, known to the small boy of a few years ago as swimming holes, but known today as getting more and more scarce, all the provisions af Nature for the economic diffusion of her life preserving fluid, are wanting in our sun-scorched fields and we are literally given a treatment of flood or (water) famine.

It does,nt matter if the particular small patches of forest in our immediate vicinity do remain exactly as they did, say fifteen yerrs ago, though I will wager that they do not. But where large tracts of moist forest land have been replaced by similar tracts of sun-baked soil, the passing winds that come to us across them, instead of being charged with cool moisture as formerly are now themselves hot, dry and destroying. It is Nature's protest against her admirable water system.

"But what," you ask, "has all this to do with honey?" Much! And if we knew more of the exact process by which the nectar is secreted in the flower we might be able to understand the why and the what perfectly. This we can only conjecture, that any plant removed from its native haunts, stripped of its accustomed supplies and forced to be dependent on entirely different sources from which Nature had intended, will also be changed in its habits. The winds, dry and unbroken by the numerous lines of forests, do much toward fertilizing flowers that hitherto depended almost wholly on the work of insects; hence, honey secretion is not as essential for self-preservation as formerly. Again, the unatural conditions of alternate flood and draught cannot but influence to a degree the habits of the vegetable world, and may, for aught we know, be unfavorable in the extreme for the secretion of honey.

It is true the winds do not entirely supply the place of bees in the fertilization of flowers, as many a farmer can, if he understands the subject, testify to. The question of chance is a much more prominent one; still there is a pretty good chance of enough good seed resulting from this means to replace another season, the plant that now bears it, which is about all Nature requires. She is not working in the interest of man's graineries and feed-stores. Let him take care of his own as best he can.

It is also true that the theory I have advanced of a change in the habits of the plant detrimental to the bee-keeper's interest, is but a theory. None the less indications are not wantthat point to the reasonableness of such a theory. And I am not afraid to say that unless we can convince people that the future water supply rests in their own neighborhoods fully as much as in the headwaters of some great stream, the secretion of honey will be regelated to the chemist's workshop and the vocation of the faithful bee will have passed away.

"She Bee Fakirs."

W. M. EVANS.

I fully endorse Mr. Dilworth's comments under above heading in July Beekeeper. Many are swindled by buying of pious frauds, old queens as well as poor young ones.

But I think the whole business of improving bees is turned "wrong end to," by first trying to breed queens with the feminine cussedness eliminated, while the principal if not indeed the entire object should be first, to get rid of the masculine cussedness. When this is done the feminine wickedness will disappear *naturally*. This too would hold as true with women as with bees.

For my part I have given up bothering with trying to get "goody two shoes" bees, as I am quite sure that the ugly ones store the most honey. Is this not true too with humans?

If I wished to get an angelic stock, I would go for queens giving good drones, and prevent all their drones from being bred or prevent their flying out.

Honey crop will be very light out this way for 1895, without we get a fine run of old field pine honey. One year my bees stored of it in Sept. 2500 lbs. Generally however, we get it in July or August. It is fine body, flavor and color. No other honey produced excels it in these three particulars.

I was much interested in Mr. Benton's paper on the "Giant Bees of India." Our Goverment Agc'i Dep't, should make a thorough trial to get a cross of these bees with Italians, and also introduce them into frame hives, using foundation to correspond with the cells they naturally make. If either or both of these things are ever accomplished, all our State and National Experiment Stations should breed them for the people at low prices, at first only one queen to each apiarist. This would settle the "Fakirs" hash.

With a metal comb with larger cells, say between drone and worker, then dipped in hot wax so as to coat it, then fill the brood chamber with it. I am inclined to think that our bees could be bred up to a larger and fixed type. As the smaller environment of very old comb will give a smaller Italian, and as a drone hatched in a worker cell is much smaller, a larger worker cell must increase the size. Why not?

Amherst, Va.

Small or Large Hives.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

This subject has been well discussed for many months past. My brother beekeepers have had a fair fight over the subject, and I am not prepared to say which have the majority. I have been a reader, not a writer of the journals. I took Paul's advice and kept silent. I am a reader of the BEEKEEPER. I felt I had an invitation from J. F. Gates to give my thoughts, as he earnestly wished the readers would do so on the subject of Tall Hives, through this Journal. I am willing to be chosen on his side for tall or large hives to talk down the small shallow 8-frame hives. They will do to play with, if one has plenty of time. I would not denounce the small hive, perhaps in a warmer climate than New York State, they may do, but for business give me a large hive. I do not mean to go to the extreme, but a good common sense hive, with a deep frame. Now, woman-like, I desire to carry my point and to do this must give some views concerning this hive I am in favor of. I must differ concerning the old box hive. I do not say "fudge" or "fogy" for the principle is good. There is one good feature in the old box hive. Those that do not know the nature of the honey bee cannot trouble them very much handling their combs or cleaning their house too early in the spring. The bees have the pleasure of doing their own house cleaning. I believe in progression. We are now living in the age of the hanging frame. This is a great improvement from the old box hives, yet we can have the advantages of a tall hive. I can say from 17 years experience using many kinds of hives and frames, I think I have tried nearly all, (I am sure of this, and if I had not experimented quite as much and knew less about them I would be better off today). Knowledge is dearly bought sometimes, yet experience is a good teacher. I am wandering from my subject. I am not a professional writer, but will say I am a lover of the honey bee and its persuits.

First a hive that must be carried in the cellar is a costly hive for me, as I must hire the work done fall and spring, so my hive is a "woman's hive" that I now use mostly in my apiary. It calls for the least work through the season. If we winter out doors we must have a hive and frame for the purpose. It must be a double-wall chaff hive about 5 inches thick. The frame I use is 13 inches deep, 16 inches long; if deeper I think it would be better. I use 10 of these frames, and a section case containing 54 one pound sections with glass front and I can see the work going on by raising the cap, and know just when to remove the honey. In swarming time my hive is not so heavy that I cannot carry it to any place I wish by taking off the cap. When my bees swarm I move the parent hive back and set the new hive on the old stand. This will have all of the worker bees. I put on my sections and the work is done until I must take off the honey. Now my points are these: In those deep frames there is always honey enough to winter through, and not trouble the bees any more than you would in a box hive, until warm and settled weather. I help them clean away their entrances in warm spells in winter and spring by taking a wire and drawing out dead bees if there are any that might stop up the entrance. I have no fussing with feeders; if they are needed I use them in the fall. This saves early working in the spring which is so hurtful to bees. They must not have their hive covers taken off for it will use up a weak colony, even to disturb them in the least. In apple bloom I take from those that have too much honey and give to those, if there be any, needing it. This gives the queen room to fill her hive with bees and we get mammoth swarms. The hive is not so large as to take all the best of the season to get bees for the harvest, but we do have them when we want them, for we have bees in the spring to commence with in those hives. The hive I moved back has no queens, soon as cells are all closed I cut them and give a young laying queen. This can be done from 6 to 8 days after swarming. By this time I put on a case of sections, and if the honey flow is favorable they will fill the sections, not swarming but once. Then if I desire a second increase from one colony after taking off the filled sections I do not put on any more, but take 3 frames from each hive and form a new colony and set this hive on the stand of the first swarm. I then move that back, give all frames a starter of foundation, or what is better draw out combs. This gives the queens room to lay and gives us young bees in the fall. These bees are the bees for spring business. I give the new colony a young laying queen about 8 days after I have made it up. All will be doing well now. I have my honey and two increases. If my new colony has not enough honey to winter on I put on a feeder the last of September and feed granulated sugar syrup quickly so they will have it all capped well for winter. I think it would be wicked to put them in small hives, take their stores and kill them off.

I say again, I love the honey bee, and the command is, " thou shall not kill.'' My hive could be used in the same way as the box hive and the hanging frames could be manipulated to requeen, keep out moth, to remove too much drone comb, etc. Would it not be an improvement on the old box hive? We could use them for swarming and secure the swarms by not putting on sections, and work the increase as we choose. Years ago I used those box hives, the combs would be one-third drone, the cells by age grew small, the bees were small, the worms would kill out the bees, and we had no way to prevent it. Now you must save increase or your acre would be a small one. I am candid in saying I like the tall or large hive with frames for we cannot get a large meat from a small nut shell.

Sherburne, N. Y.

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Notes and Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

While press reports from California indicate that the crop of honey is " away short '' in that state this season, private letters from a few bee keepers are quite encouraging ; from one apiary has been taken 210 cases of 120 lbs. each, with favorable prospects of securing 100 cases more. Several other apiaries have yielded from 155 to 190 cases each.

Since receiving two stings, one day recently while working with the bees, bee stings have less terror for me ; they were inflicted by scorpions which had taken up their abode in the hive. '' Bee stings '' are, in comparison, a pleasure.

Basswood is quite abundant in certain Florida hammocks, one Volusia bee keeper with a small apiary securing eight barrels of honey from that source this year. It blooms in June.

Mrs. L. C. Axtell, in *Gleanings*, says: '' Our bees winter ever so much better, all things else being right, since we quit bothering their brood-nest in the fall.'' This, I believe, is the general conclusion of the veterans which the inexperienced would do well to observe.

To move a colony of bees a short distance without loss of workers is one of the '' little things,'' in bee keeping which has occasioned no little thought and experiment. If the distance which the colony is to be moved is very short and there are no obstructions to its practice, the plan of moving the hive a few inches each day, is a success, though tedious. It occurs sometimes, however, that we desire to move one or more colonies too great a distance to apply this inch-by-inch method with any satisfaction ; in such a case, the following will be found effectual, while less time and labor are involved : Remove two or three frames of brood, the queen and majority of the bees to a hive in the new location. Provide the usual mark to arrest the bees' notice, by placing a board against the front of the hive. About the sixth day following, remove all queen-cells, then, in the evening, place the remaining portion of the colony, hive and all, upon the one containing the queen. In a few days the brood may be restored to its former position, and the extra combs which may have been temporily used to fill up, removed. Loose bottom-boards are presupposed, as this is one of the many "kinks" facilitated by their use, which would otherwise be impossible.

A few suggestions on important points to be observed in the production of comb honey, that may prove of value to the amateur comb honey producer :

It is eminently important that colonies are "strong"-full of bees. Weaker stocks may give some extracted honey, but none but strong ones should be given sections.

When honey has commenced to come in from clover, or any source which is liable to continue for fome time, and the combs along the top-bars have been "whitened" by the addition of new wax, it is time to put on the first super of sections.

If honey should continue to come in briskly, with a prospect of continuance, do not wait until the end rows of sections are capped, but if they are about full of honey, and, say three-fourths capped, raise the super and place another upon the hive and set the full one on top.

Should a continuance of the honey flow seem doubtful, and yet the bees need more room, it is better to place a new super on top of those that are full, as a cessation in the flow might result in the honey being carried from the finished work and stored in the empty sections below

Under no circumstances should any frames of brood or honey be taken from the brood chamber and empty frames substituted, while the bees are at work in the sections. It is seldom necessary, and usually safer to not disturb the lower story.

Should the bees swarm while the sections are on, set the hive off and place the swarm on the old stand. Leave the parent hive close beside the swarm (entrances side by side) until the third or fourth day succeeding, then, during the middle of the day, when the bees are flying lively, transfer the supers to the swarm and remove the old colony to a new stand.

Make one job of taking off the surplus honey, and do it as soon as the flow ceases.

See that the hives stand level before the sections are put on.

Do not depend upon friends and neighbors for supplies. It is now time that you were provided with everything needed for the season's use.

If no seperators are used, It is better to use full sheets of foundation in the sections, and I am not sure that it is not an advantage under any and all circumstances. I always use full sheets.

New Smyrna, Fla.

Bee Notes.

BY S. M. KEELER.

In this locality the early spring was favorable for bees to build up. A few built burr combs above the top bars of brood frames and put some honey in a few cells, from sugar maple blossoms. And I did not put on surplus cases according to rule.

The cold wave and frost struck the apple bloom, so had to feed enough to keep the bees happy until the clover blossoms that did not come.

I use 8, 9 and 10 frame hives, and like *all* of them. Run 8-frame swarms mostly. If some are prosperous enough to require more room, I like to accommodate them. Hive covers, brood frames, all interchangeable.

It is said that there are five kinds of stingless bees in Central America. Can you tell us whether they produce surplus honey? If so, does their honey have the same good keeping qualities as honey from our stinging bees?

I have learned how to prevent bees from swarming. The bees could not find honey enough to give them the swarming fever this summer. Wish they could.

The brood frames with wire bottom bar takes the cake.

Chenango Bridge, N. Y.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee Keeper a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture—last edition—and the Bee Keeper one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year $1.65.

We are offering A. B. C. of Bee Culture paper cover last edition at 50c each by mail post paid.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.—Gentlemen: I enclose fifty cents in stamps for the American Bee Keeper. Our bees wintered very well in spite of the extremely cold weather, and are in good condition this spring. We have nine hives, and try to make the most of them. Through the death of my father the hiving business fell to me to do, and as my husband is away all day he cannot help me. I take great pleasure in it, and am proud to see what I can do with the bees besides my household duties. We had eight swarms come off; one hive did not swarm at all. It seems that they take the greatest delight in swarming in the hottest time—the latter part of May and first of June. This was not quite so agreeable for me for I had to run up and down hill in the hot sun "sweating like a trooper." One day I was hiving a swarm and I did not take the canvas from the top of the frames; the entrance was very small. It was a very large swarm of Italians, and I thought they were acting very queerly, so thought best to watch them awhile. I had to go into the house a few minutes, and when I came back I was just in time to see them go. As I did not want to lose them I chased after them through brush and brier, over a stone wall and poison ivy, without a bonnet on; but I lost sight of them. I stood on the ledge of a rock looking around, wondering where they could have gone so quickly, and happened to look down the hill and there they were. I ran down as fast as I could, and there they were trying to get into an old hive, and surely enough they finally swarmed in. I brought them back, but I do not know how they managed to stay in as it took them two or three days to clean it out. All our bees are doing well now. We have taken off some honey already. I love to watch the bees, and do so hours at a time when I have the opportunity, and especially when there is a heavy storm coming up. If I was a very good writer I would try to write a history about bees.

Yours respectfully,
Whiteport, N. Y. Mrs. A. H.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.—Gentlemen: I received the goods by freight about a week ago, in good condition, and all very satisfactory. I shall send more orders to you in the future. Yours truly,

R. A. HASWELL.
Hoosic Falls, N. Y.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.—Gentlemen: Enclosed find 84c to pay balance on hives. * * * I received them May 30th. They were all right. The sections are a perfect fit; the nicest ones I ever saw. * * *

Yours truly, PETER TUNISON.
Townsendville, N. Y.

EDITOR AM. BEE KEEPER.—Dear Sir: Thought perhaps you would like a few lines from this locality. The bees around here during May and June did nothing on account of the severe drought during May, and the late frosts which destroyed nearly all the flowers. Some of my neighbors lost about all their bees during June by starvation. The linden or basswood blossoms were injured to a large extent by the frost, and just at present it does not promise to be a very bountiful year for honey.

Yours truly, G. W. K.
Ursina, Pa.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.—Gentlemen: Your letter enclosing draft for $7.72 was duly received. Am sorry I put you to so much trouble. * * * * I did not weigh the wax as my best scales are under a hive in the apiary for the summer. The bees are barely holding their own, and no chance for basswood. Whenever I ship anything or order anything from you, remember I leave the weighing and counting to you, as I have the utmost confidence in your house to do what is right, and your goods are always as nice as human ingenuity can produce.

Yours truly, CHAS. PENTON.
East Aurora, N. Y.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.—Gentlemen: The supplies you sent me are very fine. The sections and foundation can't be beat. When I want more I shall send to you. The Bingham smoker works nicely. It is a very poor season here so far, and very little honey has been made yet.

Yours respectfully,
HIRAM K. BURROUGHS.
Hobart, N. Y.

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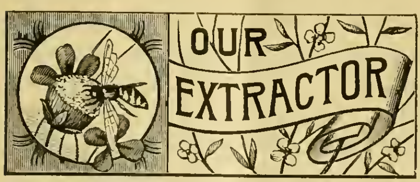

(From the American Bee Journal.)

BEES BUILDING ILL-SHAPEN COMBS, ETC.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes me this: "I have a colony of bees which built nice, thinly-drawn, beautiful combs in the middle sections of the supers, while the outside sections contained some of the heaviest and most ill-shapen combs I ever saw. Can you tell me why this is so? Please answer through the American Bee Journal, as I take that paper."

Something of this kind has been spoken of before in our bee-papers, and some seem to think that such a state of affairs comes about by the changes in the weather, the thicker combs being built while the weather was cool, and the thinner when the weather was warm. Others account for it in a similar but somewhat different way, which is that as the thin combs were built in the center, therefore this shows that there is greater heat over the center of the cluster of bees than elsewhere, as would be natural, while the heat not being so great on the outside, made the wax less pliable, hence the thicker and irregular combs. But I do not agree with either of these, for, as far as my knowledge goes, bees do not attempt to work wax unless the temperature is right for the successful working of the same, and bees are capable of making a right temperature just when and where they please, as I have often proven with my self-registering thermometer. A small cluster of bees can easily keep a temperature of from 93° to 95° during a cold, frosty night, as many night experiments testify, and that is plenty warm enough for wax-making.

From past experience I should account for the state of affairs spoken of by the correspondent, as being the loss of the queen in that particular hive, and especially as he does not speak of noticing any other colonies building such peculiar comb. If cold had been the cause of the trouble, all of the colonies would have built thick, irregular combs as well; but as it was one particular colony that did so, we must look for further trouble at this point.

Several years ago I had a colony of bees that were nicely at work in the sections, having a part of them filled with comb, when one day, in handling the frames below, I lost the queen by her falling off the comb, as I supposed, and from that date until they got a laying queen they built the poorest and thickest combs that I had ever seen at that time. Many of the sections had the comb in them "stubbed" off at the sides and bottoms; some were not built more than half down when the cells were lengthened out, filled with honey and sealed over, so that very much of the honey was unsalable. Since then, in trying to control swarming by caging the queen, I have had the same state of affairs, so that I am very positive that loss of queen was the cause of the whole trouble. In fact, I am often made to understand when a colony has lost its queen by the looks of the comb which they are building in the sections, thus being able to remedy the matter, when I otherwise might not know it, or not before the colony was considerably injured.

That not nearly as nice comb is built when a colony has no laying queen in the hive, is one of the reasons why I do not like the plan of taking away the queen in swarming-time to prevent swarming. Of course, where sections are filled with thin comb foundation, better results are obtained, but even then the combs built by any colony not having a laying queen, are not nearly as nice as the same colony will give when the mother-bee is doing full duty in the hive.

GOOD QUEENS.—Another correspondent writes me this, regarding the book, "Scientific Queen-Rearing:" "A friend tells me that you claim in your book on bee-rearing, that queens reared by what you term a 'natural process,' are better than those reared by other methods. Is this a fact?"

My book was put before the public with the sole purpose of benefiting the public, without any claims for it save a careful trial of the plans outlined in it by the one who was not fully satisfied with his or her present attainments along the line of rearing queens. I only wish to take space here to say that I do not claim for the queens reared as I advised in the book any superiority, because they are cradled in artificial cradles, or because these cradles are supplied with plenty royal jelly into which the selected larvæ are transferred, or anything of that kind. No, nothing of the sort. These are only conveniences to pave the way for having the queens reared just when and where we wish them, by that good and inexpensive way of having them reared in upper stories of hives having a laying queen below, to supply bees to care for these cells all summer, so that we need not keep making colonies queenless every little while to rear queens, thus avoiding lots of labor, and throwing many colonies out of their normal condition, only to shorten our surplus honey crop to the extent which we unqueen colonies for that purpose.

What I do claim as superior is in bringing the *colony* into that condition where they will rear queens *leisurely*, and under the *safe conditions* that they do in superseding their own queens without the interference of man, as all know the *very best of queens* are reared. When this can be done, and that, too, without having a queenless colony at a loss on our hands, I think that all will concede it to be of advantage to do so.

Borodino, N. Y.

[From the Bee-Keepers' Review.]

ARTIFICIAL INCREASE OF COLONIES.

BY L. A. ASPINWALL.

In view of the inherent tendency of bees to propagate themselves by swarming, any method of artificial increase will be favorably received by the majority of bee keepers; unless it follows the advent of a perfect non-swarming hive. However, there are many, who, for various reasons, prefer it.

In considering a method, it is of supreme importance that we conform as nearly as possibie to the natural means of increase in order to obtain the best results. This being understood, let us note that natural swarming takes place during a period when the flowers yield honey. Of course there are exceptional instances. Also, the hives are usually overflowing with bees. If an examination of the colony be made after swarming we will find comparatively few bees left in the hive ; but, an inspection of the combs will reveal a large proportion of sealed brood—thousands upon thousands of maturing bees to repair the loss occasioned by swarming. Upon further investigation we will find the new swarms composed of young, middle aged and old bees—bees of all ages adapted to fill the requirements of a new colony—honey gatherers, wax workers, and nurse bees. The few which remain in the parent hive are likewise of various ages, with nurse bees in sufficient numbers to care for the unsealed brood.

In order to produce a vigorous working colony by an artificial process, the first essential is to have it composed of bees of various ages. 2d. That it be made during a honey flow, or period of natural increase. 3d. That it be separated from the combs of the parent colony.

In absence of the swarming impulse, under which the bees of natural swarms mark and adhere to a new location, it becomes necessary to reverse the order, by removing the comb structure of the hive, and allowing the forced swarm to occupy the familiar hive and location.

At this juncture excellent judgment is required. The honey yield must be considered, and the condition of the colony or colonies from which increase is to be made must be ascertained, both as to the amount of brood, (whether sealed or otherwise), and the general strength in regard to numbers.

An exchange of sealed for unsealed brood combs of two colonies, making six sealed combs for the parent colony, will work to great advantage in approximating those under natural circumstances ; while the one containing unsealed combs will be ready for a similar method of increase a week or ten days later. However, the colony which receives unsealed brood in lieu of the sealed, is proportionally retarded in its increase, and it fully effects any advantage gained by exchange. I consider any or all exchanges unprofitable.

As a compensation for the lack of naturalness in having a sufficient proportion of sealed brood, I allow a large quota of bees to remain as nurses. This of course must necessarilly detract from the size of the forced swarm. Recognizing a lack of uniformity in the issuing of natural swarms, I prefer to wait, and select only those having plenty of sealed brood. There ought not to be less than four combs fully sealed. After a colony is selected for increase, place an empty hive near to receive the combs of brood and honey ; also, have in readiness frames containing full sheets of foundation. Starters will answer ; but to avoid the construction of drone combs, as well as encourage the new colony, I prefer to furnish full sheets. Proceed with a smoker, giving them a little a the entrance, then open and remove the combs, examining and transferring them to the new hive until the queen is found. If found upon a comb containing empty cells and unsealed brood (which is most likely), return both comb and queen to the old hive. If upon a comb of sealed brood, transfer her to one with open cells. The remaining combs (if any), should be immediately removed, substituting the frames containing foundation, and closing the hive. We now lift comb after comb from the new hive with the exception of two; and shake the bees in front of the old hive. In the instance of three or four unsealed combs, the adhering bees should be left upon three of them. When shaking the combs, one or two short, sudden, downward movements are sufficient. The combs, and bees which remain clinging to them, should be returned to the new hive.

After closing the hive it should be carried to a new location, the entrance contracted according to the temperature, and at the end of twenty-four hours supplied with a queen cell; or, after their construction and removal, a queen may be introduced. As queens are naturally produced in strong colonies, it would be unwise, as well as a waste of time to allow them to rear one.

By this plan an artificially formed colony may be made in four or five minutes, aside from finding the queen, which an expert can generally do in an equal space of time.

If extremely rapid work is desirable, no search for queen need be made; simply shake the bees from the combs and transfer the latter to a new hive. As the queen with her burden of eggs is liable to be injured in being jarred from the combs, cheese-cloth spread loosely in front of the hive, together with holding the frames low, and shaking them lightly will do much to lessen the fall. However, I prefer to occupy more time than chance any injury to the queen.

By this method of increase, the colony formed, so closely approximate a natural swarm, that no preceptible difference can be seen in their prosperity.

This plan may be modified by making one colony form two or more, in which instance the order becomes reversed; the new colonies are less real, while the increase of those in old comb becomes apparent. The former gives all the force possible to a single colony, and is in accordance with natural increase. The latter corresponding with the parent colony, is also in accordance with nature.

With this modification by which a moderate increase is obtained, there is less necessity for shaking the bees from the combs, as a sufficient force will be left in each colony to draw out the foundation. Care, however, should be exercised not to remove the queen with the combs. This plan is exceptionally practical when the honey yield is light.

Jackson, Mich.

(From the American Bee Journal.)

THE PRODUCTION OF EXTRACTED HONEY

BY CHAS. DADANT.

Before proceeding to give our views on the method of putting up extracted honey, and care to be given to this product, I wish to say a few words concerning a remark made by one of the contributors of the American Bee Journal a few weeks ago. This gentleman says that it is a mistake to advise bee-keepers to use several supers on top of each other, and that it is better to extract the honey as fast as it is harvested. Our reasons for using several supers on the hives are two-fold. First, it is next to impossible to extract from the only super that is on a hive, during a big flow of honey, without harvesting a large amount of unripe honey which has just been gathered, at the same time with the ripe honey. On the other hand, the reader must bear in mind that we are giving our own methods, and that in our practice, with four or five apiaries, we find it inconvenient to extract any of the honey while the crop lasts, as the bee-keeper must attend to several apiaries, and cannot afford to spend two or three days in succession in any one of them at the time.

As for the danger of losing the combs, from moths, during a bad season, we are not at all afraid af this. Whenever we have lost combs, it has been the neglect of some one to keep the screens of the honey-house windows well closed. Moths cannot live over winter in a honey-hive where no fire is kept, in this climate, and the moths would have to be brought from the outside. In a well-conducted honey-house, where old combs from colonies that have died late in the spring are either rendered up in wax or sulphured, or used for new swarms, there is no danger of moths. We have not had three bad honey seasons in succession, and we have a number of surplus cases with the combs in them that have not been out of the honey-house in all that time, and yet they are as perfect as when taken off the hives.

The different grades of honey which are harvested during the spring crop cannot usually be kept separate, as they are generally harvested at the same time. Basswood and clover go well together, and a slight tinge of basswood rather makes clover honey more pleasant. Basswood honey alone is too strong, and a poor product to sell. Honey-dew is very objectionable, whether by itself or mixed with other grades, but we have yet to find a method of compelling the bees to harvest it separately. As a matter of course, we do not leave the honey from the spring crop on the hives, but extract it as soon as the first honey season is over. In some localities, further north than ours, the two crops, spring and summer, almost run together, but there are always a few days of suspension, when the first crop may be removed from the hives to make room for the yellow honey of fall blossoms.

After the extracting is over, the first thing that requires attention is the capping can. We usually leave the cappings in it, for a week or two.

If more than one canful have been taken, they are kept in barrel with one head taken out, and after the last batch has been well drained, those in the barrel may be drained again, until they are nearly dry. After this we wash these cappings in hot water, to remove the last particles of honey that may remain. It is a mistake to render up the capping into wax without first washing them, as the honey is lost, and this is very useful to make vinegar or wine, metheglin or mead. If neither vinegar is nor wine is wanted, they may be kept until cider making time, and then wash, and the water may be added to the cider with profit. To make a fair article of either cider or vinegar, an egg should float at the top, part of the egg, about the size of a nickle showing above the water.

The water in which we wash the

cappings is heated about 140°, or nearly to the melting point of beeswax. We stir them in it, and afterwards dip them out and press them in a small press. They may afterwards be rendered into beeswax according to methods described elsewhere. The water which remains seems turbid and dirty, but this is only apparent, for if the business is conducted with cleanliness, there is nothing in the water but honey, a little pollen and broken bits of wax. The wax is thrown off by the liquid during fermentation, and the other impurities are deposited at the bottom of the vinegar or the wine after fermentation has stopped. To induce fermentation in the sweetened water, any fruit-juice may be used that is at hand; neither does it take very much of it in warm weather. Blackberries, raspberries or grapes will give the liquid a nice red color.

But we have stretched this subject rather longer than anticipated, and will have to leave the question of honey-packages for another time.

Hamilton, Ill.

NOT IMMODEST.

Riding the bicycle has ceased to be either undignified or conspicuous. Several years ago a bishop denounced the practice by women as immodest and therefore immoral. An immodest woman on a bicycle would surely be immodest still, the wheel not having any power to save her, but an immodest woman would be immodest walking in the street or sitting in church, or wherever she might be. The bicycle has nothing whatever to do with modesty or immodesty, with morality or immorality; and when the pious bishop uttered his denunciation of the machine and its use his intellectuals must have been befuddled by too much pondering on subjects too hard or too easy for him. But his dictum has not counted for much, for the bicycle is growing in popularity every day, and the manufacturers, one of whom at least is turning out one hundred machines a day, have difficulty in filling the orders that are sent to them.—*John Gilmer Speed, in August* LIPPINCOTT'S.

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EDITORIAL.

A few days ago we received from one of our customers living in Rochester, a sample section of honey of a deep red color, the flavor of which was that of red cherries. It seems that sun cooked cherries were being prepared, and they were first scalded in syrup, then spread upon platters in the sun, shortly afterward it was discovered that the ground about the cherries was literally covered with bees which were either too drunk or too full of syrup to fly. In time they reached their hives. This incident was forgotten until the honey was taken off when it was found to be like the sample described. It is of a most delicious flavor.

We have no surplus honey here at all, not enough for our own table. If any of our readers within a reasonable distance has any white clover comb-honey of superior quality and wishes to dispose of 50 pounds or more, we wish they would write us mentioning prices wanted.

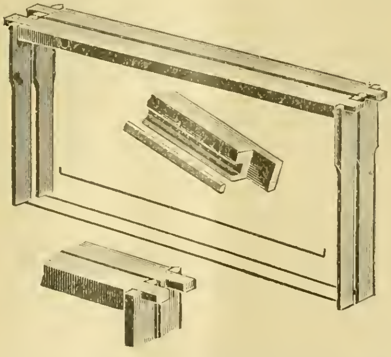
The honey crop seems to have been a total failure in most localities, although we occasionally hear of a good crop having been gathered. What is strangest too is the fact that even in California there is great complaining of a short crop.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

Wire Bottom-Bars in Brood Frames.

We have recently received from Mr. S. M. Keeler, of Chenango Bridge, N. Y., a sample brood frame having the bottom bar made of wire. We give an illustration of the frame below.

Mr. Keeler writes that for a long time he has studied the question how to get bees to build combs down to the bottoms of the frames, and now believes he has solved it.



The wire used is about 3-32 diameter, the ends are turned up and driven into the ends of the end bars as shown. By using these wire bottom bars there is left no heding place between the comb and bottom bar for the queen, and the combs being built right down to and fastened to the wire will not sag. The combs of brood and honey can be handled very much better and safer.

The end bars are made the thickness of the wooden bottom bar longer and with the space which would otherwise be unfilled makes the comb about one inch deeper.

The frames have a very neat appearance, and do not cost any more than when made the old way. Mr. Keeler has given us the privilege of making this style of frame, and we will furnish them to our readers at same prices as all wood frames.

HOW THE NEW ZEALANDERS EMBRACE.

There is one habit which the Europeasn have not been able to introduce among the Maoris, that of kissing; and when one looks at the mouth of a native woman it is evident that an osculatory caress might not be pleasant, for the lower lip is covered with tattooing on the inside, which must be a very painful operation. But what will not a womon do to be in fashion? In New Zealand a native woman would as soon think of dispensing with her tattooed under lip as an American belle would think of wearing an unfashionable bonnet.

The natives are very affectionate, but, as I said before, have not learned the habit of kissing; instead they throw their arms around each other, and pressing their noses together move their heads up and down, making at the same time a crooning sound which is changed to suit the occasion, being mournful if a mutual friend has died since they last met, but always somewhat sad, for it is intended to convey the idea of the sorrow they have felt at their separation. When two Maoris meet, they stick their spears, or war-clubs.—the latter being also used as walking-staffs, —in the ground, as a sign that they are at peace with each other, and throw their arms over each other's shoulders and rub noses.—*From "The New Zealanders," in Demorest's Magazine for August.*

CURTAIN!

Villain shows his indiscretion;
Villain's partner makes confession;
Juvenile with golden tresses
Finds her pa and dons long dresses;
Scapegrace comes home money laden;
Hero comforts tearful maiden;
Soubrette marries loyal chappie;
Villain skips, and all are happy.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar in Century.

THE SKIN OF ANIMALS.

In Some It Is a Defensive Armor Made of Horn and Bone.

Osteologist Lucas of the National museum is preparing a new exhibit, which is designed to show the various modifications of the skin of animals.

To begin with, there will be a queer sort of alligator from South America, called the "jacari." It is quite different from any alligator from North America, belonging to a peculiar genus that has bony plates on the under side as well as on the upper side of the body. This is a distinguishing mark of the tribe, such alligators as are known elsewhere in the world being thus armored only on their backs. The armor plates of the alligators are of true bone—the same sort of bone as that of the animal's skeleton.

If you will examine the skin on the back of your hand, you will find that it is corrugated and broken up with fine lines in such a way that you can easily imagine its texture transformed by exaggeration into scales. Now, you have only to gaze upon an armadillo in order to see such a modification of the skin. In Africa is found a yet more curious animal, called the "Manis macrura," which is the most scaly of all scaly beasts. From the tip of its nose to the end of a very long tail it is clad in big horny scales that overlap one another. When alarmed, it curls itself up into a tight ball, and the scales being quite sharp it is pretty safe against attack. In this case also the scales are only modified skin. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that the Manis macrura possesses a greater number of vertebræ than any other mammal.

Mr. Lucas will show, in the same case with the jacari and the armadillo, a "scheltopusic." This is a lizard from Sicily. The casual observer would take it for a snake, its legs being rudimentary and concealed beneath its skin. The entire body of the reptile is covered with little plates of bone. As in the case of the alligator, above described, the bony plates of the lizard are merely modified skin. The same is true of the very remarkable "boxfish" of the West Indies, which is clad in a complete armor of six sided plates of bone, which are fastened to the skull and to the bases of the dorsal and anal fins. An odd point about this fish is that it cannot bend its body at all, the vertebræ, save only three or four near the tail, being fused together. Thus the backbone is a solid rod.

The scales of the armadillo are of bone, covered with horn, the bone and the horn corresponding respectively to the true skin and the epidermis of a human being or other animal. Bony plates and spines are modifications of the true skin, while horn is modified epidermis. Human beings sometimes develop horns, but they are abnormal growths. Another queer fish that will be shown in connection with this exhibit is the "globefish," which is found in waters off the coast of South Carolina. It is clad in an armor of interlocked spines, which are made to stand erect at the will of the animal, thus rendering the latter an unattractive morsel to swallow. In a world like this, where every living creature is the prey and food of others, animals are often obliged to put on coats of mail if they would survive.

Mr. Lucas will make fur and feathers a part of the exhibit. Feathers and hair are the same thing, differently modified, of course. A stuffed and fretful porcupine will illustrate the fact that mammals as well as birds have quills. This is true of several species of mammals, notably the European hedgehog, which is a disagreeable creature to handle without gloves. Awhile ago there were a couple of porcupines in the zoological collection in the rear of the Smithsonian institution. One of them assailed an attendant and stuck about 30 of its quills into his legs. He (the attendant, not the porcupine) told a writer for The Star that the quills came out of the porcupine much more easily than they came out of his leg.—Washington Star.

One Chicago Millionaire.

To see him at the race track, for instance, leaning against the fence watching the animals come out for the preliminary canter, no one would suspect that he owned the favorite and a whole stable full of other cracker jacks, and that he had several thousand dollars at stake.

If some nervous man who had just played $5 on the favorite should ask him what he thought of the chance of winning, he would merely chuckle and say, "Y' can't tell a thing about it."

His clothes are so plain, and he has such a farmerish way of whittling or else chewing at straws, that he is overlooked in the ordinary assemblage or mistaken for some humble personage.

In his business office he does not occupy a separate apartment, the door of which is guarded by a private secretary. His desk is the same as that of an employee. One day a woman book agent came in and importuned the old gentleman to purchase some books.

"My girl," he said, "I'm a poor Irishman, and I've had to work all my life. I can't read a word."

Thereafter when the agent came in she always avoided the poor old man who couldn't read, to the intense amusement of the employees. She supposed him to be the janitor.—Chicago Record.

A Smart Youth.

A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not knowing the exact number of miles, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He passed his examination.—London Tit-Bits.

Good Business.

"Want any mousetraps? Come, buy one. Do!"

"No, thanks. We have no mice."

"Ach, I'll throw 'em in with pleasure." —Humoristiches.

Astronomers say that if a cannon could be fired on the equator of Jupiter the ball would travel 46 times faster than if fired at our equator.

HIS STOMACH FIRST.

THE ENGLISHMAN A HEARTY LIVER AND HAS SIX MEALS A DAY.

How an American Fared In an English Middle Class House With Breakfast at 7, Supper at 9 and Four Meals In Between—An Abiding Horror of Hot Bread.

Any Englishman will acknowledge with perfect good humor that it is an old saying in his country that "an Englishman considers his stomach first and his back afterward," but no American can realize how universally true the love of good living is all over England, unless he has been fortunate enough to be invited to spend several months as a guest in a middle class English home.

The house where such a stay was had, and to which the writer will always look back with longing for a return of the delightful days spent there, was presided over by a typical English hostess, round, ruddy and so jolly that, though she must have been 60, one always thought of her as young.

Breakfast began at 7 o'clock, and we always found our hostess waiting for us in the breakfast room, in her place at the head of the table. English etiquette demands that each person as he enters the breakfast room should shake hands with the hostess first, and then with every one else in the room. This practice was, of course, new to the American guest, but it was soon acquired, though more difficult was the getting used to interruptions half a dozen times in the course of the meal to shake hands with the late risers as they came in, one by one.

Although it was summer, we never had fruit for breakfast, nor is it eaten at any time as generally as here. Nor, of course, did we have hot rolls or warm cakes, or even oatmeal, which was a surprise, since the Scotch use it so much. Of hot bread of any kind the Britons have an abiding horror. There would always be two or three kinds of cold meat, beef, mutton, ham, etc., left over from the day before, hot sausage or eggs, and, in season, a Melton-Mowbray pork pie. Along with these would be the most delicious of toast and tea. Coffee was little drunk and was not particularly good, but the tea was always so much nicer than any tea which can be had in this country that one easily preferred it.

About 11 o'clock comes what they call "a bite and a snatch." This is merely bread and beer and a bit of pastry, set informally on an end of the dining table and eaten as one chooses. It follows one about the house or into the garden, a maid bringing your share on a tray. This luncheon was to be dodged when possible, as it only spoiled the appetite for dinner, which, in this house, was served at 12:30.

Dinner is a substantial meal, beginning with an enormous roast of beef, a leg of mutton or a boiled ham. There was very seldom soup, but whenever the roast was of beef or mutton there was always delicious Yorkshire pudding, which was served before or with the roast. To make this dish, comparatively unknown in America, the roast is put to cook upon an iron frame called a "horse," which raises it from the bottom of the roasting pan. An hour or so before the roast is done the pudding batter, made of flour, milk and eggs, is poured into the pan and left to cook beneath the drippings of the meat, the juices of which penetrate and flavor it.

Of course everything is carved on the table. The Englishman has a lofty contempt for side dishes, and your meat, potato, Yorkshire pudding and two kinds of vegetables are always heaped upon one plate, which fortunately is a large one.

By the middle of the afternoon, when our hostess was fairly relieved of her domestic duties for the day, she liked to have us drop in at her own little sitting room for a bit of cake, some fruit and a glass of her homemade wine. Imposition as it was felt this was upon one's digestive organs, her delicious wines, for the making of which she was famous all over the country, could seldom be resisted. Her cellar seemed inexhaustible, and the kinds were various.

At 5 o'clock, by which time we naturally needed something to eat, came tea, and this was no "4 o'clock" affair, with tiny cups and wafers of paper thinness. The table was spread in the dining room, and we sat down to a generous meal of potted meat, salad, big plates piled high with thin slices of bread and butter, more toast, tea and pastry. The way in which the salad was served at this meal is new to an American. While the heads of lettuce are growing in the garden the leaves are gathered tightly together and tied with strings. This makes the heads grow as hard and crisp and white as cabbage. When served, the strings and outer leaves are cut away, and the heads quartered like an apple and sent to the table to be eaten plain, with bread and butter.

At 9 o'clock comes supper, next to dinner the most solid meal of the day. This is also the social meal, when conversation is at its best, and we were apt to linger, loath to leave. If a neighbor dropped in, or more than one, as was often the case, extra plates were put on, and they must have at least a mouthful, for the sake of hospitality.

The cold roasts from dinner, and usually from dinner of the day before, always came up for supper, with roast potatoes or "bubble and squeak," made regularly after the first night because the traveler liked it so well. "Bubble and squeak" is simply the cold potato and cabbage from dinner chopped together and then done in a frying pan to a crisp brown. It doesn't sound nice, but try it and see how good it is. This is not the notion of one particular house, for directions for cooking it were found in an old cook book published in 1837.

Supper brings more ale, or 'alf and 'alf, drawn cold and sparkling from barrels in the cellar.

The bread for supper is always put on the table in the loaf, one of those round cottage loaves which look as if the baker, as an afterthought, had added a second story to them. It was cut for this meal, not in slices, but in "hunks," accomplished by tipping the loaf on edge, cutting off a section, and then cutting this again, so as to give a piece shaped like a three cornered pyramid.—New York Times.

SHE NEVER MARRIED

"Auntie, will you tell me a story? The story, you know, you've promised me so often—why you never married. Do you remember, Auntie, when I was little, you used to say it was because no one had asked you? I never believed that," and the girl laughed. "Then you promised you'd tell me when I was 18, and now I am 18," and Miriam gave a tug at her skirts with all the pleased proprietorship of long dresses. "So do, auntie, dear."

"Very well, darling." Miss Daneby sighed, and Miriam drew up her chair and rested her golden head on the old lady's knee.

"Now, auntie, I'm ready," and Miss Daneby began.

"I was just about your age when I 'came out,' and for months past I had looked forward to a London season and thought my first ball would never come. But the much looked for night came at last, and, when dressed and ready to start, I thought it the happiest moment of my life, but it was nothing to what followed. The flowers, the music, the lights, the bright dresses, and the gay people wandering hither and thither, all dazzled me and put me in mind of fairyland. I did not lack partners, and danced till the small hours of the morning. Every one said I had been a success, but I paid little attention to any of their remarks. I had enjoyed myself wildly. What more could I want to make me happy? I was very, very young.

"Soon after, I met Mr. G. I remember it was almost my first dinner party, and, having sufficiently recovered myself from a fit of shyness, I looked round at my next door neighbor, and there, on my left, were two blue eyes laughing at me. He must have noticed my shyness, I fancied, and, with the pride of youth, I deeply resented it. After that I found the blue eyes nearly always smiled when they looked at me, and I got to love that smile, and even that evening I realized that only foolish 18 could take offense at such a trifle, so we laughed and made friends. All through dinner he talked to me a good deal, and I forgot my shyness and became communicative on many subjects.

"After that evening we met frequently, danced together, rode together—in fact, hardly a day passed without our meeting, till at last I began to look for him, whether in the park or at a ball or concert. At that time life was brimming over with happiness. I had no very definite idea of the future, and the present was so sweet that I preferred not thinking of a change of any sort.

"The first spot on my happiness was at one ball, where I had expected to find Mr. G., and though I was not enjoying things a bit I did not want to come away. Perversity of human nature! And only in the carriage did I confess to myself that I had staid on in the hope of his turning up late. Well, he didn't, and it was with a somewhat heavy heart I went to sleep that night, but by next morning the cloud had passed away. Were we not going to meet and ride together?

"Could his presence make any difference to my enjoyment? At first I laughed at the idea, but soon found it was not to be laughed at. Where he was, there my enjoyment was complete, but where he was not I seldom cared to stay. Naturally people began to talk about us, and, as is the way of the world, speculated as to what would come of it, if it would be a good thing or not. Well, let them talk. What cared I? I was so certain he loved me that I smiled when people told me that Lady Dallas was doing all she knew to catch him for her daughter. Poor Alice Dallas! Why, he never so much as looked at her when I was near! How soon was pride to have a fall!

"The summer was nearly over, and people began to hurry away from London. We met again in the country and spent long days together, and again people began to wonder why he did not propose. Perhaps I was the person who wondered least, for was I not sure that sooner or later he undoubtedly would? Then, one Sunday evening, we parted, to meet again the following week, but somehow that meeting never came about. In the long months that followed I remembered him as I saw him last, waving his handkerchief from the carriage window.

"Then, one day, I heard he was engaged to Alice Dallas. At first I would not believe it, but when belief was forced upon me my grief knew no bounds. Till that day I hardly realized how fond I had grown of G., and the prospect of a long life without him appalled me. I cried as if my heart would break, and then pride came to my rescue. Full of courage and firm resolve, I took up the thread of my daily life and hoped not only to hide my feelings, but to still the dull, aching pain by plunging wildly into reckless excitement. It was all very well for a bit, but the reaction was bound to come, and I discovered that I must try some other remedy.

"We met several times after the engagement was announced—as friends—and I talked and laughed as in the old days, save perhaps for a touch of bitterness, which then I had never known, and the sound of my voice seemed hollow and unreal, perhaps because tears were so near the surface. Then came the wedding and subsequent congratulations, and I was among the first to offer mine, and was it fancy that I thought the bridegroom looked at me a little wistfully and was hardly as radiant as the occasion warranted? But, then, no one thought it was a love match! Had not Alice herself given out that she did not care for him? And he? But, then, why had he taken this step?"

Miss Daneby paused, and in the now fast gathering darkness Miriam could discern a silent tear, while she herself was not unmoved.

"Auntie," said the girl, slipping her hand into the old lady's, "when people love like that, do they ever forget?"

"I don't think they ever quite forget, but time softens all grief and often leaves one the better for its mark. When I found that excitement could not heal my wound, I began, in a small way, to try to find some work to do, even if it were only helping those who were suffering around me. And when the first feeling of blank and utter loneliness had worn off I was able to settle to more regular occupation."

Miriam was silent, then slowly, as if touching on an almost sacred subject:

"Auntie, is he—are they alive?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"And was there some mistake?"

"That, dear, I never now think of. Only One knows, but some day we, too, shall see face to face."—Sketch.

DARK DAYS IN KANSAS

GOVERNOR MORRILL'S HISTORY OF THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

Began In 1866 and Ended In 1875—Terrible Destruction of All Vegetation—Braver Men There Never Were Than the Farmers of Kansas.

Governor Morrill's favorite story is about the Kansas grasshopper. Here it is:

"Up to 1866 there had been no grasshoppers seen in Brown county. The county had been settled 12 years, and our people were in blissful ignorance of the existence of this plague. In the latter part of August of that year reports were brought in by settlers on the frontier that they had appeared there in immense numbers and were very destructive. Day by day reports came that they were drawing near, and about Sept. 8 they reached the western line of the county, moving from 3 to 12 miles per day.

"On Sept. 10 the immense army, which no man could number, reached Hiawatha, devouring every green thing from the face of the earth. The cornfields were literally stripped, leaving the bare stalk with the ears hanging to it and the latter often badly eaten. The corn was too far advanced, however, for them to injure it very seriously, and the only real loss from them that fall was in the destruction of forage. They deposited immense quantities of eggs, which hatched out in the latter part of April and early in May, 1867.

"This crop was of course obliged to feed upon whatever was within their reach until they were large enough to travel, and whenever they hatched in large numbers near fields of small grain there was no possibility of raising it. The beaten paths and roads and the newly broken prairie seemed to be favorite locations for depositing their eggs. Many fields of small grain were entirely destroyed that spring, while many others escaped unharmed. The corn was not much injured, though in some localities the early corn was destroyed. About June 20 they left and were not again seen during the season. But a small portion of the county was under cultivation then, and the total loss was small compared with that of 1874.

"In the fall of 1868 they again appeared, but far less numerous and causing far less loss. Their appearance at this time caused very little excitement, and but slight importance was attached to it. A few eggs were deposited, and the following spring a few gardens were injured, but not much attention was paid to it.

"In the early part of August, 1874, they again appeared. At this time the country west was much better settled, and the railroads penetrating to the Rocky mountains brought the news of the approaching hosts while they were hundreds of miles away and weeks before they reached here. The season had been a very dry one, with frequent hot south winds, so common an attendant of droughts and so exceedingly disagreeable. The corn at best would have been nearly a failure, but what little there was of grain or foliage speedily disappeared. Trees were stripped of their leaves. Apple and peach orchards could frequently be seen loaded with rich fruit, but without a leaf to protect it from the hot sun. In many cases the fruit was much injured, and it was a common sight to see peach trees hanging full of pits, the meat of the fruit having been neatly nibbled off. In some cases the bark was eaten from trees. Nothing escaped, for they seemed quite indifferent as to the quality of their food. Tomato plants, onions and even tobacco plants were utterly destroyed.

"Again they laid their eggs in immense numbers. Heavy freight trains on the railroads were frequently delayed for hours by their gathering on the track in large numbers, the wheels crushing them and forming an oily, soapy substance.

"The spring of 1875 but little apprehension of much damage was felt, and the farmers put in an unusual amount of small grain. When the warm days of spring came, the little pests hatched out in numbers far exceeding anything before experienced. The season was unusually favorable for small grain, and on May 1 there was as fine a prospect for an abundant harvest as was ever known. Ten days later the myriads of little hoppers, fast developing, were sweeping it away, and on June 1 but few fields of grain were left. The corn was much injured; nearly all the first planting was utterly destroyed. Many replanted at once, without waiting until they had passed away, and again lost it all. In one case a farmer planted 200 acres four times.

"Those were indeed dark days for the farmers. All hope for raising anything for the season was well nigh gone. The middle of June came, and still the hoppers tarried. The farmers with wonderful courage and patience had plowed up their young grain fields where the crop had been destroyed and were busily engaged in planting corn. From June 12 to 20 an immense amount of corn was planted. In an ordinary season this would have been too late to make any crop, but the season proved most favorable. Rains were frequent and not too heavy. About June 20 the grasshoppers commenced leaving, and by the 25th not one could be found.

"If ever men showed true pluck under discouraging circumstances, the farmers did during the spring of 1875. Braver men never lived; truer men never bit bread. The season continued favorable, and an immense crop of corn and vegetables was raised.

"The plague has not visited Kansas since."—Kansas City Times.

Darkest Time In the Revolution.

The close of the year 1780 was, in the southern states, the darkest time of our Revolutionary struggle. Cornwallis had just destroyed the army of Gates at Camden, and his two formidable lieutenants, Tarleton, the light horseman, and Ferguson, the skilled rifleman, had destroyed or scattered all the smaller bands who had been fighting for the patriot cause. The red dragoons rode hither and thither, and all through Georgia and South Carolina none dared lift up their heads to oppose them, while North Carolina lay at the feet of Cornwallis as he started through it with his army to march into Virginia. There was no organized force against him, and the cause of the patriots seemed hopeless. It was at this dark hour that the wild backwoodsmen of the western border gathered to strike a blow for liberty.—"Hero Tales From American History," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

Alas!

"Mrs. Talker is a very obedient woman,"

"All I ever noticed about her is that she is an awful gossip."

"That's why. What you tell her goes."—New York Journal.

It is supposed that there are at least 17,000,000 comets in the solar system.

Demonstration.

Philistine—I don't see what right an editor has to call himself we.

Scribe—If you tackled his duties once, you would understand it all right.—Detroit Tribune.

The orbit of Jupiter is 1,000,000,000 miles in extent, and it takes the giant planet 4,332 days to make one round trip.

Rather Too Long.

A peasant went with his wife to the theater. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home. The second act doesn't begin till five years later."—Lokal Anzieger.

MAYFLOWERS

Puritan mayflowers creeping,
 Clad in their virginal white;
Puritan mayflowers peeping
 Timidly up at the light;
Cheered by its ray day after day,
 Softly their petals unclose,
And as they part each to its heart
 Gathers the tint of the rose.

Gone are the colony's daughters.
 With the dimity kerchiefs of yore.
Here by the Atlantic's broad waters
 They are beholden no more.
Here away blows the summer's wild rose;
 Blossoms fill copsewood and glade,
But the fairest that blow are the blossoms of snow—
 Types of the Puritan maid.

—Alice I'Anson in Ladies' Home Journal.

RETURN TO NATURE.

"Rev. Augustine St. Gregory, Miss Helen Mackintosh. Married"—

"Tear up the wedding cards!" interrupted Pris Armstrong. "It was infatuation—fanaticism. How could a Boston girl, brought up with every advantage of education and association, marry a full blooded Sioux! I went to the wedding under protest. As Helen's nearest friend I sat there under protest, and it required all my self control to refrain from shrieking aloud at the words, 'If any man can show just cause why they should not lawfully be joined together' "—

"You talk as though he had just arrived from the plains, in wampum and war paint," returned Annie Chesley indignantly. "I met him at Mrs. Cotting's reception and thought him perfectly fascinating. He has the loveliest manners, so gentle and subdued, and with his soulful dark eyes and melancholy face he reminded me of Edwin Booth in 'The Iron Chest.' Such an interesting history as he has too. He lost his father at the battle of the Little Big Horn, and after the flight of Sitting Bull and his men into Canada the poor little fellow was found by a missionary and sent to Hampton. Later, by means of an old lady's bequest, he was educated for the ministry, preparatory to going as missionary to his own people. If you had heard him speak, the last Sunday in Advent, when the collection is taken for the domestic mission, you would realize what religion has done in transforming a savage into a Christian gentleman and clergyman."

"Helen was taught from babyhood to save her pennies for the domestic mission," said Pris slowly. "In Lent her childish sacrifices were for the benefit of some Indian school. Her castoff toys were sent to Hampton. Her Sunday school class supported an Indian there. Later she attended all the meetings for the benefit of the Indians, has been an active member of the Dakota league and devoted all her charitable energies—and a Boston girl must have some outlet for philanthropy, as imperatively as for her love of music, books and art—to collecting funds and packing barrels of clothing for the Indians.

"As she stood by the altar it seemed the culmination of a lifelong fad—an earnest and religious one, if you will, but still merely a fad—in which love bore a minor, if not a doubtful, part. There was a delay in getting to the carriage, and I waited. No, not to throw rice, but—but to see Helen once more. Captain Carter, Helen's cousin—he was best man—closed the carriage door, with a gay goodby. He stood, with uncovered head, in the fog and drizzle, and I saw the look upon his face."

"They say he has always been in love with Helen."

"It was not that. Insight gave foresight, and on the pavement in Copley square he saw the future, somewhere on the western plains."

* * * * * *

"You are tired, August?"

Helen St. Gregory arose from the piano—the one article of luxury she had permitted herself—and leaning over the back of her husband's chair played with his hair. It had been allowed to grow somewhat long in the last few weeks.

He had just returned from a visit to a settlement, a few miles distant, consisting of a few wretched, scattered huts. His hand sought his throat and loosened the stiff, clerical bands with an impatience that seemed uncontrollable.

"It is stifling here," he said. "The air of a room makes me cough."

"I will open the window."

"Open both windows."

"I cannot," returned Helen, with some surprise at his imperious tone. "The other window is sealed hermetically with papier mache, manufactured out of soaked newspapers after Frank Carter's recipe."

Her husband strode across the room, and with one blow of his clinched fist he broke away the lower part of the sash.

"August! How could you—oh, your hand is bleeding!" reproach changing to commiseration.

She caught up a web of soft linen upon the work table.

"It is nothing," said her husband, almost haughtily, drawing himself so quickly away that the linen fell beneath his foot.

The next moment there was an exclamation from her, for it was the surplice, with the circle emblem of immortality embroidered upon its front, that lay there, bloodstained and trampled.

He sank into the chair again, and she, who had learned in the last few months that there were times when it was best to leave him undisturbed, silently closed the shutters outside the broken window and pinned closely over it the heavy curtains of Mexican blankets. The room was both sitting room and study. In the corner a prie dieu, with a threadbare cushion, testified to the length and frequency of his devotions.

Presently Helen looked anxiously up from the altar cloth she was embroidering.

"I wish you would not watch me in that covert manner," said her husband, with new irritability.

He was tired. Her woman's heart chid her after that moment of strange and chilled misgiving. It was a long, cold walk to the settlement, and the people there were the most degraded of his pastoral charge. They consisted only of old men, women and children. The young men were out hunting, a euphemism for having joined certain hostile tribes in the northwest.

"I have questioned lately, Helen," he began presently, "whether I have not, after all, mistaken my vocation. The fire has died out of my utterances; my prayers no longer ascend as on wings of light, but fall crushingly back upon my heart. The meaning has gone out of the Holy Scripture. Its words are as 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'"

She spoke gentle, reassuring words, and the strange foreboding vanished from her heart.

Long after she had gone to bed he was kneeling at the prie dieu. In the days that followed she noticed that he was unusually silent; that the early services, the prayers and fastings became more frequent, the last so rigorous that she begged him to have care lest his health suffer.

"We are commanded," he replied solemnly, "to 'crucify the old man and utterly abolish the whole body of sin.'"

He went about his work like a man in a dream. The melancholy that had always characterized him had become moodiness, a taciturnity that his wife learned was best left unquestioned. His favorite subjects of conversation had formerly related to his work. Now he never alluded to it. His texts had been chosen from the New Testament, that upon which he had most frequently dwelt being, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." Now his sermons were drawn from the Old Testament and particularly from those accounts that dwelt upon vengeance and bloodshed. When he read the lesson telling of the killing of Sisera, there was a repressed force in his utterance, an intensity of dramatic action in the gestures of his slender hand and flexible wrist, that brought the scene with awful vividness before his listeners.

"She smote the nail into his temples, for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died." His personality was merged into that of Jael, and exaltation was exultation over the treacherous and savage deed.

His manner in speaking of his own people had formerly been tinged with sadness. Was it a wild fancy of his wife's that it now held a subtle pride? A distinction, too, had evidently grown up between "these people"—of his flock—and those among whom his childhood had been passed.

His walks over the plain became more frequent. Helen had supposed their object was the settlement till an allusion to his work there undeceived her. "I have not been there. I walked 20, 30 miles over the plain," he said, with an excitement that all her efforts at restraint could not allow to pass unnoticed.

"Listen!" and the words that followed were strange to Helen. "It is the tongue of my fathers," went on her husband, with solemn pride. "Upon the vast empty plain there was a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and even as the tongues were given to the disciples at the day of Pentecost was the language of the warriors given back to me. With such words did my father speak when he told of his great deeds in the council. My father was a great brave. He did not live among the women and children. He was not a squaw man. He was Black Kettle!"

Bewildered at this strange outburst, Helen called beseechingly to her husband. He made no reply. It was morning when he arose from the prie dieu.

For the next few days, except for an almost unbroken silence, he seemed more like his former self. Late one afternoon word was brought to Helen that a woman had been confined in the settlement and was dying for lack of food and clothing. The circumstances appealed to her with peculiar force. Filling a basket with food and hastily selecting such articles as seemed most needful, she set out on her lonely walk.

The door of the hut was ajar. The one room was empty. In her charitable visiting in Boston a similar experience had often confronted her, and now, as then, an involuntary vexation arose at having been made the dupe of her sympathies. She made her way to the next hut; but, to her surprise, it, too, was empty. The village was deserted.

The last hut stood on the brow of an incline. In the hollow beyond was a strange sight.

Shrinking back into the shadow of the hut, petrified with horror, she stood watching a circle of savage figures, men and women alternating, holding one another by the hand, revolving slowly around a large tree. A dirgelike chant filled the air as round and round the dancers went in the same direction, with eyes closed and heads bent toward the ground. There were young men in the circle. Had they returned, then, from their "hunting expedition?"

Chained to the spot by the mystic spell of the "ghost dance," her own body swayed to and fro in unison with the dancers.

One figure seemed to exercise a particular fascination over her. It was that of a young brave, naked to the hips and with streaks of red and yellow paint across his breast. Darkness had long ago fallen, and fires were gleaming in the hollow. By and by one after another of the dancers fell forward on his face, but the circle was instantly re-formed. The young brave who had held her gaze was prostrate at last, in the kind of swoon to which the others had succumbed.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I have seen the great father," he cried, "and he will not talk to me because I have married a white woman."

It was the voice of her husband!

Half frozen, blinded and staggering, she reached her own door at last. She must have wandered many times from the path, for the cold, gray morning light was breaking. She dropped, from force of habit, into the chair by the worktable. She must darn those stockings of August's. It was the morning for early service. There was a little illuminated book of devotions in which it was her daily habit to read. Was she going mad? The words were revolving in a circle over the page. A capital A, in scarlet and gold, bore a fantastic resemblance to the paint bedizened figure of the dance.

There was a sound without. The door was pushed open, and a naked savage strode into the room. She saw his purpose

"August! For the sake of our unborn babe!"

What followed may not be told.—Edith Robinson in Argonaut.

Japanese Bears.

Japan is a country which will yet receive a good deal of attention from the sportsman tourist. Salmon streams are abundant and populous, and in the northern island of Yezo enormous bears are very plenty. These the Ainos kill with small arrowheads dipped in aconite. These arrows are shot by hand or from spring gun traps, of whose presence travelers are warned by a kind of T, or wooden cross.

Japanese bears are of colors ranging from brown or black to the yellowish white characteristic of the so called polar bear. Their fur is thick and fine, and, as for the size of the beasts, certain stuffed specimens in the museums of Tokyo and Sapporo are of unprecedented size. One of these fellows, even larger than an American grizzly, killed ten horses and was at last shot down by soldiers hidden in trees. The contents of the stomach of one of the bears, including the mangled body of a baby, are preserved in alcohol at Sapporo.

Because of the bears it is the custom of Japanese guides and travelers, when passing through the forests, to keep up a fierce and continuous yelling to scare away the bears. They have never been, until recently, much hunted with firearms and ought to be fairly easy to bag. Probably American hunters will soon be experimenting with them. —Exchange.

DON'T TUB TOO MUCH.

Professor Checkly Advances the Idea That It Is Injurious.

"Bathing and the use of soap," says Professor Checkly, "is 40 per cent more injurious to the human race than any other form of stimulation to which people are addicted. If I should bathe a man in proportion as much as he drank, I'd kill him in one-half the time. This is called the age of hurry and feverish excitement; critics complain that people are unwilling to take time for anything. As a matter of fact, hours of precious time are worse than wasted daily in the bathroom. If men would preserve their health, there are three things they must do—first, leave soap alone; second, get the skin loose from the tissues of the body; third, get rid of the idea that regularity in the matter of sleep and meals is necessary to physical well being."

"What are the objections to the use of soap?" asked a reporter to whom the professor's original views were a revelation.

"There are vital objections," was the reply "The skin, it is acknowledged, bears a most important relation to the body First, it acts as a protective agent, covering the sensitive tissues of the flesh Second, it acts as the agent of the mind, conveying all sensations of heat, cold, friction and the like. Third, it directly aids all the other organs of the body, taking up the work of each in turn when for any reason they become unable to perform their functions. The skin assists all the organs of secretion and excretion in the entire system, and for that reason great attention should be paid to keeping it in a healthy condition. Although realizing its important functions, people, instead of protecting this wonderful covering of theirs, try by every means in their power to destroy it. Soap does not cleanse the skin. When the skin is dirty, it is unhealthy, and the organs within the body can never be cleansed by all the soaps in the world. The only stains, blots, etc., on the surface of the skin that people need to get rid of cannot be removed by soap. Some other chemical ointment or fluid has to be resorted to to obliterate them. As far as regards the dust and dirt which naturally adhere to the body, dust and dirt, being earthly and material, are much better brushed off than washed off, and soap does not aid in the process."—Philadelphia Press.

MUTILATION OF DOGS.

Ear and Tail Cropping and the Operation Known as "Worming."

The fashionable mutilations to which the dog has been subjected are three in number—ear and tail cropping, and the strange operation known as "worming." Though the law prohibits the performance of the operations which lead to these mutilations, yet at least two of them are still carried out surreptitiously, and the third, "worming," may also be practiced. At any rate I have seen it done in my young days. It and the tail cropping can boast of a venerable antiquity, and they also had their raison d'etre in a superstitious belief in their efficacy in preventing madness or rabies. So long as the time of Columella, the Roman writer on agriculture, the mutilation of the dog's tail was a popular and favorite procedure. As he tells us in his "De Re Rustica" that the shepherds believe that if, on the fortieth day after the birth of a pup, the last bone of its tail were bitten off, the sinew (believed to be a worm) would follow the piece, after this the tail would not grow and the dog could not become rabid.

This superstitious notion has prevailed for ages, and may still be entertained in certain quarters. However this may be, the fashion of removing a portion of the tail of many breeds of dogs is quite common, and if it is done with a view to the prevention of madness, it is at any rate considered most desirable for these animals to have a short, blunt tail, because it improves their appearance. Some dogs have scarcely any tail left. I have seen grooms and dog fanciers bite off puppies' tails as a matter of business, and some of these people have shown me a fragment of sinew attached to the amputated portion as the "worm in the tail."

It should be noted, in speaking of this fashion, that a mongrel dog has been termed a "cur" (Latin curtus, or crop-tailed,) because it usually had the tail shortened, and according to ancient forest laws, a man who had no right to the privilege of the chase was obliged to cut off the tail of his dog, on the plea that, if a dog has no tail to act as a rudder, he cannot hunt game.—Nineteenth Century.

Swordsmanship Against a Tiger.

Sir James Outram, known as the Bayard of India, was a "mighty hunter" and an accomplished swordsman. He once performed the hazardous feat of killing a tiger with his sword and from the back of his horse. General Nicholson performed a similar feat.

He rode round and round the tiger at a gallop, gradually narrowing the circle, until at last he was near enough to deliver his blow. He had only the one blow, and if he had failed to kill the tiger he himself would have been slain.

The explanation of the feat is that the tiger does not spring upon the horseman during the circling process, because he is watching his opportunity. As the circle draw closer and closer upon him, he becomes bewildered by the strange maneuver, so unlike that of any hunter he has ever encountered. — Youth's Companion.

Franklin's Tribute to Paul Jones.

From the beginning of his acquaintance with Franklin a mutual respect and a deep affection sprang up between them. The wise Franklin saw at a glance what manner of man Paul Jones was, and in one noble sentence described him better than many volumes could, "For Captain Paul Jones ever loved close fighting."—Molly Elliot Seawell in Century

Why He Loved His Father.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

Little Charlie—I love papa most.

Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you! I thought you loved me most.

Charlie—Can't help it, mamma. We men have to hold together.—Jewish Times and Observer.

THE SLANDERER.

The angels of the living God,
Marked from of old with mystic name,
O'erveil their vision, lest they see
One sinner prostrate in his shame.

And God himself, the only great,
Preserves in heaven one holy spot,
Where, swept by purifying flame,
Transgression is remembered not.

Yet thou, O banqueter on worms,
Who wilt not let corruption pass,
Dost search out mildew, mold and stain,
Beneath a magnifying glass!

If one lies wounded, there art thou
To prick him deeper where he bleeds;
Thy brain a palimpsest of crime,
Thy tongue the trump of evil deeds.
—Alice Brown in Youth's Companion.

A MORAVIAN BRIDE.

It was the 1st of August, that brightest, sunniest month of all the year, when the bleak northern coast of Labrador takes on a fleeting garb of emerald green, when the boisterous winds subside to gentle zephyrs, and the tumultous ocean, seemingly entranced, rests from its labors and lovingly laps the shore.

In one of the broad channels between the thousand rocky isles which gird the main a large brig lay becalmed. Her sails hung idly from the yellow yards, and the helmsman no longer maintained a pretense of directing her.

In the vessel's waist the captain, a bachelor of 40 years, promenaded back and forth with a young woman, who lightly rested a gloved hand on his arm.

"So you have never seen his photograph?" he asked.

"No; not even that," she answered absently.

"You know no more of him than merely this: That he is yet in his novitiate, acting as keeper of the mission store; that he is 24 and wants a wife and is willing to accept the bishop's choice. Yet you come across the sea to share his lot; to sacrifice your inclinations and desires; to bury yourself for life in this wild land."

"A sacrifice it may be, sir,'" she said. "How great I did not feel when we set sail."

A wave of hope and passionate longing flooded the captain's heart. It shone from his clear brown eyes as he turned to face her.

"It is too great a sacrifice," he said, with warmth. "The pity of it, and there is one would give"—

She looked at him strangely and withdrew her hand.

"You forget, sir!" she interrupted. "It is the bishop's will. He holds my promise made before the church. I did not know then all it meant to me, but I had time for thought and was not urged. It is my duty and my work in life."

"The sense of such a duty is absurd"—

"No, no!" she broke in hurriedly. "You are a valued servant of our church. Your Christian duty is to help me."

"My duty as a man"—

But she disappeared within the companion way, and, vexed, he turned impatiently to the lounging helmsman, severely recalling him to his neglected post.

* * * * * * *

In the solitude of her cabin she flung herself upon the cushioned locker, the captain's words still ringing in her ears. He loved her! Of that she felt assured. And she— But, no! She must not, dare not think of that.

Could it be a mistaken sense of duty? She was the daughter of missionaries, generation upon generation, and following in the very footsteps her mother traced a score of years before. Although she had lived at home but till the age of 7, she remembered as though it were but yesterday the story of her mother's early life, as she herself had told it, and narrowly the girl compared that life with what her own had been, seeking to find some jot of difference.

She knew the harmony of her parents' lives, each kind and thoughtful of the other's weal, their only sorrow the parting from their child, and this they both agreed was wise and best. How else could children of the wilderness be fitted for useful lives? It was a rule dictated by the church to which they owed obedience as salvation's price.

These mission born children were educated by the church in the belief that duty to it was paramount. The wishes of its clergy were commands, the bishop's will an edict from on high. The boys were trained to fill their fathers' places, the girls to make the missionaries' wives, the men to take what wives the church bestowed, the women to marry without choice such husbands as the bishop might award.

And that the church had wisdom on its side was proved by the universal happiness to which those thus united testified.

And yet she could not reconcile herself. Her innate modesty revolted at the gross idea of surrendering to a perfect stranger's will. How could she fail to hate him, to despise this man, who, without one spark from the flaming altar of true love, would willingly forfeit all noble sentiments of mind and heart and selfishly debase himself and her pure young womanhood?

And she herself would make this union possible!

An overpowering loathing of herself possessed her with the thought, a terror she strove vainly to control, and the pent up torrent of her dread burst forth, sweeping her away upon its turbulent waves in paroxysms of despairing tears.

An atmosphere of feverish expectancy pervaded the usually quiet surroundings of The Post. People were hastily gathering from all quarters upon the little mound beside the church. The oil depot and factory were deserted, and the wolfish dogs might pass the unguarded door and drink their fill from the uncovered vats of oil.

The missionary's tidy children jostled with the crowd of natives unnoticed by their nurse. The baker and brewer stood on the mission house porch, puffing vigorously at his long Dutch pipe, while his little frau beside him conversed excitedly with the gardener's wife, who leaned from an open lattice.

A rising hum of eager voices came from the hillock, where the throng of dusky Eskimos was steadily increasing, and every eye was strained upon the entrance to the little bay.

The cause of this unusual agitation had been a signal gunshot from the hill, fired by the sentry stationed there to keep a lookout for the long expected ship. It was to bring them news from o'er the sea, the history of the great world's doings for a year—letters from relatives and friends, presents and messages, supplies and stores, their first intelligence for a long 12 months. What wonder, then, that they looked forward, anxiously counting the months and weeks and days and hours, until the time the vessel might arrive.

And one there was to whom it brought a bride. He was the youngest white man at the post. He had her picture, brought through winter snows and stormy twilight by the native messenger, who journeyed over the frozen channels with his sledge to the lower missions, where he met the factor of the great company buying furs, and who brought a few precious letters for The Post, forwarded by winter courier from Quebec.

Two thousand miles the print had come by sledge, and every day the young man studied it, noting the charms of youthful eyes and mouth, of rounded cheek and wavy hair, speculating upon her character and longing for yet dreading that momentous time when they should meet to either love or hate.

Which would it be and could he gain her love? How should he greet her? He, a gawky youth, who, guarded in his school, ascetically trained, had no experience with the other sex, regarding them as quite beyond his ken, knew nothing of the pangs of boyish love, and only had a crude abstract idea of the happiness, duties, sacrifice and pain involved in the mysteries of married life.

The elder of the post had said the time was ripe for him to take a wife. Obedient to the magnate of the church, he had written, at dictation, his request.

And now the signal shot had let them know the vessel bringing her was drawing near.

He left the store with speed, fled to his room, bathed, combed and dressed him in his best, looked at the photograph and put it back within its velvet cover next his heart, laughed and half cried and paced the polished floor, and through the open window nervously watched and waited for the coming ship.

The murmur of the voices now increased and swelled into shouts of "Gleanerakoo-a-ko-o-o-t!" and round the precipitous point, with white sails set and pennants flying, swept the noble brig. The bay was dotted now with bright kayaks, and volley on volley rang from a hundred guns, the church bell pealed, the dogs set up a howl and sang their weird chorus lustily, flags fluttered bravely from the mission roofs, and presently the brig's signaling cannon boomed.

The novice hid his face within his hands, with fluttering heart of mingled joy and fear, and wished himself 10,000 miles away.

* * * * * * * *

A week passed. The brig still lay at anchor in the bay.

Within his study the mission elder sat, his long gray beard falling in tangled waves upon his breast.

His keen gray eyes were bent upon the novice and the girl, who stood respectfully waiting till he should speak.

For 40 years he had lived his mission life, and his thoughts were busy with that time long passed when he had been just such another youth and had obeyed just such a call to wed. His helpmate's silvery hair was auburn then. Her dear old wrinkled face was smooth and fair.

The children of the love were scattered wide. One had been sent to Asia's infidel land, another lived beneath the scorching rays that bleached the sands of Africa, and a third had labored for the church among the hordes of one of those far islands in the sea, and news had come that he, the most beloved, had been rewarded with a martyr's crown

"Fraulein," he said at last, "the time is short; the brig must sail tomorrow. I must urge that you should give your answer definitely.

"It is a thing most serious to you both, but you have been together seven days. Not long in which to fix upon a wife or learn to judge a lover's moods and whims.

"But I can speak myself for this young man. I pledge you he is upright, virtuous, kind.

"And as for you, my son, she is far more. Her features would be ample passport without this commendation from the church. That you already love her I can see. What do you answer?"

The young man looked to her, then dropped his gaze. "You speak but truth, sir. She is dear to me. I would not have her leave me, but still less would I enjoy the thought that she was forced by sense of duty only to share my lot.

"I pray let her decide for both of us and give her till the morrow to reply. If she should wish for more delay, it is not necessary we should wed at once, and meanwhile I may try to win her love."

"What says the madchen?"

The girl was touched by the generous thoughtfulness the youth had shown and by the kindness of the aged man. She cast one swift, wistful glance through the open window at the anchored brig, where the captain's stalwart figure paced the quarter, and blushed and bowed her head and tried to speak. Then, with returning courage and resolve, she approached and knelt beside the old man's chair.

"Father," she said, her sweet voice tremulous, "I have had thoughts, unworthy of my faith, rebellious thoughts and fears and wicked moods. If either is unworthy, it is I.

"Give me some few days more before we wed—and let the brig sail. I will stay with you."—Ralph Graham Tabor in Truth.

Roundabout Messages.

A special correspondent found himself shut out of a London newspaper office in Fleet street and unable to make himself heard by any one within. His errand would not wait till morning. What should he do? He went to the Central telegraph station and telegraphed to a newspaper office in Ireland asking the clerk there to telegraph to the clerk in Fleet street to come down stairs and let him—the correspondent—in.

Mr. Baines, in his "Forty Years at the Postoffice," tells a similar story.

He was alone in a branch telegraph office in Seymour square, London, one evening, when the gas went out and left him in total darkness. He fumbled about for a match. There was not one in the office. Probably there were some in the telegraph office in Euston square. But how should he get them? He had no telegraphic communication with that office.

He telegraphed to Birmingham, "Please wire Euston square to send me some matches."

In a few minutes a boy came in with a box.—Youth's Companion.

PHILOSOPHY OF A ROUGH MAN.

He Has Discovered That Any Calling Is Tiresome to Those Who Follow It.

He was a poorly dressed and rough in appearance man; but, nevertheless, he was something of a philosopher. He was plodding along Ashland avenue near Sixtieth street, when a young man overtook him and made some inquiries as to a street in that part of the city. The street was about half a mile away, so they continued the tramp along the rough wooden sidewalks together.

" 'Tain't so long ago," said the rough man finally, making a motion toward a brick pile near the street, "since I used to pile them things for a living."

"Hard work, I should think," suggested the young man for want of something better to say.

"That's what it is."

"And monotonous."

"What?"

"I say it must be monotonous—tiresome."

"Oh, sure." Then, after a pause, "So's everything else."

"Oh, there is variety in some things," protested the young man.

"If a feller doesn't have to do 'em, there is," returned the other, "but I guess any business is tiresome to the feller that has got to 'tend to it right along. I knowed a feller that worked in a store—reg'lar hours, reg'lar work and all that. But he got tired of it. He wanted variety, he said—wanted to travel and have change all the time. He got the chance and grabbed it quick. He was sent here and there and was on marching orders most of the time—lots of excitement and change, but he got tired of it. Actually kicked to get back at a desk again, 'cause he said traveling was so blamed monotonous and tiresome and he wanted a change. Same way with everybody, I guess. Piling bricks is mighty hard and tiresome, and I'm doing better now, but sometimes I feel's if I'd like to pile bricks again just for a change. There ain't anything that ain't tiresome to the feller that's got to do it every day. What's ambition but a hankering for a change, anyway? The only diff'rence between people is that some of 'em want a change so bad that they'll go backward to get it, while the others have sense enough to swear and kick, but hang on till they can get it going forward."—Chicago Times-Herald.

BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

The Incident Which Was the Beginning of the Estrangement Between Them.

It was on Oct. 16 that Bonaparte arrived at his house on Victory street, in Paris. Mme. Bonaparte was not there to give him a welcome. During the absence of her husband she had made her house the center of a brilliant society which numbered among its members the ablest men of the time. This circle was untiring in its devotion to Bonaparte's interests, making friends for him at home, plotting in his behalf abroad, turning every political incident to his advantage, and building up a strong party which believed that he was the only possible savior of France. In conduct the associates were gay and even dissolute; occasionally a select inner coterie withdrew to Plombieres, nominally for repose, but probably for a seclusion not altogether innocent.

Into this loyal but licentious company the sudden announcement of Bonaparte's approach brought something like consternation. Josephine, in particular, was overanxious to display a feigned devotion to her husband. Learning of his approach, she went out some distance to meet him, but took the wrong road and passed him unawares. Hurrying back she found the door of his chamber barred, her absence being of course a confirmation of the general's jealous suspicions. For hours her entreaties and tears were vain. At last Eugene and Hortense joined theirs with their mother's and the door was opened. The breach was apparently healed, but rather to avoid a scandal than from sincere forgiveness, and this scene was the beginning of estrangement. — Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Baldheaded Wits.

In London there is a Baldheaded club, every member of which must have a smooth and shiny pate. One of their favorite amusements is to attend in a body music halls and theaters where the ballet is a feature. The attention of the audience, however, is always riveted on the array of bald heads as their owners file down the aisle and seat themselves in the front rows, and throughout the performance they receive more or less notice in the way of friendly remarks from the gallery.

Not many years ago there was a Parisian wit and boulevardier named Siraudin, who would have been eligible to the presidency of the London club, for his head was absolutely destitute of hair. One hot day he was sitting bareheaded at one of the tables out of doors on the boulevard, with a number of friends about. He noticed a hair on his coat sleeve and carefully picked it up and placed it on top of his head amid the laughter of his companions. Suddenly he began to mop his face with his handkerchief and show every sign of excessive suffering from the heat.

"Dieu! How warm I am," he exclaimed exhaustedly a couple of times; then the reason for it occurred to him, and he cried as he raised his hand to his head:

"Ah! I know what makes me so warm. It's my hair," and he carefully removed it and placed it on the table as he would a wig.—New York World.

Highest Range In America.

It is not commonly known, but it is a fact, that perhaps the highest range of mountains in America is on the Uintah Indian reservation in Utah. Bear's peak has an altitude of 14,600 feet, being 400 feet higher than Pike's peak in Colorado. In a stretch of 30 miles there are a dozen such peaks with altitudes of over 13,000 feet each, and which are snow capped almost all the year round.

From these mountains numbers of rivers of bright crystal water have their source. They flow down through the valleys and plains, affording the finest natural irrigation in the world. The two reservations have an area of about 6,000,000 acres, Uintah occupying about 4,000,000 acres. According to the report of the United States Indian agent, Major Ranlett, about 540,000 acres of the Uintah land is admirably adapted for cultivation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Zenobia.

Zenobia, the famous queen of Palmyra, is stated by ancient historians to have been of a light brown complexion, with intensely black hair and eyes. She is described as cutting off her hair in front and allowing it to hang over her forehead in the style of the modern "bang."

How St. Martin Rode the Devil.

One of the curious legends preserved in "Hone's Every Day Book" is that which tells the story of St. Martin's wonderful feat of transforming the devil into a mule and then mounting him and riding to Rome. This story, remarkable as it is, was formerly one of the standard miracle tales in all Catholic countries and was at one time believed by nine-tenths of the Christian population of the world. The story somewhat modernized is as follows: St. Martin had been a valiant soldier, but having given up the profession of war was elected bishop of Tours.

Although a prelate of note, he kept neither horses, carriages nor servants. This being the case, when he was called to see the pope, he started for the Holy City afoot and alone. As he was walking quietly along the road he was met by the devil, who politely accosted him with the remark that such a foot journey must be very fatiguing and rather out of place for such a church dignitary. St. Martin well knew the drift of his satanic majesty's remarks, and, in order to put him beyond the power of doing harm, miraculously transformed the poor devil into a very common looking mule! After performing this miracle to his satisfaction, the saint mounted the fiend, who rapidly strode off in the direction of Rome. The journey was rather uneventful, with the exception that the devil took occasional "mulish" spells which only caused the saint to make the sign of the cross, which served to goad the fiend forward until the destination was finally reached.—St. Louis Republic.

Insect Fiddlers and Drummers.

Insects that produce sounds audible to human ears have been roughly divided into two classes—fiddlers and drummers. The grasshopper is a fiddler, and makes music by scraping its fore wings against the rows of spinelike teeth that ornament its thighs. The katydid also plays an entomological fiddle. It produces its notes by rubbing the inner side of the hind legs over the front wings.

The locust, on the other hand, is a drummer, and a loud one too. His drum is formed by a membrane situated at the base of the fore wing, and he can make a forest ring with it. The cicada, or 17 year locust, carries a drum at the base of the abdomen, and makes with it a noise that seems to be quite as terrifying in the insect world as that produced by the gorilla pounding its resounding chest is among wild beasts. It is said that the cicada sometimes frightens away its enemies with the rattle of its drum.

There are other drumming insects who

make good music. but the violinists, after all, carry off the palm, for the great insect soloist, the cricket, is a fiddler.—Youth's Companion.

Catherine de' Medici.

Catherine de' Medici of France was a tall, dignified woman, of striking personal appearance. Her manner was often cold and repulsive, her language haughty. She was never popular nor well liked. Her features were regular, and the chief merit of her countenance was a full black eye that seemed to fascinate those on whom she looked.

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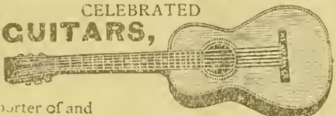
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Yours truly, CARL THORBAHN.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

Kansas City, Mo., July 19 1895.—Price of No.1 white comb, old, 13c per lb. Extracted 6½ to 7c per lb. for light. 4½ to 5c per lb. for dark. Beeswax 25c per lb. Old crop of honey cleared up.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., July 19, 1895.—No demand for honey. Fruit taking the attention. Supply low. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 24 to 25c per lb

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Albany, N. Y., July 20, 1895.—No demand for honey. No supply. Price of comb nominal. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. It is between seasons now for honey. Look for better demand and better prices this season. H. R. Wright.

Boston, Mass., July 19. 1895.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 14c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Very light demand for Beeswax. Light supply.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Chicago, Ill., July 30, 1895.—We are now having inquiries for comb honey and expect our first receipts of fancy white to sell at 15c; Our No. 1 white will bring 14c. No trouble to sell fancy honey. Second quality sells from 10 to 13c depending on condition. White extracted selling from 6 to 7c depending on flavor; Dark extracted from 5 to 6c.

S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

Cincinnati, O., July 25. 1895.—There is a good demand for extracted honey at 4 to 7c per pound with a small supply on the market. Demand is fair for choice white comb honey at 12 to 14c per lb. Beewax is in good demand at 25 to 30c for good to choice yellow.

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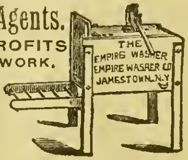

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Worms on Comb Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Years ago, when I first commenced to keep bees, nearly every one who then kept bees stored their honey in the cellar considering that such was the place that would keep it best, for it was thought that a cool or cold place was what was needed for the preservation of this product. However, it was soon found out that if kept for any length of time, in a cool damp place, honey would commence to sweat or ooze out of the unsealed cells and sour, while if left in such a place for two or three months, the capping to the sealed cells would assume a watery appearance and finally burst, so the whole would become a souring, bad smelling and bad tasting mass. It was soon discovered that right the reverse of a cool place was the proper one in which to keep honey, if we wish to have it improving on our hands, and so it happens that any beekeeper of considerable experience is to-day recommending a room, whose temeprature can be kept at from 80° to 90°, as the only place in which honey should be kept, which recommendation I know to be correct. By thus storing our products, we have the honey growing thicker and better as time advances, and I see no reason why comb honey could not be kept for many years if always in such a room. But, in having such a room in which our honey is stored another difficulty arises, which in many cases has given rise to almost as great a loss as was experienced in the former case.

This difficulty comes in the shape of the larva of the wax moth. I have yet to see the pile of 2,000 lbs. of comb honey which does not have more or less of these little worms or larva upon it, after it had been stored in a warm room for two or three weeks. Some of our bee friends tell us they never have any trouble in this way, but, however strong my hopes may be, as I place my honey in the honey room, that I shall, like them, be exempt from that nuisance "moth worms," still I have to eventually conclude with such hopes never realized, for the worms always put in an appearance. After the honey has been away from the bees about ten days, if we inspect the cappings of the honey closely we will detect little pieces of white dust resembling flour upon the surface of the comb, and usually most abundant near the bottom of the sections which have the combs discolored a little of those having cells of pollen in them. Now, although this place may not be larger than the eye of a fine needle still it tells us for certain that a tiny worm of the wax moth is there, and unless it is destroyed it will destroy more or less of the nice white comb which encases our honey. While in different cities a number of years ago, looking after the honey market, I saw boxes of honey which had worms in them as large around as a slate pencil, and an inch or more long; and although they had nearly denuded the honey of the nice white cappings to the cells, still I could not make some of the grocerymen believe that the worms lived upon the wax, they calling them honey worms. Such a spectacle soon disgusts customers, and injures the sale of comb honey very much. If after several examinations you fail to find such little white flour like places, you need be very thankful. If you should find these, the next thing to do is to sulphur the honey, as this is the only known remedy for these pests except picking the worms off by hand, which, while it can be done with brood combs before any great injury is done, cannot be done with comb honey. To fumigate, I take an old kettle and put some ashes in the bottom of it so there will be no danger of fire resulting from the heat from the coals which are to be placed therein. When I have the kettle thus prepared I take it to the honey room and pour sulphur, which has been previously weighed, on the coals to the amount of one-fourth pound to every 70 cubic feet contained in the room, when the kettle is quickly pushed under the pile of honey [it having been piled a little off from the floor for this purpose,] and the room closed. You will have to be spry or you will get some of the fumes thereof yourself, which is not very pleasant, I assure you. I now go and look in at the windows (two of which should be provided for ventilation in any honey room,) to which the few flies which chance to be in the room will come, hoping to escape their doom. As soon as I see that the last fly is lifeless, I take out my watch, and after a lapse of five minutes, I open the windows so as to carry out the smoke as soon as possible, for if allowed to settle on the combs and sections it will give them a greenish color, which will be a damage to the sale of the honey. The same thing will be likely to occur if more sulphur is burned than is given above, as some know full well who have tried guessing at this matter. It seems to be a very nice point to get this matter right, for if to much is used the combs are sure to be turned green, while if too little is used the worms will not be killed. The above amount has been arrived at after years of trial and experience. If more honey is brought into the room after the first has been sulphured, this is also watched, and when the marks of the worms are seen on these, the same operation is repeated again, and so on till I am sure the honey leaves my hands without danger of these pests making an appearance after it has been placed upon the market. While on this subject it might be well for me to say that I am not troubled nearly so much with these worms at the present time as I formerly was, the reason of which I attribute to my care that no combs are ever left exposed so as to breed these pests. Years of care along this line will certainly largely free any apiary of this moth difficulty, unless you have those keeping bees about you who pay no attention to this matter. Hives of comb left in the yard after the bees have died from them, as they often are, will give moths by the 1000 to be a nuisance in years to come. A little care will save all this.

Borodino, N. Y.

Handling Bees.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

On more than one occasion recently I have seen the advice given to beginners to beware of handling their bees except when absolutely necessary, and every season's experience convinces me more and more that this is bad advice.

I well remember the first swarm of bees I ever owned; how they were a constant source of pride to me and how perhaps several times a day I would gently lift the cover and, seating myself beside them, watch them work. Day after day this happened and the result was that before the summer was over these bees were so accustomed to my visits that no attention whatever was paid to them. Even the guards barely poked their heads out, took a minutes view of the surroundings and then withdrew satis-

Not contented with this, with the
fied.
venturesome spirit of boyhood I gradually explored further and further into the anatomy of their domestic arrangements until it was almost a daily occurrences for me to remove at least one of the frames: sometimes several. All the summer I did my apiary work without veil or smoker and got but one sting. Those bees appeared to know and trust me and I had no difficulty in handling them quite as I pleased.

The next year I began in the same way and with the same results. But later in the season I became too much occupied with other things to pay much attention to my old pets. The result was that hive of bees by fall were wholly beyond my control except with veil and smoker and I never after that regained ascendancy.

Now I am not prepared to advocate a daily overhauling of the brood nest. I do not even insist upon the lifting of the cover and cloth two or three times a day being any benefit to the bees, though I am not prepared to say I think it injures them if carefully done. But I do say that bees may be tamed by frequent presence among them, perhaps as much as the domestic animals of the field can. They become accustomed to one's presence and, as day after day the cover is lifted without injuring them, they gradually gain confidence and cease to be seriously disturbed by every little movement.

It is very well to argue that frequent and unnecessary disturbance of of the hive robs the inhabitants of so much time. When I see some simple operation like placing a super upon a hive throw the bees in that hive into such a state of resentful confusion as to be dangerous to approach for the rest of that day I think of my gentle little pets that would not have allowed themselves to even be interrupted in their work by such an operation. And the difference lay simply in the fact that while the one colony were so accustomed to being handled as not to be disturbed by it, the other, wholly unused to liberties of this sort, became frantic with fright and anger and utterly unmageable. Which method, let me ask you, disturbs the bees the the most?

As the apiary increases I am forced though against my will, to relinquish perminently my close companionship with my little workers and content myself almost wholly with the handling that necessity demands. I do not know whether the bees notice the difference. I know that I do, and that even armed with veil and smoker I now get a dozen stings where I formerly went unarmed and unstung.

What dairyman would advocate letting the cows alone except at milking time, even if handling did take a little of their time from the labor of consuming feed for conversion into milk. Good feeling between man and beast is one of the recognized principles of good dairying. Why should not the same apply to the apiary? By all means I say to the beginners and to all others, if you can find time, handle your bees: the more the better, so long as it is carefully done. But beware of annoying them. That in common with all disturbances injures them and at the same time defeats the very end it is desired to promote, as nothing makes bees crosser than constant irritation of that sort.

And while on this subject of handling bees let me protest against the use to which the smoker is to frequently put. I have seen old bee-keepers use tobacco on their helpless workers, as abominable a use as this detestable weed was ever put to. It is a rank inhumanity to the bees and a rank insult to users of honey who are not also users of tobacco. And the way some people pour the smoke into their bees leads one to think that they desire to stun instead of subdue the little fellows. Of course the actual amount of smoking depends upon circumstances and the bees,—or perhaps I should have said on the way the bees are and have been handled. If as friendly as they ought to be the only use for the smoker is in driving them away from corners where they are in danger,—for their own protection. If inclined to become arrogant smoke them enough to keep them quiet, as it is much easier to keep them so than to subdue them after allowing them to become arroused. But this does not require enough smoke to half stun them: only to frighten. And when I see any one filling the habitation of an unoffending colony with sufficient smoke to fairly supply a smoked meat establishment of generous dimensions, I feel like entering my silent protest with the energy of a steam whistle, and I don't blame the bees for entering theirs as soon as they recover from their swoons.

Penna.

Introducing Queens.

BY CHAS. THIES.

It would hardly seem necessary to make any remarks on the above. As an up to date bee-keeper should certainly be supplied with a good text book on bees, and with one or more of the best bee journals, but this seems to be not always the rule, from the many questions regarding the introduction of queens. There are many ways of successfully introducing queen bees ; but I think the one method most commonly used is to allow the bees to release the queen by eating out the queen candy. But to accomplish this or use this method it will not be necessary to get your queen in any certain kind of a cage, as many people think, but any kind of a queen cage used by any good queen breeder can be so placed that the bees may release the queen. In the first place you should be sure that the colony is certainly queenless, this colony should be queenless at least two days. When you receive your queen, go to some tight and closed window, pry off the cover, release all the bees with the queen, then place the cage with queen in the hive in such a position to expose the candy so that only one or two bees at a time can eat out the candy, don't touch the hive for at least four or five days thereafter. If this method be followed correctly no queen need be lost in introducing. Another method, which I would use only in very rare cases, such as introducing very valuable queens, or any kind of queens in unfavorable seasons of the year. Make a cage of wire cloth, (such as is used for window-screens) about 4x6 in. turn the edges over about ⅜ of an inch all around, see that the corners are all made bee proof, then go to your colony and pick out a frame of brood from which the bees are just hatching, one that also contains some honey. If you can't find a frame of this kind in the hive to which you wish to introduce the queen, you can in some other hive if you have more. On this frame place the wire cage so as to take in both honey and brood, put the queen in this cage, press down so the edges sink down a little into the comb. This cage should be held in place with two wires wound clear around the frame and hive, in a day or two most of the brood will have hatched. When the queen will also have deposited eggs in most of the cells. You may now open one of the lower corners of the cage a little so the queen may go out if she chooses, also other bees can get in. When the queen is out this cage should be removed. Always remember that a colony to which to introduce a queen should have some young bee. If by carelessness they become queenless and all of the bees have gotten old you should first give a frame or two of hatching brood, which gives them new life and vigor. By these two methods any kind of a queen should be successfully introduced. Although there are many more methods.

Steeleville, Ill.

An Experience with Bees.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

"In a multitude of counsellors there is safety." Prov. 11 ; 14 I was reading this in the "American Bee Journal" in the question box, and it reminds me of my school days writing from a copy like this : "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," and we can truly say many minds and kinds of bees. The The question was : "What are the best bees for comb honey and for extracted honey?" About two thirds of some of our leading bee keepers gave it as their opinion that the hybrids were the best for comb honey. I found this so in my experience. Hybrid bees are superior to the yellow not only in capping the whitest honey, but for wintering. I like the first cross from imported Italians and the black bee ; I call them black Italians. I think it is a well known fact among our northern bee keepers that they are more hardy, and will live and work better than the yellow Italians in our climate. I am growing in the opinion that the blacker the bees the better they are for me. This is not booming the yellow bees very much, but the time is coming when we will keep bees for the money there is in them instead of beauty. I love to look at yellow bees and to show a solid yellow Queen to visitors, and to keep them in my Queen rearing Apiary to supply any calls I may have for this kind. I would not feel so particular about the yellow bees if I could winter them as successfully as I can the black or hybrids. When I have succeeded in bringing through a strong colony they are prolific as the blacks, and I have sometimes thought more so, but they are hard to winter.

HEART SICKNESS.

How many of my bee keeping brothers and sisters know what that means? For one, I know. I will tell you some of the symptoms ; The first time in the spring on a warm day, with a south wind blowing and the bees flying some, you will venture to raise carefully the corners of the Chaff Cushions and peek in to see if your pets are alive. Perhaps the first swarm is alive and in good condition ; the next may be gone ; the next very weak, and so on through the apiary. In this case we feel a little sick, but later on one by one they may go, the beautiful yellow bees ; now this one and that one—some of them valuable breeding queens. Leaning against a hive you feel perhaps sick. But persevere year after year, take courage, go to work, clean up the combs and hives, carry the combs into the cellar to prevent robbing ; always feed bountifully those that have not plenty of stores, using granulated sugar syrup and feeding early in the fall—feeding as early as September. We cannnot well give up bee keeping even if our bees do die, for we have our hives and combs with honey, and we look around and buy more bees —pay a high price and get the very best—thinking that the next winter we will try cellar wintering. The above has been my experience. In those days I was using a Langstroth Frame altogether, and would transfer from any other I bought, thinking it to be the only frame that should be used. Sad was my experience for years. Finally I found an apiary of black bees, as black as the ace of spades, several miles away. Having the bee fever still, and because I could buy them very cheap, I purchased them. They were on deep frames, and in a style of hive I now prefer. I worked this apiary for honey and the money I could get out of it regardless of the color of the bees. They were hustlers, and were perfect in every way. In those hives my bees would go through the winter and the late cold springs, as we often have them, splendidly, losing only a small percentage. Then I thought I must introduce some of my fine Italians, and then I got a strain of bees with which I am very much pleased. They are hardy and handsome. I have proved the value of the deep frame in wintering, also the yellow bees. The honey I can sell for two cents a pound more than from any apiary of blacks, as it is capped so white and sections are so perfectly filled. The yellow bee fad is passing; the shallow frame also. In time we will have just what we need in bee keeping, but it takes some patience to wait. Great care must be taken this fall to see that the colonies have stores enough, for it is surely a year of famine for the honey bees. I speak of our locality, for very little if any surplus honey has been gathered this season.

Sherburne, N. Y.

Notes From Experience—Facts Not Theory From a 15 Years Test.

BY H. G. OSBORNE.

I have often seen much in the Bee Journals about robbing, so I thought perhaps our plan might be of help to some beginner, or even to some who have been in the business a long time, so I will explain it. Robbing is by no means a very pleasant thing to deal with, for after a short time it is very hard to control and should always be attended to as soon as discovered; for even if a colony succeeds in winning the battle it is seldom good for anything afterwards, as almost always they lose their queen; of course if they don't lose the queen they soon recover.

If they are robbing very bad so that the owners of the hive can't keep the robbers out—and this you can tell by closely watching the entrance; if you see a good many loaded bees rushing out and after flying off mark the spot, you may be sure they are robbers,—so close the entrance to two inches (never smaller), for if they can't defend this they can't a smaller entrance, for when contracted to so small a space the bees of the hive become as much excited as the robbers and don't fight at all. Watch them for a while, and if the bees ball up in the entrance then the robbers have the field. I have saved as bad cases of robbing as could be found in this way: close the entrance tightly, take off the cover from the hive and put on a wire cloth cover, be sure that it is tight all around; now you can leave them for half an hour, not longer for the hive is probably full of bees. At the end of this time open full the entrance and release the eager crowd of robbers, who are always waiting. When all are out that will come out, quickly close it again and leave it closed for several hours, unless there are still a good many robbers left; if so, they should be released again. Hardly any but the robbers will come out, and the bees belonging to the hive that do go out will come back after a short time. If the day is not too hot keep them confined until they can just see to fly, then release them and close the entrance half, for all the liberated thieves will return in force with the morning. If care and pains are taken the colony will lose but very few bees, and if they don't lose their queen you will hardly see any difference in them after a few days.

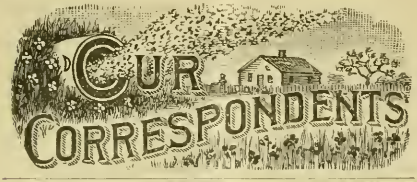
WHEN TO PUT ON SECTIONS, AND HOW TO GET THE BEES TO WORK IN THEM.

I see in the "American Bee Keeper" for May the question, "When to put on sections." Of course this is all easy enough for experienced men to tell, but the beginner is not posted on the signs that denote prosperity in a swarm, and he cannot tell at a glance whether or not they need more room. Sections, if you want them built quickly, well filled and finished, should never be given until the colony is badly in need of them ; then only one rack at a time, for it takes lots of bees to make nice white comb honey. Watch the brood combs closely and see if the queen keeps the combs well filled ; if so, then they will continue to keep strong. Every two or three days raise the cover and see if they are whitening up the top of the brood combs ; if so, and they have lots of bees and the flow is good and the weather fair, then they need more room. Now place in the middle of your rack five or six sections with big pieces of old comb in them (not too old), fill it with sections and put on the hive. After they have got nicely to work in the other new sections, remove these to some other rack. I have raised comb honey every month in the year, and find that black hybrid bees fill the sections faster, and if they are strong fasten them much firmer, and their work is much nicer than pure bees. To get the best results, the queen should never be over three years old. By the use of these sections of comb, this trouble of the bees looking through the sections so much before going to work is very much averted, for they find comb already built and have only to fill it. There is nothing gained, and a good deal lost by giving bees too much room.

LAYING WORKERS, OR DRONE LAYING QUEENS.

There are a good many people who have lots of trouble with laying workers, and now and then you find a very troublesome old queen who is still trying to perform her duty. For the benefit of those who have not been in the business as long as I have, and naturally do not know what to do, I will give them my way of getting rid of these very troublesome pests. Now for the first (laying workers) for they is by far the hardest to get rid of. As soon as you find a hive where the cells are built out long and the brood is scattering, the top of the cells look dark and drawn up, and most slways have a bad smell, you may feel sure that it is one or the other of these trouble makers. Take away all the combs that have these eggs in, and if you have time continue the bees in the hive for a day, then let them out and give them a big sheet of brood that is hatching fast, and a small sheet of eggs that have just started to hatch in the center, and see that they have plenty of honey. In four days look at them, and if they are building several good plump cells, well and good ; but if not building any, or only buttons, then they are not satisfied, and the buttons should be destroyed and a fresh comb of young brood given, and usually this comb of young bees they now have will at once start good healthy cells from the right aged brood. As for old queens, they are not half the trouble, and in my apiary not nearly as plentiful as laying workers. When the beginner finds one that is laying all drone eggs, all he has to do is to spread a sheet of paper in front of the hive, letting it come up on the entrance ; then shake all the bees onto this rather slowly, and watch for a dark slow moving queen. When you see her, catch and dispose of her as best you can. Give them lots of honey and plenty of brood, and you are pretty sure to get a young queen. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.''

Cuba, W. I.



EDITOR AM. BEE KEEPER.—Dear Sir: Bees barely made a living during the fore part of the season as frost destroyed fruit bloom, and white clover was a failure by previous years of drought. In this locality there is very little honey gathered from basswood ,and this year was no exception to the rule. During July we were visited with very much rain, regular downpours which thoroughly saturated the ground, followed by frequent showers. Vegetation sprang up as if by magic, and old residents say that they never saw a greener August. Bees commenced swarming the 1st of August, and are gathering some from sweet clover, which is quite plentiful. Goldenrod is blooming now, but yields but little nectar in this locality. The fall flow of honey seldom fails from Heartsease, Spanish needle, Thoroughwort and the large family of Asters growing in the river bottoms.

Yours truly, MRS. L. HARRISON.
Peoria, Ill. Aug., 18, 1895.

THE W. T. FALCONER MAN'F'G. Co.—Gentlemen: I received your catalogue in the spring, but as I had started in a small way did not send you an order but bought of dealers in New York City. I find the goods bought from them to be of very inferior quality; the hives were knotty, sappy and shaky. As I keep bees for pleasure as well as profit my desire is for nice clean hives and white smooth sections. I am told that you furnish material of the best quality, and as the distance is not great, freight will be reasonable. I am using a Langstroth 8 frame hive, but think the 10 frame better. I bought one colony of Italians which I divided, taking out one frame of honey and two of brood with the queen and placed them on a new stand. After five days I cut out all the queen cells (20) in the old hive and gave them a new tested queen. Both these have done fairly well. The old stock has now about sixty pounds of surplus stored, and the new stock has nearly filled one super of 28 boxes, and has considerable under the super.

I bought two box hives of black bees from a neighbor and transferred them into Langstroth hives, dividing them by taking one frame of brood and one of honey from the strongest, and one frame of brood from the weaker colony, put them into an L hive and gave them five frames full of foundation. I gave the old stock full frames of foundation in place of the frames taken out. I gave the new blacks an Italian queen. This colony is storing some surplus. The two old colonies of blacks I wished to Italianize, and a friend, who knew more about bee keeping than I did, helped me catch the black queens and introduced the Italians at once, which I did not think correct. Well, one queen was killed; the colony swarmed and I have lost one month already, and the balance of the season will produce no honey, so "in a multitude of counsel" there was little wisdom. The other accepted the queen all right in storing surplus.

About October I will want some 10 frame hives. As I shall run all my hives with outside winter cases I shall need no covers except when hiving chance swarms. These will go into 8 frame hives which I have.

Respectfully yours,
B. F. ONDERDONK.
Mountain View, N. J., July 30, '95.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

From Bee-Keepers' Record, (Br).

ABOUT BEES AND BEE-REEPING.

ARTIFICIAL INCREASE.

Seeing that only a few weeks back I advised bee-keepers to unite or join up all weak stocks, it may seem somewhat paradoxical for me now to be writing upon the division of strong ones. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and judging from the columns of our bee journals, it is evident that many are desirous of increasing the number of their stocks before going into winter quarters. In view of this desire, and seeing that in all, save heather districts, the honeyflow is over, it is clear that if stocks are to be increased at all this year, there is no time to be lost in making a start, so far as 1895 is concerned. Dividing stocks—although one of the most simple bee operations—is yet one that may easily result in failure, unless we go the right way to work. My advice, therefore, is, don't attempt too much. In other words, don't try to increase by a dozen stocks and fail, simply from only having enough material on hand for safely making an additional two or three. Remember August is not April, and that the honey season is now past and not to come. To make one strong stock into two can at this season be safely done, with some assistance in the way of a frame of brood or two, a young laying queen and a little attention to feeding, and it is not too much to say that two good stocks will be ensured for future use. Or three can be obtained from two fairly strong ones, but to endeavor to increase in a more rapid ratio than this at the present season of the year is a proceeding I cannot recommend. The best course to pursue in the work referred to above is undoubtedly that set forth in the "Guide Book," and in making two stocks of one, I add, be sure that the stock is a strong one.

Choosing the middle of a fine day, move the hive to be divided on to a new stand, placing a fresh hive on the old one, having first placed in the latter six or seven ready-built combs or otherwise frames fitted with full sheets of foundation. Personally I prefer to get the combs drawn out for this purpose and partly filled with honey earlier in the season. The flying bees will seek the old stand and enter the hive placed thereon. Take from the old hive two frames of brood and bees, including among the latter the queen, and place them in the center of the new hive. Close up the frames of brood nest of the new queenless stock towards the center and substitute frames of comb (one on each side) for those removed. If drones are still plentiful in the neighborhood the bees may be left to re-queen themselves, provided all cells raised from old larvæ are cut out. The great point is to make sure that the queen which is eventually to preside over the new stock is raised from a young larva. Time and risk of failure will, of course, be saved if a young laying queen is available, as henceforth to the end of summer every week is of importance. But do not give them the new queen in less than twenty-four hours after removal of old one, or until queen-cells are started. If the queen is left in the stock removed to a distance from the old stand, on no account permit the bees in the new hive to raise the new "mother," for two reasons. (1) Their day for acting as nurses is past, and this being so they lose time before making a start at queen-raising, and (2) their span of life is so short that before the new queen can be raised, mated, and has time to re-people the hive the old bees have died out and the stock has dwindled down to a condition which renders it useless. The best course, therefore, if the queen is left in the removed stock, is to introduce a new queen as soon as possible after a period of twenty-four to thirty-six hours have elapsed. Some bee keepers, I know, have a deal of trouble in finding the queen, especially when she is wanted, but if a new "mother" is pocurred, and kept ready for use, it is very easy (after the lapse of time mentioned) to tell which hive contains the queen by an examination of the combs for queen-cells, which will be found started in that portion of the stock left queenless.

In making three colonies from two, the "Guide Book" is again a safe guide, as it always is, for I must say there is hardly a phase of bee-keeping in which I have not received help and enlightenment from it. However, to proceed, choose a fine day as before, and take four or five frames of brood and eggs from a strong colony, *but no bees*, these latter being shaken or brushed off them and allowed to run back into the hive, place these beeless combs of brood so removed into a new hive, add frames of comb and close up the brood nest from which the frames were removed, taikng special care that the queen is in no way injured in the brushing and shaking process, in fact, the safest course is not to interfere with the frame on which she is found at all, but to leave it in the hive. Now remove another strong stock to a new stand, and place the hive with the frames of brood on the stand of the removed stock, which will receive all the flying bees from the stock so removed. The new stock should not be allowed to raise the fresh queen, as all the bees in the hive are too old, representing—as they do—the field force of the removed stock, and the above remarks as to re-queening applies equally to this case. My advice is—increase slowly, nor think that a large number of stocks always give the best results. Many things require consideration in the management of a large number of hives, and the axiom, "to keep your bees in as few colonies as you can," has much more in it than appears on the surface.—H. W. Brice, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

(From Gleanings.)

TEMPERAMENT OF BEES.

HOW FAR SHOULD WE TAKE IT INTO ACCOUNT?

BY S. E. MILLER.

Do we often make mistakes in managing our bees, in thinking that one colony should act and do just like another colony under the same conditions? Do we make due allowance for the difference in disposition or temperament of our numerous colonies? A colony of bees must, to a certain extent, be considered as an individual so far as the mind—or, perhaps, more properly, their instinct

—goes. We all know that a colony works under a single impulse—that is, what is the motive of a few is the motive of the entire colony ; so we must consider a colony as having a single mind. All work together for the common good of the colony. Certainly, when a bee darts from the hive that we are working over, and dips us over the eye, we are glad that the entire colony is not seized with the same impulse, at the same moment ; nevertheles, there is a controlling passion which seems to have the same influence over the entire colony at the same time.

Let us look for a moment at the higher order of animals and see the difference in dispositions. Take, for example, man. Among thousands you will not find two exactly alike in temperament. Then take horses, with which some of us are accustomed to work almost every day. One will be wild, vicious, and hard to manage ; while another, having the same treatment, may be docile and gentle.

Let us go still lower in the scale of the animal kingdom, and notice a flock of poultry. Here is a brood of fowls that were hatched out in the field or forest. One hen laid the eggs, hatched them, and reared the chicks up until they were large enough to scratch for themselves. We should suppose that this brood would be very much alike in disposition when they arrived at maturity ; but such is not the case. Some are apt to be shy while others are tame ; and in many ways we may notice a variation in their dispositions.

The above may seem foreign to bees; but I have alluded to it to show that there is a variation in temperature among the same species in the animal kingdom.

Let us now go to the apiary. There are two colonies, apparently just alike. We know they are very nearly alike so far as strength and the amount of stores they have is concerned ; and the one colony might be expected to do just as the other does, yet the one colony is storing honey quite rapidly while the other one is doing very little. Here are two colonies very much alike that we gave supers to at the same time. The one has the supers half filled, and is working nicely, while the others have not even begun. Here is a colony that builds very straight even combs, while some of the others build crooked, bulged, and uneven combs, although their conditions are very much alike. Over there is a colony that will not accept a queen, but will kill queens as fast as you introduce them, and insist upon rearing one of their own so long as there is a shadow of a chance—that is, as long as they have any unsealed larvæ to rear one from. No matter if the larvæ is several days too old, they insist on having one of their own rearing. Their nearest neighbor may be a colony that will accept a queen by merely taking away their own and giving them another, say twenty-four hours later. One colony will cast a swarm before the hive is more than two-thirds full of brood and honey, while others will wait several days after their hive is chock full.

To what, then, can we attribute this difference? Where all are in the same apiary it cannot be laid at the door of location, for the resources of one colony are available alike to all that are of sufficient strength to send a full working force to the field.

We are forced to the conclusion that there is a vast difference in the dispositions of different colonies, or, perhaps we might say, a particular individuality peculiar to each colony. When we consider, then, the different climates to which bees are subjected, the difference in the flora, and the difference in the time of year that the main crop is gathered in different arts of the world, it is not to be wondered at that all bees in all places do not act alike? It is surprising that a hive and a particular system of management that work well in one part of the country are failures in another and widely separated location? It is strange that we have not, can not at present, and, perhaps, never will, all agree on any particular size or shape of hive or any particular system of management?

I could continue further in this line; but as my article is becoming long I will try to come to the point which I tried to bring out. Can we not, perhaps by studying the nature and particular characteristics of each colony, be enabled to manage them with greater success and profit? Would it not often be better to yield to the particular whims of a colony, or at least compromise matters, than to undertake to make them do altogether according to our ways of thinking, when our way may be in direct opposition to what is the height of their ambition or desire?

Probably there are few if any beekeepers, who use modern hives, that have not at sone time tried to prevent a colony from swarming, and by so doing caused them to sulk until the honey-harvest was past, and thus obtained nothing from a colony that, by proper management (that is, by humoring them in their desire to multiply, and replenish the earth,) might have been induced to store considerable surplus honey.

In my mind there is no doubt that some colonies will build comb much more readily than others. To put such at storing honey to be extracted, and those that are disinclined to build comb at work in the sections, would certainly be a mistake; and yet how many of us pay any attention to this in putting on the surplus receptacles?

The above is a subject which I do not recollect having seen discussed in any of the bee-papers, and I feel that I have made only a feeble effort: but if it should call forth any advice from some of the leading lights in bee culture, it may be of use to the fraternity.

Bluffton, Mo.

(From the Nebraska Queeen.)

TO PREVENT AFTER-SWARMS.

This morning, while the bees are finishing up a few top supers, I find time to write something for the "Queen," and choose for my subject The Prevention of After-swarms. The advice generally given to prevent after-swarms is to cut out all queen cells but one soon after the prime swarm has issued, I believe this is the general practice, and I followed in the same rut for some time, but it always seemed to me there was to much fussing about it, too much opening of hives and handling of frames; and besides, a cell might be overlooked occasionally, and another swarm would issue anyhow.

For three years I have practiced a method which has proven satisfactory and does away with the cutting out of queen cells; and even from strong colonies I got no after-swarms. Although this may not be the first time this method has appeared in print, as I do not claim to be the originator of it, it will bear repeating. The practice has been to hive the prime swarm on the old stand and set the parent colony in a new position. This is a very good plan, as the swarm catches all the field workers but there are still lots of young bees left in the old hive which are ready to go to the field, and in the next two or three days will fly out, and, having marked their new location, will return to their parent hive, and unless the queen cells are cut out there will be a second, and often a third swarm. If one wants increase instead of honey this is an easy way to get it, especially if the swarm comes in the early part of the season and there is a good honey flow; with a little attention these swarms will build up two good colonies by fall, but very often they will not, and then there are a lot of weak colonies to care for, and the beekeeper will not have harvested as many tons of honey as he might reasonably have expected. It does not pay to have weak colonies in the midst of a rich flow of nectar. I know of no thing so asperating to the enthusiastic bee keeper.

Now the best way I know of to prevent after-swarms is to have all the bees that can fly to go with the first swarm, and this is the way I manage it: Have all colonies strong, even if it should be necessary to double them up in the spring, so that they will swarm at the beginning of the honey flow. Then hive the prime swarm on the old stand, removing the super, if any, from the parent hive to the swarm; then set the parent hive on top of the swarm hive and allow it to remain there two or three days. All the young bees that have ever been out of the hive, when they come out, will go in below with the swarm. About the afternoon of the second day, if the weather has been favorable, the parent colony will become so depleted of bees that they will give up swarming a second time, and will begin to carry out drone brood.

It is then safe to carry them to a new location; they will not swarm again but will build up to be a strong colony and will store some fall honey and be a good colony to winter. In this way we get extra strong swarms that will store more than the two together would if the queen cells had been cut out. Crowd the brood chamber with bees instead of contracting it.

Denison, Iowa.

NO CROWING HENS.

At a very recent date, in many parts of our country, it was a sign of bad luck for a hen to crow. Just why, is difficult to trace; perhaps because it was considered the assumption by a female of masculine prerogative. Whenever a hen dared attempt it, she was immediately run down by the united efforts of all the children on the premises, and her head paid the forfeit.

A recent traveler in Kentucky writes that while visiting at the country home of a friend a hen was heard to crow. Instantly the cry was raised, "Catch her! Kill her" He interposed in the hen's behalf, by reminding his hosts that this was an "age of rights," and she was therefore not guilty of any wrong-doings. They scoffed at his heterodoxy, and the clamor that followed prepared them for the return of the pursuers bearing the head of the foolish fowl.—*Elizabeth F. Seat, in September* LIPPINDOTT'S.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

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EDITORIAL.

The honey season is now practically over throughout the country, and it seems to have been pretty generally a failure. In many localities the bees have not gathered stores enough to keep them through the winter and many colonies will have to be fed if they are to be kept alive 'til spring.

There seems to have been a short honey crop in Europe as well as here and especially in Great Britian, where the weather has been similar to that in New York state, very dry followed by much rain, but in England a great deal more rain has fallen than was needed.

When this number of the BEE-KEEPER reaches its subscribers the Annual Convention of the North American Bee-Keepers' Association will be a thing of the past. It is to be held in Toronto on the 4th, 5th and 6th, and promises to have the largest attendance of any meeting of recent years. All the "leading lights" of Bee-Keeping both in the United States and Canada will be present and no doubt an interesting time will be enjoyed by all who attend.

Comb honey should be kept in a warm, dry room, and the sections should stand as when they were in the hive.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt from the management of the Toronto Industrial Exposition of a complimentary season admission ticket.

"The Southern Queen," Jennie Atchley's bee paper, published at Beeville, Texas, comes to hand regularly. It doesn't make any "splurge," but is usually well filled with informotion very interesting and instructive to bee-keepers.

As is our custom, during September we will allow a discount of 4 per cent. on all cash orders for goods at catalog prices. In October we allow 3 per cent., in November 2 per cent.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture—last edition—and the BEE-KEEPER one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year for $1.65

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 50c each.

THE MODERN MAUD MULLER.

Society dames are playing Maud Muller at their country homes and enjoying rides on genuine loads of sweet smelling hay. Quite sophisticated, worldly Maud Mullers they are, however, in matter of dress, for although innocent man is captivated by the delightful simplicity of their attire, connoisseurs in such matters know that these charming results are the inventions of the cunning and artistic Frenchwoman's fertile brain and deft fingers, and the cheques which pay for these "creations" are in three figures When my lady's cool looking cotten gown, so exquisitely fashioned, is disarranged upon the load of hay, it discloses a silken lining, and a glimpse of silk hose matching the accessories of her gown is caught above the low, white shoes. No, *M*aud *M*uller would not claim kinship with these fair dames.—*From "Chat," in Demorest's Magazine for September.*

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

A Carlyle Story.

Dr. Donald Macleod, in an interview in The Sunday Magazine, repeats a story which Thackeray told him when he went down to Glasgow to lecture on the "Four Georges:"

Carlyle and Thackeray were sitting in the open air somewhere in the Midlands. Carlyle was haranguing on some philosophical subject, when a pheasant began "scraichin" near them. "What an extraordinary noise that pheasant is making!" remarked Thackeray.

"Oh," said Carlyle, "something's troubling its stomach, and it's taking that method of uttering itself to the universe."

Money is highly desirable, but the man who sacrifices his conscience for it invariably makes a mistake.—Troy Press.

MIGRATIONS OF THE LEMMING.

A Norwegian Animal That Is Compelled to Keep Moving.

Professor R. Collett of Christiania, who has long been engaged in making researches into the habits and migrations of that interesting little rodent, the lemming, has published a valuable monograph on its periodic wanderings in vast hordes down the Scandinavian valleys. The migrations, which have long attracted the attention of naturalists, are explained by Professor Collett as directly due to overproduction.

In certain years, termed by the writer "prolific years," an abnormal fecundity is exhibited by the lemming, but the phenomenon is not confined to this species alone, being equally apparent in numerous families of mammals, birds and insects. The consequences of this great multiplication of the lemming is that the enormous multitudes require increased space, and the individuals, which under normal conditions, have each an excessively large tract at their disposal, cannot on account of their disposition bear the unaccustomed proximity of their numerous neighbors. Involuntarily the individuals are pressed out to the sides until the edge of the mountain is reached.

For a short time they enjoy themselves there, and the old individuals willingly breed in the upper regions of the forests, where in ordinary times they are entirely wanting. New swarms, however, follow on. The journey proceeds onward by each fresh accretion down the sides of the mountains until, when they reach the valleys, they meet with localities which are quite foreign to them. They then continue blindly on, endeavoring to find a home corresponding in conditions to that which they have left, but which they never regain. The migratory individuals proceed hopelessly on to a certain death.

Sooner or later all the wanderers are destroyed—thousands are drowned in rivers or fords, thousands are attacked by beasts and birds of prey, thousands perish from the effects of cold and damp, but by far the largest number die from the effects of a peculiar epidemic which seizes them as soon as they reach the lowlands, but from which they appear to enjoy entire immunity in their mountain forests. This wandering instinct developed during migratory years is suggested by Professor Collett as being of distinct service to the species in reducing the surplus population.

His Business.

"You ought to see that fellow strike a balance."

"I suppose he's a bookkeeper?"

"No, he's a professional juggler."—Detroit Free Press.

AN EGGOTISTIC LAY.

Of feathered creatures usefulest and best
That treads the earth is the domestic hen.
Better each nest of other fowls non est
Than hers, dowered daily for the good of men.
Though matin songs of birds with soaring wings
To flighty souls intense delight afford,
Give me the bird whose lays are solid things
By every tasteful epicure encored.
To her extempore offerings, rich and sweet,
What are the lays of larks—for poets only meet?

I love to hear the scornful village cock
Challenge, with scornful cadences, the morn,
But more to hear some matron of his flock
Cackle in triumph o'er an egg newborn.
Hysteric egotist! With frantic pride
Her grand achievement to the world she tells,
Pacing the barnyard with impatient stride,
While every pullet's breast with envy swells
Good right hath she her feelings to express,
Without whose golden gifts the world were puddingless.

Well may the homestead's feathered Brigham Young
Meet her with cockscomb strut and kindling eye;
Proud of her chuckling voluntary, sung
Over the offspring of polygamy.
'Tis spotless, pure and full of promise rare,
Of that beneficence an exponent
Which from the fowl educes still the fair
And shapes the issues to mankind's content
As sure as eggs are eggs, so sure I am
Eggs were a luxury deemed before the days of Ham.

—W. R. Barber in New York Ledger.

PRICE OF A TRUTH.

Maxwell Bernard was a man who daily and hourly presented himself—all unconsciously—to his more cynical friends as a living curiosity by reason of the fact that he was in love with his wife. It is certainly not a very heinous offense in the abstract, even at this end of the nineteenth century, but in the particular set to which Maxwell Bernard belonged it was not considered quite proper to show such marked attention to the woman who belonged to you. Such things were left for other men.

True, Mrs. Maxwell Bernard was young, accomplished and beautiful—beautiful in a calm, statuesque way that rendered her to the many quite inscrutable.

There was one man who claimed to know her secret heart. That man was her husband. Perchance there was another who thought he had even a greater right, but that is another story.

Of all the cynic friends who shrugged their shoulders and sighed for a man they deemed mistaken perhaps the one who thought the most of the matter was honest, drawling, laughing eyed, indolent Joe Chesney—Joe Chesney, who was supposed never to trouble about anything at all, and whose life was apparently one long and badly sustained effort to escape from worry and boredom. But if some of those who claimed to know the indolent one had but scratched below the surface they might have found a warm hearted creature, whose caustic laugh did but hide some better things of which he was half ashamed. But they did not take the trouble to scratch, and they did not know or find the better man.

Years ago, before Maxwell Bernard had succeeded unexpectedly to a fortune, and before Joe Chesney, the indolent, had been called to the bar, these two men had been at school together and had gone together at Oxford, the one filled, even at that time, with a passionate hope that he might solve the great problem called life and make of it a better thing for himself and others; the other lazily and carelessly admiring him, but laughing even then, in his boyish cynicism, at his friend and at all his friend's airy castles.

So they kept the old boyish bond intact, having many things in common and a great, unexpressed devotion for each other at all times—a devotion that was perhaps weakened on the one side when Bernard married, but which never swerved on the other, for all the careless laughter of the cynic Joe.

But a man is most blind to that which most concerns himself and is generally the last to learn of an impending tragedy which o'ershadows him. So it was that, while all the world who knew them pitied the man and blamed the wife and whisperingly coupled the wife's name with the name of another man, Maxwell Bernard knew nothing of it all and lived on in his fool's paradise blind to all things.

But Joe Chesney had heard of it, and Joe Chesney, despite his philosophy, was troubled for his friend's sake. Joe's philosophy had taught him to look on all men and things lightly and to be pleased with their vagaries as a child is pleased with a puppet show. It had taught him, too, a deeper insight into human character and human weakness.

"It's not surprising," he murmured to himself when he heard the scandal, tugging meditatively at his fair mustache, "she's the sort of woman who would never probe at the depths of poor old Max's character—the sort of brute that Calvert is touches her at once. But I'm sorry for poor old Max. It'll kill him. He's always so desperately in earnest. I firmly believe that if the proverbial heavenly visitant appeared in the Albany and told him he wouldn't believe it. And she looks so saintly. What's to be done? Must the domestic virtues be sustained at the risk of a shock, or shall she have her lesson? The latter would be the more convenient —and smacks of originality—but it would upset poor old Max. Oh, ye friends of my errant youth, why will ye marry?"

The result of his cogitation was that he decided to warn his friend. He had nothing but a feeling of contempt for the woman. It is only fair to say that she did not enter into his considerations. He thought only of the friend who had been his friend through all his life, since the days that they had wandered, with arms around necks, in the old school playing fields.

The two men met in a favorite restaurant, with a balcony outside its windows overlooking the crowded and noisy street. Joe Chesney was, for him, strangely nervous and spoke but little; Bernard, for his part, was in the highest possible spirits.

"Joe, old boy," he exclaimed at last rallyingly, "you are not yourself. Come, tell your old friend all about it. Is she coy, or does the Joseph of my youth fear to tell his love? Who is she? What is she? Tell me."

Joe roused himself and smiled across the table at his friend. "Your thoughts run ever in the same groove, Max. Are there no other things save women in this life of ours? Does life hold no fairer, fuller goblet to our lips, to drain if we will? Is ambition nothing—friendship nothing—is there nothing, in short, but kisses, and empty smiles, and honeyed words, mon ami?"

"Ah, Joe," said the other lightly, "you have not been in love—you know nothing of it. When you have, you will learn a truer, wider life—all things will change."

"Will it blind me to things I can see—give me a fool's hope, a fool's joy—a basking in the glare of the sunlight, with the thunder clouds hanging above me. Will it? Tell me that!"

In his momentary earnestness he had leaned forward across the table and fixed his erstwhile careless eyes upon his friend. The friend startled, looked at him gravely for a moment, and then laughed.

"Come, my Joe, your cynic nature is souring you. You want some true little woman's bright eyes to lead you to better things—to teach"—

"Tell me where I should find her!" exclaimed the other bitterly, rising and pushing aside his chair and moving toward the open window. "Tell me where, under these stars, she dwells tonight, and I will seek her and own my philosophy a blunder."

"Such women as you would want are rare," said Bernard slowly. "Such a one as my Stephanie, now—where could you find"—

"No, no," said the other hurriedly. "Not such as that woman, your wife. Never that."

Maxwell Bernard had risen quickly, and his face was white as he faced Chesney. The room was empty save for themselves, and the whole place seemed very silent. Only the muffled roar of the traffic floated up to them, and the little French clock on the mantelshelf seemed to be ticking at an awful rate.

"Are you mad, Chesney, or have you been drinking?" said Bernard coldly. "Something has overwrought or troubled you."

"Something has troubled me, Max, and the time has come for me to speak," said the other in a low voice, with all the old indolent drawl gone from his tones. "I have brought you here tonight for that purpose alone, Max." He stretched out his hands appealingly and then dropped them heavily at his sides again. "Dear old school chum, I implore you, by the memory of the old days when we were innocent and light hearted boys together, to hear me. Believe only that I could not lie to you. I—I love you too well for that. But if I did not tell you others might do so—others from whose lips the words would be an insult. Max, but that your happiness—God in heaven knows I have never spoken of this thing—but that your happiness, I say, is more to me than my own, a thousand times, I would not have spoken now. But your wife"—

"Silence!" broke in the other hotly. "Leave her pure name alone, man."

"I cannot. Max, you have been blind and deaf. All this fair pretense. O God, will you not see what is apparent to all? She—and Calvert"— He paused, half expecting another fiery outburst, but Bernard stood quite still, watching him. "Have you not seen them together? Have you not heard? Ah, Max, is it not hard enough that I should have to tell you this?"

"I want no excuses. You have always thought lightly of women. You have dared to add her name to the list. You coward!"

"Coward yourself!" cried the other wildly. "In pure friendship I have come to you this night in the memory of the old days, when no fair, false woman stood between us—and"—

In an instant Bernard's fingers were at his throat, and his hot breath fanned his cheek. But Joe Chesney was the stronger man of the two and shook the other off after a short struggle and stood there, with something of his own calmness regained, looking at Bernard, who had staggered back against the table.

"You hound!" cried Maxwell fiercely. "You come here, presuming on your old friendship, to breathe your false calumnies against a pure woman, to dare to speak words"—

"Say no more," said Joe quietly, raising his hand. "The time is past for explanation. What do you want?"

"You know what I want. No man shall say such words of her; no man shall breathe her name lightly, not even my friend," he added sneeringly. "My friend! Friend no more! Will you meet me?"

Joe Chesney started and glanced quickly at the flushed face of the other man; then he bowed his head and assented.

So it came about that they met in a meadow overlooking a little sleepy Belgian town one early spring morning, with all the fair sunlight about them, and all the air full of the songs of birds. There the friends faced each other for the last time. The words were sharply spoken, and the double report rang out. Joe Chesney, with a last steadfast look at his friend, raised his pistol and fired in the air. Maxwell Bernard, with a white, set face, fired point blank at the man who faced him. Poor Chesney turned almost round once, and then fell forward on his face. As the seconds rushed toward him they were startled by the sounds of shouts and the plunging of horses; then there was a crash, and the shouting sounded again. It came from the roadway on the other side of the thick hedge that bounded the field. One man ran up where Chesney was lying and turned him over, then came running back with a subdued face. The gentleman was quite dead, he said.

Perhaps fear of discovery led them toward the road. One man even suggested it, as no good could be done by waiting there, they could only get away. They scrambled through a gap in the hedge one by one hurriedly and came upon an overturned carriage, with two horses near at hand held by the driver. Near the carriage stood two people, a man and a woman. The driver stolidly said that the lady and gentleman were English and were hurrying to another station by a cross route in the hope to meet the express. He was garrulous and said that some firing had frightened his horses, and that they had bolted up the steep bank at the side of the road.

Bernard was the last to scramble through the gap, and the lady and gentleman had their backs to him as he jumped down into the road. Then, all in a flash, he heard the voice of one of the seconds, speaking in a tone of surprise and addressing the gentleman as "Calvert." At the same instant the woman turned quickly, and saw him, and put her hands to her face with a frightened scream, and staggered backward.

And the woman was Maxwell Bernard's wife.—Firefly.

Pneumatic Tires Not New.

Most people imagine that pneumatic tires are novelties of recent invention, and yet they were actually used on English roads nearly 50 years ago. We read that "at the Bath and West of England Agricultural show, held at Guildford, a couple of carriage wheels were shown, fitted with pneumatic tires. These were made by May & Jacobs for the Duke of Northumberland 47 years ago, but the carriage proving too heavy for the horse they were disused. The tires were constructed on almost exactly the same principle as those in use on cycles today, an inner air chamber, with a stronger outer cover. When punctured, they were repaired by the same means as now adopted."—Hardware.

Freakish Lightning In Texas.

Miss Fannie Moxie, living about five miles north of South Maid, Tex., while sitting at an organ during a thunderstorm recently, was struck by lightning and fell to the floor apparently lifeless. A Miss Guile was standing by her side with her hand on Miss Moxie's shoulder, but felt not the slightest shock. The bolt came through the ceiling, making a hole therein about the size of a 38 caliber pistol ball, struck Miss Moxie on the left side of the face, ran down and across the breast to the other side of the body, burning a path in both body and clothing until the current reached the stocking, ripped that open, tore the shoe from the foot, driving some of the nails out of the heel, thence through the treadle of the instrument and the floor, killing a chicken under the house.

There was no evidence of the current touching the roof or any part of the house except the ceiling and the floor. Miss Moxie was carried out of doors into the rain, and soon regained consciousness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Mexican Dainty.

Pinole is a Mexican corn dainty. The corn is roasted, ground to a coarse meal, mixed with sugar and spices and then stirred with water. It is very nutritious and often forms the sole food of travelers on long journeys.

SUB ROSA.

My sweetheart wears all kinds of hats
With aigrets, puffs and bows,
But the hat my sweetheart's sweetest in
Is the one with the big red rose.

It stands up pretty on the brim.
What wonder my fancy's wooed?
It nods and bows so saucily
To the music of her mood.

And when my sweetheart slyly rests
Quite still and will not speak,
The red rose would so fain reply
The bloom on her dimpled cheek.

The red rose oft has swayed a "No"—
My sweetheart cold can be—
But, you see, I like it so well because
She nodded a "Yes" to me.

—Delight Sweetser in Indianapolis Journal

SOFT BLACK EYES.

What a trivial thing will color the whole of a man's life! How small an incident, compared to the large future he has mapped out for himself, may make or mar it! I learned all this and more one sultry May day in Mexico five years ago.

I had been sent to Mexico as chief of a surveying corps to establish the boundaries of the Santa Anita grant, which lay along the Rio Claro just outside the city of Chihuahua. It was a responsible position for a young man, and I held my head high.

It was the day of La Fiesta de San Guadalupe. The saint himself had been dead, I understood, several hundred years, but in Mexico that doesn't make any difference. The longer folks are dead there the more they seem to be thought of and the bigger a birthday party they have. Almost every other week contains the "feast day" of some dead saint or saintess, and trade and commerce are suspended to do the occasion justice. The natives of Mexico are the most perennially pious people on earth. Why, I have known them—men in my own employ—to be so enthused over the posthumous birthday of some long dead saint that they would get up in the gray dawn to go about celebrating it. This morning, the morning of Guadalupe's feast day, the whole force of peons under me had struck. No chainmen, no flagmen, no axmen were left me. Only Sims and Bailey, my two American assistants, staid behind. When I began abusing them for the customs of Mexico, they said while they did not care even remotely for the saint to whom it was dedicated, still they were glad it was a holiday and they thought they would go up stream and fish awhile. They were only indifferent laymen, without any religious feeling.

When I was left alone in camp, I spent a short time on my field notes, when it came over me that I was wasting the day. Just outside the chaparral the river was laughing and murmuring in the open. It seemed to ask me to walk beside it. The adobe huts along its banks were tenantless; their inmates had gone to the feast.

But, strange sight, there at the bend of the river where the waters were the merriest was a solitary worker, and whatever it was she was doing, she was doing it with a vim. A dark eyed, dark haired, dark shawled daughter of Spain she seemed to be, and yet she was working—and working hard—on a "feast day!" A fit of curiosity seized me to know what she was doing and why she was doing it. I approached her with the question on my lips at what did she work, and por-kay (I spell it as I said it). Softly she raised a pair of melting orbs and sweetly and eloquently she answered me. From her reply, in the most musical language in the world, I gathered that she would be at the feast, but that she must cleanse the soiled linen that lay around her on the sand, for the owner of it, a gentleman who was staying at the United States hotel, wanted it by noon, and tomorrow would not do (she said this plaintively). If it were not done by noon, she finished most pathetically, she would get no diners, and that she needed in the superlative degree. Dinero! Ah, the next most potent thing in Mexico to saints' days is money!

As her red lips told me this, her great black eyes wandered from the soiled clothes at her feet to the spires of the cathedral in the distance and the waving foliage of the plaza where the feasting and merrymaking were going on. There was a look of sadness and longing in them as she gazed. Being a tender hearted man, I asked her if there was aught I could do for her. In a wonderful mixture of Anglo-Spanish, which I invented while in Mexico, and which no one could ever master but myself, I assured her I was at her service if she so desired and asked how I could assist her.

The black eyes flashed gratitude ere the scarlet mouth said, in silvery sweet tones, "Would you sit on a rock beside me and rub the shirts of the gentleman on a large rock with a very small rock?"

Looking back now in the light of maturer wisdom, I can see that I should have declined that job on the grounds that it was too unæsthetic. But—I didn't. On the contrary, I accepted it effusively. There was a touch of romance about it that appealed to me—the day itself began to appeal to me for the first time. I began to feel something of the enthusiasm for feast days that had taken my men out before daybreak. I would not be so hard on them again, I thought. Truly it was a very pretty custom, and I began to sympathize with it and to understand it better. If San Guadalupe had not been so long interred, in the gladness of my heart I would have sent him a bouquet. All this I tried to confide to Lucia. It touched her; it sounded, she said, like stories she had read in the convent.

Her name was a poem in itself—Lucia Eulalia Gracia y Valdez. And mine? After that poem it seemed common to say that I was plain Jack Biggs. But she anticipated me. She pointed to one of my business cards that had escaped my vest pocket when I threw it on the sand. "Meester Beegs, que no?" she lisped, and it did not sound at all badly from her lips.

It was pleasant to know she did not dislike my name. This was one way of saying, as everybody knows, that its owner was not disagreeable to her.

As we talked we washed, and long before noon the gentleman's shirts were all floating in the breeze from the low chaparral along the river bank.

Lucia Eulalia glanced gratefully and alternately at the snowy linen and at me. My natural thoughtfulness led me to suggest that we might as well do the family washing while we were about it. Her brother Antonio, the sheep herder, whom she had mentioned with sisterly affection—did not his things have need of water? "There is no time like the present," I said; "it may set in tomorrow and rain for months. Who knows?"

Lucia Eulalia looked at the contradicting blue of the skies and laughed at my weather prophesies, but she ran to her adobe dwelling a few rods away and brought from it a bundle of Antonio's "things." They had apparently been waiting for me for years. His wardrobe ranged from dingy bandannas to dingier overalls. As I warmed up to the ambitious task of cleansing them, under Lucia Eulalia's approving smiles, all nature seemed to smile. The sun shone warm and warmer, the river ran blue and bluer, for Lucia had "blued" it. She had also "allowed" the root of a whole soap tree to Antonio's garments. She was right in doing this, but somehow in my struggle with the sheep herding stains of six months I had distributed a good deal of lather over my person. When this unaccustomed fatigue began to show on me, Lucia Eulalia asked softly if I "had tire."

"Oh, no," I was declaring, "I have no tire," when some approaching American voices were heard. Lucia clapped her hands tragically, and running to the chaparral began hastily to gather the linen therefrom. I caught from her manner that the owner of the shirts had tired of waiting and was coming for them. I had divined aright, but I had not divined far enough. As they emerged from the alameda to the west of the river I could see they were a lady and gentleman. I had almost managed a look of industry and innocence as they approached us and raised my eyes to impress them with it, when—gracious saints! Guadalupe and great Jehosaphat! Was that Maxwell, the man I had robbed of the valedictory in 1887 at Ann Arbor? True, I had no grudge against him on that account, but my dream of meeting him again and "making it right" had not been like this! Maxwell it was, with his stylish bride. He threw me a careless glance at first, then I began to dawn on him, slowly but surely. He quizzed Lucia in miserable Spanish, in a cowardly way, I thought.

"Quien es?" he said, indicating me.

Smilingly, as if pleased so to honor me, Lucia presented me to Maxwell and his wife as "Mi amigo, Senor Beegs." I could feel that the bluing and the soap root and the river water were all mingling in one grand river of perspiration toward the collar of my negligee shirt. I could feel that all the constellations in the heavens and all the mundane landscape around me were waltzing giddily together. An intense longing for home and mother came over me that mere words cannot depict. For one wild moment I thought I would rush into my old chum's arms and tell him "all," like the wronged hero in the last act. I would say vehemently: "This is not me regular business. I'm a civil engineer at two fifty a month. I'm only doing this for fun," etc.

But while I was thinking this—how often are our best intentions thwarted thus—Maxwell coughed. It was not a consumptive cough. It was just a little grating sound that contained more painful surprise and pity and regret than a volume of Browning could. That froze me as I stood—or sat. Fixedly I gazed at the Sierra Madres over his head, as if trying to fathom the "lost" mines hidden there.

Maxwell's watch ticked in the painful silence.

"Alice," he said sternly, "we must not miss that train."

Out of my life they went, with the clothes I had washed for them, as suddenly as they came in. I strained my ears to hear him say "Poor fellow! To come to that—rather bright at college, but this country seems to rob a fellow of ambition"— Maxwell, I knew, was never a secretive man; they were going east, and, well—

Lucia Eulalia gathered up the extra coins he had thrown her for me, and said softly, "Have you sad, senor?"

"Yes," I said, "I have sadness, also sickness. I would go back to camp at once."

As I drew on my spattered coat and vest over tired arms, I said, most earnestly, "Lucia Eulalia Garcia y Valdez, I shall never forget this day of the fiesta of San Guadalupe."

Nor have I.—S. B. Metcalfe in Argonaut.

The Brooklyn Dialect.

Perhaps the most notable tendency which Brooklynites display in speaking is that of putting an r sound on every word ending in a or aw. Eight of ten people you hear say mommer and popper and the idear, also lawr, sawr, jawr, etc. Another peculiarity commonly encountered is that attending the pronunciation of oi in such words as oil, point, etc. Oil as given by Brooklyn people is not quite so bad as orl, but comes pretty near it, a sort of r sound being introduced.

On the contrary, when the sound of r shouldn't be distinctly heard it is frequently omitted in such words as world, first, third, pronounced woild, foist and thoid. This peculiarity is, however, more characteristic of New Yorkers than of Brooklynites. The Latin prefix per in perspiration and in perhaps is often pronounced as though it were pre, as prespiration and prehaps. In fact, it was only the other day that a professor in the boys' high school, an English teacher and a doctor of philosophy, was heard to remark that " 'prehaps' something was so." Some other mistakes frequently made are carousel for carrousel, again for agen, ben for been and sassy for saucy.

The worst barbarism, however, is practiced in pronouncing proper names. Who but a Brooklynite would have the courage to pronounce Schermerhorn as Skemmahorn? Elevated railroad guards, whose chief duty it is to call out the correct names of the stations, will invariably exclaim Ellum place and Norstand avenue. Have we no better way to honor the memory of those two great men, Putnam and Lafayette, than to call the streets named after them Pootnam avenue and Layfayette avenue? Or is it because Brooklynites do not know who these men were? Certainly it cannot be on account of their ignorance of history, because these mistakes occur not infrequently among people seemingly well educated.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hard on the Poor Farmer.

The oppression of the poor western farmer still goes on apace. In Nebraska the supreme court of the state has just taken from him a lucrative means of livelihood. For years there has been a law in the state requiring railroad engineers to whistle at every highway crossing and imposing a fine of $50 for every failure to do so, half the fine going to the informer.

For some reason engineers have not been able to do all the whistling required by this law, perhaps from need of some steam for running the locomotive, and the farmers have made a great deal of money by watching the crossings and bringing suit against the companies for infractions of the law.

Every suit thus brought has heretofore been decided against the companies, and the law has cost them a great deal of money. One farmer recently got a verdict for $3,500 whistling money against the Union Pacific. The supreme court has finally declared the law unconstitutional.—New York Sun.

The Brook Farm House Today.

The Brook Farm house is now a German orphan asylum, supported by some union of charities in Boston, writes Hezekiah Butterworth in The Ladies' Home Journal. Large additions have been made to the solid house associated with Professor Ripley's literary and philosophical community, then called the "phalanstery." To an eye like Thoreau's it would be regarded as a beautiful estate, but its charms are subtle and simple. The brook sings forever by the roadside under the pond willows and goes winding through matted grass of rich pastures to the river Charles, that glitters afar, a silver sheen guarded by priestly savins. The hills are hearsed with pines. A little way from the old house is the so called Margaret Fuller cottage, and a little beyond, in a long, cloudy cloister of pines that forever chant the monotonous sweetness of the passing world's life, is Pulpit rock, where, according to tradition, the apostle Eliot used to preach.

Prussian Dairymaids.

In the great Elbing dairies in West Prussia the dairymaids are not permitted to wear corsets. The different grades of proficiency are indicated by the caps worn; the milkmaids wear white caps, the pupils white also, with the addition, however, of black velvet bands, and the dairy teachers caps with silver lace. Many daughters of the landed nobility take a course in this work, but all alike wear the uniform prescribed. This is not a skirt, but waist and knickerbockers. It is found that this is the most cleanly and comfortable and serviceable in an occupation subject to various accidents.

"THE NEW MAN."

Rev. Anna Shaw Says He Is to Be a Fit Mate For the New Woman.

The Rev. Anna Shaw lectured recently in Philadelphia on "The New Man," and she drew a rosy picture of that individual without, however, telling when he was to make his appearance on earth or how the present masculine was to be reformed into the creature she depicted.

Miss Shaw predicted that the new man would neither smoke, drink, swear nor gamble. He will do none of these things because "he will be pre-eminently a man in the development of his physical organism, and will indulge in nothing that will degrade his bodily development."

Miss Shaw had seen it written that a man should not smoke until he was 30 years of age. If the new man follows this rule, she thought that at that age he would be married to the new woman, and that assertive female would then see that he never indulged in the weed. As the result of this abstemiousness Miss Shaw foresaw an increase in the stature of the race. "There will be giants in those days." The new man "may be a champion batter or even a football player," but he will indulge in these sports entirely as pastime and during seasonable hours. As a logical consequence professional nines will become a thing of the past, and the heavy hitters of today will be known only as myths. Miss Shaw was very earnest on this point and scoffed at the idea of paying men more to play baseball than to work.

The new man is not to be an effeminate creature. He is to be "a fit mate for the new woman." He is also to be intellectual, but "not from the mere study of books." His mind will be a legal one, and he shall judge accurately between right and wrong, even when a woman is concerned. This athletic, football playing individual with the legal mind is also to be well developed morally. "Not that the world will be absolutely pure, but he will be able to walk in the midst of temptation without being affected any more than a vaccinated man is physically who walks through a smallpox hospital." He will be "a moral influence for virtue and go side by side with the new woman, clasping her hand with a hand as pure as hers."

The new man will also be religious, although he will pay more attention to his life than he will to creed. He is to be a manly man, but tender, true and loving. His intercourse with man is to be that of brother with brother. He is also going to be a brother to the new woman. Miss Shaw intimated that the sisterly racket on the part of the young women should be offset by something of the sort she indicates. The new man in business life is going to be benefited by the new business woman. He will no longer have to spend money in buying cigars and drinks in order to close his bargains, for the female drummer will do away with such methods.—Philadelphia Press.

CRANK DINNERS.

Banquets That Have Grotesque, Grewsome and Eccentric Features.

Most men experienced in dining out have attended what might be aptly called "crank dinners," where some hobby came into play or an old eccentricity was grotesquely indicated. One of the queerest banquets of this character took place a few years ago at a fashionable Regent street restaurant in London, where an acquaintance engaged a cabinet particulier to celebrate what he called the "burial of his bachelorhood."

The table was laid with a black satin cloth, the flowers in the epergnes were immortelles, the menu was written in a dead language on mimic tombstones, the name of each guest was inscribed on a cardboard coffin which opened and contained a dark cigar to represent a corpse, and the wine appeared draped in crape and was served by mutes.

When the guests arrived, they came in two mourning coaches drawn by huge black horses with long tails, such as one sees wending their way to the cemeteries. The host was dressed in deep mourning, with sables around each arm. He was evidently in some respects a morbid man who reveled in his mortuary wit, for when the manager of the restaurant knocked at the door (it was getting late) and desired to know if the obsequies were quite over the giver of the feast was reading the burial service with mock solemnity over an empty claret bottle.

He addressed the manager as a "potent, grave and reverend seignior," requested one of his guests to play him out to the strains of the "Dead March In Saul" and protested that the dinner could not be completed "until it was half mourning." This comedy or farce, interlude or whatever one may call it, was kept up to the very end by the convives departing as lugubriously and solemnly as they had entered.—Chicago News.

Improvement In Field Cannon.

The improvement in field cannon has kept pace with that in small arms. It is doubtful whether troops can be held in column or mass formation within two miles of an enemy firing the present modern breechloading field guns. The extreme range of these 3.2 and 3.6 inch caliber field guns is over five miles, and when a suitable smokeless powder is found they may throw a projectile eight miles. Had McClellan had these guns when his lines were five miles from Richmond he could have ruined the city. No troops can live in front of them when they are rapidly discharging shrapnel, 200 bullets to the case, and they can defend themselves without infantry support and can be captured only by surprise or when their ammunition is exhausted.—"The Future of War," by General Fitz-Hugh Lee, in Century.

Not What He Meant.

A story is told of a certain committee meeting in which the proceedings commenced with noise and gradually became uproarious. At last one of the disputants, losing all control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent, "Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon!" "Order, order!" said the chairman gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Household Words.

Blondin's Rope.

In a fragment of autobiography written some years ago, Blondin tells us that the rope he generally used was formed with a flexible core of steel wire covered with the best manilla hemp, about an inch or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, several hundred yards in length, and costing about £100. A large windlass at either end of the rope served to make it taut, while it was supported by two high poles. His balancing poles, of ash wood, vary in length, and are in three sections, and weigh from 37 to 47 pounds. He is indifferent as to the height at which he is to perform. Blondin has never confessed to any nervousness on the rope, and while walking he generally looks 18 or 20 feet ahead and whistles or hums some snatch of a song. The time kept by a musical band has frequently aided him in preserving his balance. Blondin is something of both carpenter and blacksmith, and is able to make his own models and fit up his own apparatus.—Chambers' Journal.

An Astonished Dog.

A pug dog in a Lewiston household swallowed a spool of twist the other day, and the boy of the family discovered him pawing at the end which hung from his mouth. The boy forthwith had the "racket" of his life. He unwound 50 yards of No. B from the pug and left the spool inside, and the astonishment of the dog was as great as the sport of the boy.—Lewiston Journal.

Labouchere and the Duke.

Once, in days long past, I knew a duke at Florence (he was from Sicily, where most persons are dukes). He had been banished by King Bomba. He was rich, and he ought to have been happy. But he was not, and he confided his woes to me. He had no decoration. "You have antiquities in your island," I said. He replied that he had heard that there were such things. "Do you know anything about them?" I continued. "Nothing," he answered. "Then get a man to write a book about them, have it properly illustrated, bring it out as your own, have some copies beautifully bound and send one to each of the crowned heads in Europe, kings, dukes, electors and so on." "But wherefore, my friend?" he asked. "A certain number of them will send you an order in return for your gift. Mind—quarto, and well bound," I said.

Two years later I returned to Florence, and went to some official ceremony. My duke was there. He was arrayed in ribbons like a rainbow, and he jingled as he walked, such was the number of the metal plates about him. The grateful creature threw himself into my arms. "I owe them all to you," he said.—London Truth.

Goldsmith Was Full of Chivalry.

Poor "Goldy," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault, daring even to foolhardiness, tender hearted, impulsive—he was just the kind of man to ride through the world, seeking adventures and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, in spite of his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight errant.—James Baldwin in St. Nicholas.

Consistent.

First Doctor—Well, doctor, I had a peculiar case today.

Second Doctor—What was it, please?

First Doctor—I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever.—Oakland Times.

A wind moving at 40 miles an hour exercises a pressure of 9 pounds to the square foot; at 100 miles, of 56 pounds.

The Neversink was not named because its waters do not get low, but from the Indian Na-wa-sink, "mad river."

PERICLES AND [illegible]

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung—
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow.
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side
A woman sits with eye sublime—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride.
But if their solemn love were crime
Pity the beauty and the sage—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
He perished in his height of fame.
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die.
Her conquest was posterity.
—George Croly.

TARANTELLA.

The summer sun bore downward and neared the horizon when the P. and O. steamer Coromandel glided into the harbor of Brindisi and the ancient building on the breakwater, apparently a castle, was gilt edged by the slanting rays. It was a little while before the huge hull at last settled alongside of the quay and the gangway slid out. Then began some business with the shore, men with packing cases and parcels and bags came upon the pavement, and the slang of the north mingled with the jargon of the south. But the mail would not come in till next day.

There were on board some young fellows, also some old ones. Two or three of the former and one or two of the latter were tramping the deck and hanging over the side rail in that aimless fashion of all passengers, listening to the sounds of the town and watching the boxes being wafted in by the steam crane. Every now and then came an interval in the hissing, rattling roll of the chain and the powwow of voices, and in one of these intervals Slater said to James: "Some sort of festival is going on behind the buildings in there. Don't you hear it?"

"No, I don't," said James.

"Well, listen next time a pause comes," said Slater, "and if your ears are as sharp as mine you will. You may not be able, though."

Another pause came and James put his hand behind his ear. He also contracted his brows together with the tense effort to get hold of any such sound, however faint it might be with distance, starting nervously as the steam crane raised anew the noise of its labor, and broke the clinch he was putting on the muscles of his forehead.

"No," he said, striking a match and relighting his pipe, I heard nothing; did you?"

"I heard it the same as before," said Slater—"same as before. Your scale of hearing evidently isn't tuned up to the pitch that mine is. There are some other things you would not be able to hear, the shrill little cry of an Egyptian tomb bat, for instance. There are lots of people who think that when they come whisking at you they do it silently. But they give a tiny creak also, the highest note I have ever heard. Though, of course, that may be a different thing altogether from the faintness of distance, because those notes of that pipe and that concertina were not far past middle pitch. I wonder what they are doing."

Some more of that little set of acquaintance edged to them, and the knot compared notes. No one had heard the pipe and concertina but Slater, and, passenger-like, they began to look at the matter in the light of a bet as they obeyed the bell summons and went in to dinner. As Slater was one of those peculiar people, not so common, who seem to get on chaffing terms with every one in whatever place he may stay, it followed that he was the center for a good deal of banter. Even the second officer, a man usually of the silently smiling sort, made some humorous comment on long hearing, all by the way of keeping up conversation on the subject of ears. Slater thus made several bets on the understanding that if he heard the sound again after dinner was over some of them should go with him to try to find it out, supposing that he had heard aright. Then they started other topics and forgot that one.

But by and by, as they emerged on deck again in a fine summer night, still and palpitating with heat, and were leaning against the rail in a little group, smoking placidly and gossiping leisurely, Slater suddenly said, "Would you mind keeping quiet for a minute, please?"

It was just then that a largish case of wine or something was pushed along a side gangway and into the ship's lower deck. The job done, there came the usual pause, and there being no voices around at that moment a silence, deep and intense, of five seconds only intervened.

"Yes, I can hear it still," said Slater, "but as to the quarter I'm not quite certain—a pipe and concertina and, I think, dancing."

Some of the others also thought they had heard the pipe, and the discussion came up again. Slater buttoned up his coat and went down with his watch in his hand. Putting it on his cabin table, he took a stick and went across the gangway on to the paved wharf, where he found the others, who said they were all going too.

It was then a moot point as to which direction to take. The majority decided for the right hand. so up the right hand street they went, past an old and battered church, down another street, where the people sat at their doors and panted with the heat. One of the party, who knew Italian to some extent, asked if any festa was going on and was told no. Presently they came into the square and saw a few groups of folk, but nothing unusual. Nor did any sound of anything but a guitar come to their ears.

"The majority is wrong—and usually is," said Slater "I'm going straight back to the ship to listen again. You needn't come with me if you don't want. Good night."

However, two of the others elected to return with him, and the three retraced their steps accordingly until they stood by the Coromandel once more. Slater put a hand behind each ear, and, after a moment, said, "Of course!" and went sharp off to the leftward, followed by the others.

The moon now rode high, like a diminishing, paling orange, and they followed the railway line for some minutes till there was a crossing, over which they went. A hill rose in front of them with some ruin on its crest, and a road ran past inland; the sound of pipe and concertina was now clear, though still distant, and Slater followed his instinct up the rocky hillside, giving his shins a bruise or two in the shadow

At last they passed through a gap in the parapet wall that stretched a broken circle round the eminence and stood beneath a queer old church fortress, very malodorous and quite useless. The music now rose clearer, and straying around by the path they looked down into a nest of houses, beyond which stretched long patches of field. There were furrows and piles upon those lighted places, heaps of sticks or sheaves, or bunches of weeds for burning—species and sort became lost in that garish glitter and everything was jagged light and jagged shadow. Again the music rose.

Slater and James and the other man descended by a winding path that felt dusty and smelled filthy. The night was hot, and in this squalid place it seemed, if possible, even hotter. When they came to the bottom, they followed the piping quite naturally down a crooked lane, and the turn brought them suddenly into a small throng of folk, standing in front of a two storied house, upon whose whitewashed front and stuffed panes the moon struck full and glaring. The lower part was a cellarlike sort of a place, lighted with all lengths of candle ends, stuck in bottles and on spikes. Some person inside seemed to be out of breath with much blowing of the pipe. Every now and then the instrument gave a guttural gurgle, and there was a little stoppage while the player wiped his mouth and perhaps took a sip of something. the concertina still ambling along with a two chord accompaniment until the pipe joined it again. Slater and James and the other man shoved forward through the tight knot and looked into the room with eyes of curiosity, like the others.

This is what they saw:

Benches and a few casks turned on end, onions and green rubbish heaped and pushed away into corners, a cleared space in the middle and a large, comely girl dancing a wild tarantella barefoot to the playing of a couple of men, while a short, squat hag beat the earth with her boots to incite the dancer, as friends will run beside one in a long race. The girl's bush of black hair was fast coming undone; she pressed it with her hands as if to push it together, and down it rolled over her swarthy shoulders and breast, a cloudy mass, flying up and down, winding about her arms, sometimes nearly brushing the floor as she bent and bounded and whirled.

After a while of this she suddenly dropped her arms to her sides, her head sank back and rocked over one shoulder, her bosom shook like an uncertain sail flapping in the breeze. She cast a languorous, half fainting glance around. Instantly the pipe stopped, leaving the concertina ambling on with the accompaniment, and ere the fall could take place a squarely built young fellow in striped trousers leaped forward and caught her round the waist, gripping her tight with one arm and holding in his other hand a bottle. Some words he said in her ear, alternately caressing and threatening, it seemed, while she lay quite limp against him, her head on his shoulder, her hair hanging over him like a black mantle, her eyes gazing into his with a lusterless, dazed expression, her full lips parted as one who dreams heavily. He put the bottle to her mouth, and she took a little passively, as a child might. Then a light came into her dull look, she raised a hand, took hold of the bottle for herself, drank long and deeply with greedy eagerness, and her feet twitched with the fresh pulse of the dance that was arising in them. She now struggled a little in the arm that held her, and when the man relaxed her gradually and returned to his place she put her hands to her head and stooped, as if in thought, with her hair hanging still.

Then out shrilled the pipe notes, and instantly she flung her head back and sent her hair round her in great waves, pressed her hands over her bosom, that swelled as if to burst her bodice, gripped hold of the earth floor with her toes and bounded high, like a young panther, setting her teeth and breathing hard—then down again, twisting swiftly, smiting the players with her skirt—dancing—dancing—dancing as if fire ran in her veins.

It was a strange and thrilling thing to see and Slater felt the contagion of movement as never before. He wondered how the others could refrain from all bursting also into action.

With such Italian as he knew, he presently asked what this might be.

An old woman answered after a moment.

"It was in the fields this morning, signor, that Nannina there was at work, and the lazy creature lay down by a heap of corn to take a nap while we were busy. Then presently she gives a scream and jumps up, running to us. We, of course, killed it at once, the nasty thing—but there! It had bitten her, and right in the breast too. So we did what we could to save her—took her here at once and set her off dancing. By the saints, she has a good night's work before her now and Carlo has kept her up to it well. My own son had to dance for three days and nights once, signor. just like this; hasn't been the same since, though it saved him, of course. It is as bad a bite as I've ever seen, this time, alas, indeed"—and so on.

They staid there for half an hour and watched the grim sport, noticing at times a red, angry pustule as the bodice sunk lower toward the waist and showed more of the panting breast. Several people took a turn of dancing with her. Then they returned to the vessels and Slater collected his bets.

Next day the mails were shipped and the gangways drawn in. And in the interval of silence Slater thought he still heard a faint piping far away.

Was it fancy, or was it that Nannina was still in that squalid cellar with her lover, dancing—dancing—dancing for her life?—London Graphic.

Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Shakespeare.

First School In Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes are said to have taught the first school in Chicago, in a log house, in 1831. Location unknown. John S. Wright built the first schoolhouse in 1835, and a Miss Chappel was the teacher. This was the beginning of the public school system in Chicago.

BOGUS WILDCAT BILL

"RATTLESNAKE OF BENDER'S FLAT" FOR REVENUE ONLY.

How He Made Money Laying For Pete Smith of Patchin's Ranch—A Game That Worked Well and Paid Until a Black Ebony Cane Appeared on the Scene.

"There was, a few years ago," said Major Hotchkiss, "a man at Badger Rock, Mon., who joyed in calling himself Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat. Not that that was his name, of course, or that his name was Bill, or even William, or that, so far as I know, he had ever seen a wildcat or would have known a rattlesnake if he had met one, and I am certain there was no such place as Bender's Flat, but this is what he was pleased to call himself. In point of fact, his name was Earnest Wilberforce, or something of that sort, and he came originally from Baldwinsville, Conn., or some such mild, wildcatless and nonrattlesnake neighborhood.

"If the fellow had stuck to Baldwinsville, I fancy he'd have carried on a country store, and if his tastes had happened to run in that particular direction have perhaps become a collector of postage stamps. He determined to take up the vocation of desperado in a purely commercial way. It is unnecessary to say that he had never shot a man, or shot at a man, or shot in the direction of where any man or other member of the human race was, or had been, or expected to be. Indeed you couldn't prove it by me that he had ever shot off a gun or knew a trigger from a trajectory.

"Badger Rock was at that time a small town engaged chiefly in the business of transferring people from the railroad station to the stages which ran to certain gold and silver mines. A great many eastern people, capitalists and so forth, passed through it, but few staid in the place more than a few hours.

"One day, a half hour before the train from the east was due, the clerk of the hotel was astonished to see this man enter, clad in most striking cowboy costume, wearing a belt with two revolvers and a knife in it and carrying a heavy double barreled shotgun with the barrels sawed off so that they were not more than a foot long, making a weapon such as is sometimes affected by desperate characters, treasure coach guards, deputy sheriffs or other individuals engaged in turning their hands against their fellow men.

"To the surprised inquiries of the hotel clerk Wilberforce explained that he was now Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat, and that all he asked was the simple privilege of waiting behind the half open door of the office for Pete Smith of Patchin's ranch. The clerk had never heard any of these names before, but as there was no rule against it he consented.

"It was not long before the train arrived and an elderly and correct appearing man alighted and made his way toward the hotel. He was, in fact, a prominent Boston capitalist, and this was his first trip to the somewhat extensive region west of the Connecticut river. As he entered the door of the hotel his eye caught the muzzle of the shotgun, with its two cavernous shafts, apparently about the size of sewer pipes, which projected an inch beyond the edge of the open door. A glance behind showed a most murderous individual, breathing short, and with his fingers moving nervously on both triggers. The Boston man stepped quickly to the clerk and whispered:

" 'Who—who is that man?'

" 'That's Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat,' answered the clerk.

" 'Wha-what is he doing?'

" 'Waiting for Pete Smith of Patchin's ranch,' replied the clerk.

" 'Will—will he shoot him?'

" 'He will blow him into pieces—unless Pete shoots first.'

" 'Is the — the — gentleman expected soon?' went on the man from the Hub.

" 'Pete comes in at 2:45 for a drink.'

"The visitor consulted his watch and found it was 2:30.

" 'Is there no way to stop such a terrible thing?' he inquired earnestly.

"The clerk shook his head. 'No,' he replied. 'Bill has shot 22 men, and you see he's got a three cornered file in his mouth now to file the twenty-third notch in his six shooter after he gets through with Pete. But,' added the clerk confidentially, 'perhaps he could be hired to postpone the operation for a few hours—say till after you have left for the mines.'

"The upshot of it was that for $10 the Rattlesnake agreed not to shoot Pete till after 5 o'clock, and the Boston man again drew a full breath.

"Naturally so easy and rapid a way of making money could not be left uncultivated, and Wildcat Bill became a regular thing behind the hotel door at train time. He divided profits with the clerk, and they did a thriving business. His terms for consenting to postpone temporarily the awful slaughter of his enemy varied from $5 to $50, according to the means or terror of the subject. Only one attempt proved a total failure. This was in the case of a rollicking youth from Louisville, who sat down and announced that he was going to wait and see the fun. He was finally tired out by the inexplicable failure of Pete Smith to arrive.

"The game was kept up several years and would perhaps have been still going on had it not been for an unfortunate accident. One day a man came into the office with a black ebony cane. Having a valise in either hand, he was carrying this cane in a horizontal position under his arm. When the end of it poked around the door, Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat, mistook it for the muzzle of some sort of a weapon, uttered an agonized cry, dropped his own gun, leaped through a window and ran a half mile for safety. It unnerved him to such an extent that he never returned to his profession and finally dropped out of sight."—New York Tribune.

The Stopping of Fast Trains.

When railway roadbeds have been made as nearly perfect as possible, when the lines have been straightened and as far as practicable leveled, and when the best types of locomotives and cars have been devised, how fast will steam be able to carry us? An answer to this question, based on a scientific examination of the conditions involved, is furnished by Mr. Theodore N. Ely, an authority on facts relating to railways. One hundred miles an hour is about the limit of speed suggested by him. Another very important question growing out of the first is, Within what distance can a train running 100 miles an hour, or but little less than 150 feet in a second, be stopped? The reply is that, under the most favorable circumstances, a distance of nearly half a mile would be required. A train running a mile a minute can be stopped, it is estimated, within a distance of 900 feet. By adding only two-thirds to the speed, therefore, the distance required for bringing the train to a stand still would be increased almost three times. It is evident that when we are whirled across the country at the rate of 100 miles an hour "a clear track" will become a far more important thing even than it is to-day.

Early Religion In Chicago.

Philo Carpenter, John Wright and Captain Johnson organized the first Sunday school and held the first religious meeting in Chicago about 1832. In 1833 the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, an army chaplain, located at Fort Dearborn with troops, and he was Chicago's first resident pastor.

Men attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever or influenza.

PULQUE.

The Plant That Is Regarded In Mexico as the Poor Man's Cow.

The picturesque maguey plant, of which our century plant is a diminutive species, is found almost everywhere in Mexico. It looks so royal, even amid the foliage of the tropics, that it would seem to belong to the gardens of the dons and grandees, but it is cultivated chiefly by the Mexican Indian races, and is regarded as the poor man's cow. It is of slow growth, and when it reaches maturity it is milked until it dies, and a young plant is set in its place.

The juice of the maguey plant is called pulque—pronounced poolkay—and is a national beverage among the poor of Mexico. When fermented, it tastes like sour milk, and it is in this condition that it is commonly used. It is slightly intoxicating when taken in large quantities, and of late the same moral objection has been brought against it as against light wines, ale and common beer. It is said to make people dull, sleepy and lazy.

It has become a somewhat famous remedy for diseases of the kidneys, as people who use it are said to be exempt from such weaknesses. A like claim has been made for sour milk and buttermilk. Many Americans go to Mexico to drink pulque as a medicine. What its real value is in such cases remains to be determined. We can see how the pulque habit, once formed, might lead to other habits which might prove seriously detrimental.

It is a curious sight in the city of Mexico to see the pulque venders come down from the hills of the country with sacks of the milk on their backs. Their bronze faces are not devoid of beauty, but are so serious as to indicate a hard life. They look like pack horses.

"Let us go out and see an Indian milk his cow," said a Mexican gentleman to an American boy visiting his hacienda.

The Indian went to a large pulque plant and cut out the main stem. He then inserted a gourdlike object, exhausted the air in it and so drew into it the sweet milk, which he poured into his sack. He then put back the main stalk.

"He will not have to milk his cow again," said the Mexican. "Milk will gather in the cavity for months. So you see he has the advantage over you Americans."—Youth's Companion.

Of Value In Murder Cases.

A spectroscope detector by which one part of blood in a solution of 850,000 parts can be discovered has been invented by M. de Thierry. It will be of value in murder cases where the stains are very minute.

NAPOLEON'S STOMACH ACHE.

It Played an Important Part In the Defeat of the French.

Suddenly, in the midst of an order to General Vandamme, who was to head off the retreat near Kulm, 100 miles to the north, the emperor gave a sharp cry, clapped a hand over his lower waistcoat buttons and doubled up completely, unable to think or act.

Napoleon had the stomach ache.

You laugh at this, but let me tell you there is nothing so demoralizing as pain. Headache and indigestion have wrecked more than one great cause. Men who can withstand armies have surrendered to the toothache. Napoleon was never victorious on the sea because he was always too seasick to command in person. Napoleon could not endure pain and lost his crown through a stomach ache. For the cramp that caught him that day at Pirna kept him from pursuing his routed foes, and with that failure to act began the conqueror's downfall.

At all events, he gave up his plan of conducting the pursuit in person. He returned to Dresden. Disaster fell upon his generals whenever they fought without him. Oudinot was beaten at Grossbeeren; Macdonald was overthrown at Katzbach; Vandamme was captured at Kulm; Ney was routed at Dennewitz. The allies turned back. With fresh troops swelling their recovering ranks they drew about the man they had sworn to destroy.

His vassals forsook him; his tributaries deserted him. France was left alone, and yielding to the advice of his marshals rather than following his own wise judgment Napoleon gave up his plan of marching upon Berlin. His enemies drew about him, they inclosed him in a ring of steel, and on the 16th of October, 1813, the emperor and his men stood at bay under the walls of quaint old Leipsic, a handful against a host.

That bloodiest battle of modern times has been called the Battle of the Nations.

It was France against all Europe. For three days it raged. Ninety-four thousand men were killed or wounded. Then the Saxons in the ranks of France went over in a body to the enemy. Retreat was a necessity. Napoleon was beaten.—"A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

A Doubtful Reformation.

Fuddy—They tell me that Mart Tenny has reformed and that he isn't drinking any more.

Duddy—Isn't drinking any more! Of course not; how in time could he?—Boston Transcript.

DRUGS BEHIND THE BAR.

Mixed With Other Stimulants and Served to the Customers.

Nowadays the bar in cities has become, with regard to its stock and the character of its concoctions, almost as complicated as a drug store. As a matter of fact, most of the bars about New York have in a way gone into the drug and prescription business. Behind their mahogany counters and lined up in front of the French plate and ranged upon their shelves are to be seen a hundred different liquors and cordials and drugs. Jars and bottles and bromides and bitters and powerful drugs of various descriptions decorate the sideboards. All of these enter into the daily consumption of those who more and more often seek the saloon rather than the drug store for their medicinal remedies. The prescription business of the fashionable bar is a very big and growing business. Men with headaches, stomach aches, colds, coughs, consumption, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, lassitude, etc., rely upon the bartender rather than upon the doctor or drug clerk. The implicit confidence is often amusing to the bartender himself, as well as to those who are drinking for the fun of it. Anybody who has ever patronized a bar for beverages must have seen and heard the men who approach it for their medicine.

"I feel miserable right here," placing his hand on his stomach, perhaps. "What ought I to drink?"

"Oh, I'll fix you up," says the bartender, grabbing a small bottle in the rear. He pours a little into a glass; then he grabs another bottle and pours something else on top of it, and squirts in a jet of bitters and a jet of absinthe, and stirs them up in a glass of ice and strains the concoction off into a cocktail glass.

Meanwhile the customer pays little or no attention to this, but promptly swallows it when it is ready. He doesn't know what it is or whether it is injurious or beneficial to him. But the powerful stimulating quality of the mixture probably "sets him up" in a few minutes. In the middle of his conversation he is conscious of this, and when the next round is ordered he promptly says he will take another of the same sort.

"That stuff seems to make me come around all right," he remarks. "What do you call it?"

"Oh, I don't know," responds the bartender, with a smile. "It's a 'pick me up' we're on to." And he straightway prepares another. He knows it is not a beverage, but his customer asks for it and the responsibility is at once shifted. He will mix half a dozen of them and see them absorbed with that calm indifference which is the habit of his profession—it is the other fellow's stomach and brain and nervous organization.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Charms, Ancient and Modern.

A belief in charms must be reckoned among those strange things that belong to the mystic border land where the finite and infinite meet, says the writer of a clever article in The Minster.

From time immemorial charms and amulets have been sought by all nations, and while the rich have set their beliefs on gold and jewels the poor have contented themselves with coarser mediums. If you cannot have a turquoise to give you good health you may at least avoid courting illness by dipping a courtesy to the new moon. No doubt the health thus secured will scarcely be of the double distilled turquoise kind, but it will serve your purpose.

It has become the habit to make useless little appendages of gold, coral, jewels, etc., and to call them charms. The fashion dates from the Rue Rivoli, like many other flippant imitations. It is absurd to suppose that charms can be created by the gross, and it is sheer want of reverence to expect to purchase them for 25 centimes each.

"All kinds of magic are out of date and done away with except in India," writes Rudyard Kipling, "where nothing changes in spite of the shiny, top scum stuff people call civilization."

An Indian silver amulet, "unnunt," is worn by women to secure the accomplishment of their wishes. This is not the first time that we have heard of feminine charms insuring that effect.

Irreverent.

"What do you know about gold and silver?" asked the aged farmer of the irreverent youth. "You are too young to understand anything about the coinage question."

"Oh, of course," jeered the youth, "I guess I am too young to be a safe man to sell a gold brick to."

The allusion was painfully personal.—Indianapolis Journal.

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?—George Eliot.

A Safe Rule.

When an 18-year-old girl says her mother won't let her accept an invitation to a party, it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go.—Atchison Globe.

TO CAPRICE.

No more, a beggar at your door,
  I wait the dole of your disdain.
I court your tardy crusts no more,
  But take the open road again.

No more, a lackey in your train,
  Your fickle pleasure I pursue.
I spur to draw a jingling rein
  In bold ambition's retinue.

No more, a slave of your caprice,
  I labor on in sun and rain.
The longest servitude must cease
  At snapping of the rusty chain.

Yet golden chances sometimes fall
  At beggars' feet, and lackeys pose
As lords anon, and slaves in thrall
  Nurse hopes no freeman ever knows.

LONDON'S PNEUMATIC SYSTEM.

Messages Transmitted Through Gigantic Pea Shooters In the English Metropolis.

Telegraphing over short distances—as within towns, for instance—is a very costly operation. It requires the same number of operators—one at each end—and the same number of instruments as for the longest distances. But compressed air will blow a telegraph form through a metal tube as far as two or three miles in as many minutes, and steam engines are used to compress the air by means of which the pneumatic tubes are worked. The engine room at the central office resembles nothing so much as the engine room of a great steamship, except that the engines are on the "beam" principle, as being best suited to the peculiar work in which they are engaged. They are magnificent specimens of the engineer's craft, and have a stately appearance, due in large measure to their leisurely stroke as compared with the hurried action of the marine or electric light engine. Night and day these engines are employed in pumping air into, or exhausting it out of, huge "containers," which are connected with the tuberoom overhead.

There are no fewer than 36 pneumatic tubes radiating throughout the metropolis, buried under the pavement among the gas and water pipes and every now and then crossing the path of the telegraph wire, whose handmaid they are. It is desired, say, to send a message from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Charing Cross. Here is a tubelike felt covered box which will contain one or a dozen message forms at pleasure. Place the form inside; secure the opened end of the box, or "carrier," as it is called, by means of an elastic band. Insert the box in the mouth of the tube, admit the compressed air, and away it goes across Newgate street, along Paternoster row, down Ludgate hill, up Fleet street and along the Strand, where, at 448, it projects itself under the nose of the attendant with a thud and a rebound, in almost shorter time than it takes to describe the operation

All the air is stored at the central office, so that if it be desired to reverse the operation—that is, to send a message from the west end to the city—it is only necessary to transmit an electric signal, when vacuum is turned on and the "carrier" is sucked in which a minute before had been blown out. The tubes are, in fact, gigantic pea shooters. What may be called the working gear of the tubes is in itself a most interesting sight. It has been mostly designed by officials of the telegraph department, and is unique of its kind. Indeed the whole pneumatic system of the central office is an "exhibit" of the most interesting kind and an object of just pride with those who have it in charge.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Care of Shrubbery.

The practice of shearing bushes in the winter time has been repeatedly shown to be as destructive to the object aimed at as it is objectionable to good taste. The proper time to prune shrubbery is after the flowering is over; then all weak and puny branches should be cut out to the ground. In cases where the bushes are low, with such plants as spiraea, for instance, nearly all those which flower in the spring should be removed and a new set of strong shoots suffered to come out near the ground. The result is a well formed natural specimen, which will bloom profusely the following year and yet be kept within the limited bounds desired, or if the plant is not required to be kept down to small dimensions, but a large, vigorous bush is desired, still the summer pruning should be the rule, for if the whole branch be not cut out of the ground the vigorous shoots should be checked by having the very strongest ones pinched back.

No amount of theoretical advice, however, will enable one to do just the right thing. Grand success must come from experience and observation. If we keep in mind that very strong shoots rob and weaken those not as strong as themselves, and that this vigorous growth is to be checked as it is going on, we get the chief element in success. All the rest must come from experience, and the rule can be applied to each particular class, according to the object aimed at.—Meehan's Monthly.

Lake Champlain was named in honor of its discoverer. The Indians called it Canaderi-Guarunte, "the door of the country."

Eight Thousand Miles Per Second.

The telegraphers have never, to my knowledge, made but a single series of tests for the purpose of determining the actual amount of time which elapses while a signal is being flashed from America to Europe along the Atlantic cable. The tests referred to were made at the McGill university, Montreal, in June, 1891. In carrying out these experiments a duplex circuit was arranged on both land and sea along the entire line, which connects Montreal with Waterville, Ireland. When the line was "cleared," a chronograph was attached to the observatory wire at Montreal and everything declared to be in readiness. The instrument clicked off the signal, while the experimenters watched the chronograph with breathless interest.

It did not seem "like an age of suspense," however, for within 1⅛ seconds the chronograph recorded the return of the signal, while it slowly dawned upon the interested scientists present that the flash had actually made the round trip from Montreal to Ireland in a period of time but little greater than one-sixteenth of a minute. In that very short space of time, infinitesimal and almost unthinkable, I might say, that electric message was flashed a distance almost as great as one-third the circumference of the world, or, to be exact, 8,022 miles. Other experiments made the same day showed a variation of from 1 to 1.1 seconds for the signal to make a round trip.—St. Louis Republic.

Humor In Afghanistan.

One traveler has described the ameer as "delivering justice with a hand on his sword hilt." However that may be, Mr. Wheeler tells that a grim sort of humor not infrequently inspired the ameer's judgments. "Once a man was brought before him who declared, in a state of unrepressed excitement, that the Russians were advancing to invade Afghanistan. 'The Russians are coming?' said the ameer. "Then you shall be taken to the summit of yonder tower and shall have no food till you see them arrive.' " It is not recorded whether this heroic cure for a fit of Russophobia proved effectual.

The heaviest rain ever recorded in Great Britain was in Argyle, Dec. 7, 1863—seven inches in 24 hours.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No Postals Answered. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4-12

Java is the Malay word for "land of nutmegs."

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24, 1895.—The demand for honey is good. Price of white comb 14c per lb. Extracted white 6½c per lb. to 7c. Dark 4½ to 5 cents per pound. Beeswax 22c per lb.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Aug .21, 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Moderate supply. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. for best. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. The demand for beeswax is dull. Good supply. Prices 24 to 25c per lb. No dark or fall honey offered.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Receipts light yet. Price of comb 11 to 15 eents per lb. The demand for beeswax is quiet. Receipts of honey so far are light.

H. R. Wright.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 23. 1895.—Light demand for honey. New honey coming slowly. Price of comb 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. It is too warm for any demand for honey as yet, but with the advent of cooler weather we expect the demand will be good.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 27. 1895.—The demand for honey is very good. Limited supply. Price of comb 12 to 16c per lb. Extracted 4 to 8c per lb. Good demand for beewax. Fair supply. Prices of beeswax 20 to 25c per lb.

Chas. F. Muth & Son.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 22, 1895.—Faney white 1lb. section comb honey in nice clean packages selling at 16c per lb , other grades of white honey from 14 to 15c, amber from 23 to 14c. We are having a good trade in extracted honey, selling light amber and white at from 6 to 7c, dark from 5 to 5½c, depending on quality and style of paekage.

Eealy shipments to market advised so as to premit of sale before cold weather sets in. Beeswax 28c.

S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

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CELEBRATED
GUITARS,
Importer of and
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Standard Theatre Orchestra.
Chicago, Ills. April, 14, 1892.

Messrs. John F. Stratton
Dear Sir.—I am pleased to be able to state that I can highly recommend your Russian Gut Strings for durability and tone.

Your orders for them should be tremendous.

Yours truly, CARL THORBAHN.

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Feeding by Filling Empty Combs with Syrup.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

I am requested to give an article in the American Bee Keeper on how to fill empty combs with sugar syrup, so that the bees may be wintered upon them, the correspondent saying, "It now looks as if I should have to feed the bees for winter." I have imployed three different ways in filling empty combs with sugar syrup, either of which is practical in accordance with the number to be filled. The object in filling combs, is the feeding of the bees in the most desirable manner, when they need feeding. That combs well filled with sugar or syrup, ready to be placed in the hive when needed, is the best way to feed bees, for any and all purposes, I think no one will deny. For stimulating purposes I generally set such filled combs, one at a time, in the center of the brood-nest, as the bees can cover them, and the queen can fill them with eggs. If it is thought that the bees are stimulated to greater degree when they they have to carry the syrup or honey as they do from a feeder, the filled combs can be placed on the outside of the brood-nest, as far from the bees as the hive will admit of; but after trying all ways, I prefer the first given. For winter feeding, the combs should be filled as full as possible, and enough placed in the hive at one time for the wants of the bees during the time they remain inactive. Syrup for stimulative feeding should be made by placing two pounds of granulated sugar in a tin vessel and pouring one pound of boiling water upon it, stirring till the sugar is dissolved. For winter stores I put fifteen pounds of water in a suitable sized tin vessel and bring it to a boil. When it boils I stir in thirty pounds of granulated sugar, and bring to a boil again, when the whole is set from the fire, and five pounds of honey stirred in. This makes fifty pounds of the best food for wintering of any I know of. When cool any of the above is ready for the combs, with this explanation we are ready to proceed as to how to fill the combs. If but few are to be filled, say ten or twenty, all that is needed is an extractor can, wash boiler, or any deep tin dish in which to lay the combs, and a large tea or coffee pot. Fix some sticks or some arrangement to keep the combs two or three inches up from the bottom of the tin vessel, upon which the combs are to be laid. Now from your teapot filled with syrup, pour a small stream into the cells of the comb, holding the pot a foot or more above the comb, so the falling syrup will force the air from the cells so they will be filled. Pass the stream over the comb so that all or nearly all of the cells on one side are filled, in the same way. When filled, hang the combs in your honey carrier, or some convenient vessel, to drain for a little while, when it is ready to be used in any spot or place the same as a frame of honey. In filling the combs the sides of the can will keep the syrup from spattering about the room, and what there is caught therein can be turned into the teapot again, so that no loss will occur. Where fifty to 100 combs are to be filled, I use a watering pot instead of a teapot, upon the nozzle of which is fixed a tin "rose," which slips on to the nozzle the same as does that used in spraying plants, but instead of its being like the "rose" used for plants, which throws several streams out from the pot, this "rose" is fixed so that the under side of it is a level flat piece of tin about two inches square, having the required number of holes punched in it, while the rest of it is soldered up tight. Have it beveled so that it will stand just level when your watering pot is inclined enough to pour a stream when filled one-half full of syrup, and you will have it just right. Now place the empty combs in the can as before, fill the watering pot with syrup and pour away. Instead of filling but one cell at a time, as was done with the teapot, this will fill a space of comb two inches square as quickly as the other did one or two cells, and where no very large amount or wholesale feeding is to be done, I prefer it to any other method of filling combs with syrup. If I have the whole apiary of 100 colonies or more to feed, then either of the above plans are too slow to be profitable. If the whole apiary is to be fed then I proceed in this way: An extractor can is placed upon a bench about three feet high and into this the syrup is poured. Previous to this I have procured a tin dish made something like a baking tin the exact size of my frame, the bottom of which is punched full of holes about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, said holes being about one-half inch apart each way. These holes should be punched from the inside, so that the syrup will fall from each hole in a separate stream. Place this dish under the faucet to the can containing the syrup. Immediately under this dish place another can if you have it (if not a washtub will answer) and you are ready for business. If you wish to make the best time possible, have an assistant to hand you the empty combs and take the filled ones; roll up your sleeves and hold the combs near the bottom of the can, or low enough down so that the air will be forced out of the cells by the falling syrup, turn the faucet so that the required amount of syrup will be in the dish all the time, and you can fill the combs as fast as the assistant can hand them to you and take the filled ones away. When filling a large lot of combs, it is very handy to have a special rack fixed near the can, upon which to hang the combs to drain. By placing under it the required number of large sheets of tin, on an inclined plane, all the drip is run back into the can again. In this way all syrup is used up without waste, and if careful no daubing of anything except the utensils necessary to be used need occur. By the above plan no expensive feeders need be bought or made, no room in an already crowded shop has to be taken to store such feeders, and the best of it all is the feed is placed in the combs just where you and the bees desire it.

Borodino, N. Y.

Bee Notes.

BY S. M. KEELER.

Dr. Miller in a " Straw " in Gleanings, page 655, refers to my getting combs built down to the wire bottom bars, and the Editor comments as follows ; " They will do more, they will build clear past them on the next set of frames below." I do not doubt it. And he might have added that with frames having $\frac{3}{8}$ in. wood bottom bars, used in the brood nest, the bees would not have built down within $\frac{3}{8}$ in. of the bottom bar ; also that with the bottom bars wide or narrow, or none at all, the bees would build clear down on to the next set of frames below (no queen excluder between) as above given. I used to have trouble in that way, but not so now. I always want queen excluders over the brood nest, where brood frames or extracting frames are used in the upper story. With bueen excluder between, the bees show the same regard for the bottom bars and bee spaces above that they do in the brood nest. Well, now all of this has no bearing whatever against having combs built down to the wire bottom bars of the brood frames. This building clear down has been accomplished. And that I have been successful, I not only believe but know it.

In this poor season for bee experimental operations, I had only one prime swarm. It was hived on empty frames, with starters, having the wire bottom bars. They built the combs down slowly, as there was not a flood of honey coming in, but built them down to (and not below) the wires, and attached them to the wires, not partially but perfectly the whole length of the wire. And they will do it for anybody, anywhere, when the conditions are right for the bees to build combs, with honey coming in.

Frames can be filled with full sheets of foundation just wide enough to cover the wire bottom bar. Fasten to the wood part in the usual way, then move a hot iron along the bottom edge of foundation and the wire will fasten that. Then there will be no bulging of the bottom edge of foundation as when hanging loose. And the bees will not cut out a bee space above the wire as they do above the wood bar. For to them, with the wire, there really is no bottom bar.

Chenango Bridge, Broome Co., N. Y.
Sept. 17, 1895.

Five Banded Bees.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

As so much has been said lately about the five banded bees I can't hold back my say. I have thought it best not to say anything on this subject simply because it might be thought, if not said, that I had an axe to grind. On the other hand if those of us who have had five or six years experience with them, don't relate it, who shall or can?

I have been breeding the five banded bees and queens for a number of years, and have had some experience with them. While I have never bred for color before, beauty has been one point in view. I will try to be impartial, and give straight goods only, as one variety is as easily bred as another, at least it is so with me.

The five banders with me have brought me to the following conclusion. They are a nice looking bee, which we all know. They are very gentle with me, but on this point we don't all agree as some call them very cross. Many a bee keeping friend has been in my five banded yard, and have invariably expressed his surprise at my bees being so quiet. I often open a hive and cage a queen with no hat on and my sleeves up, yet have no trouble with cross bees.

In regard to robbing and protecting their hives, I find them about the same as the three banded Italians. I find that they do not winter as well as the three banded Italians, which is a strong point against them. Good three banded Italians or hybrid bees have been more profitable so far as honey is concerned. The five banded bees are usually if not always a smaller bee than the three banded or good hybrids. I have not kept the three and five banded varieties in the same apiary or yard, but but have kept them from four to five miles apart; the location being so that one would hardly have any advantage over the other as far as pasture was concerned. I have never tried to talk up five banded bees to any one, but have bred both three and five banded bees.

To sum up, if I were asked which I considered the best bee, I would be compelled to say the three banded Italians. In looking over the list of queens sent out during 1893, 1894 and 1895, I can plainly see that the five banded variety is losing ground fast, and my expectations are that in 1896 five banded bees will be little wanted, and am now making arrangements to breed mostly from imported stock.

In my article in the September number of the American Bee Keeper, page 237, top of the second column, it reads, "This cage should be held in place with two wires wound clear around the frame and hive," while it should read "wound clear around the frame, and not around the hive." I make this correction as some beginners might not understand what it meant.

Steeleville, Ill.

How to Fix up for Winter.

BY J. E. POND.

The "wintering on summer stands problem" is a serious matter too bee-keepers generally who live in cold climates, and a problem too that has ever been difficult to solve; yet so far as I myself am concerned it has never given me any trouble, and I meet with but a very small percentage of loss, not two per cent. in 30 years. Why is this? I will endeavor to answer the question, but premise by saying that I have used both single and double-walled, and deep and shallow hives, and find very little difference in their value for the purpose, and that for the last twenty years I have used Langstroth hives entirely.

My opinion in the first place is, that

cold does not kill bees when they are properly protected ; and that we can protect them in single-walled shallow hives as safely, and much more easily than in any other style. If cold does not kill bees, what, then, does ? My answer to this is, that at least 90 per cent. are starved to death, simply because they are not so prepared for winter as to have stores at all times within reach.

It is well to know that on the approach of cold weather the colony begins to cluster, and as the weather becomes more severe, that they draw as closely together as it is possible for them to do. I have seen colonies in January in a cluster not five inches in diameter, that in September would cover fully ten L. frames. This cluster, though, is constantly in motion ; the inside bees striving to get outside, and the outside within, thus keeping up heat sufficient to preserve life, and the honey in condition such that they can use it for food. The cluster under proper conditions will not break ; a break would be suicide. It hangs together and follows the stored honey.

Any preparation in the fall that will allow the colony to hold its cluster, and still be able to reach its stores, will enable it to live through any degree of cold that I have ever known in my locality, and 20 degrees below zero F. is not uncommon. What, then, does cause winter mortality ? To this question I can only give my own answer, and as the answer is the basis on which I prepare my bees so that they winter with scarcely any loss, I may be excused for considering correct. Moisture, causing frost, I believe to be the cause. I prevent excess of moisture, and thus save my bees. Some one asks, " how do you do it ? " I will endeavor to answer, viz : As soon as the fall honey ceases to be secreted, I begin to prepare for winter, say in September, middle or latter part. I carefully examine each colony, and endeavor by feeding to get them all into condition, and strong enough in numbers to go safely through, and also so arrange the combs that the cluster will be either on one side or the other of the hive. Each comb should be at least half full of sealed stores at the top, giving about 30 pounds to a colony. On top of the frames I put a "Hills device," or some substitute therefor. I have used for the purpose a ½ inch frame, just fitting into the top of the hive, and covered with wire cloth, placing over this a piece of old carpeting, or some other porous fabric, and filling five or six inches in thickness of forest leaves on top of that ; then I cover in the hive and that is all. For entrance I give at least ⅔ the width of an L. hive. I don't use dummies now at all, as I believe a sheet of comb will prove as warm a thing for bees to cluster against as any other that can be used.

I use the 10-frame L. hive, and with preparation such as I have indicated above, I would not give five cents a hive to be insured against loss. I forgot to say that in preparing for winter I take out one frame, leaving only nine inside, and space them evenly in the space occupied ordinarily by ten.

Ventilation and ample stores is the solution of the problem; this ventilation, however, should come from below. The porous top only allows excess of moisture to escape. If the bees keep up heat sufficient to prevent the excess of moisture from freezing, or if such excess can be carried out from the hive there will be no danger. It is easier to allow it to escape from top of frames than for the bees to keep it heated; and then again the bees will not be all worn out with the labor necessary to keep up the heat.

If any doubt, let them try it. It is only by experiment that we can travel in unknown paths, and bee keeping has as yet been solely a matter of experiment.

No. Attleboro, Mass.

Fall Management of Bees.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

No doubt the season of 1895 will long be remembered, not only by bee keepers in our vicinity, but also by the farmers who have suffered severe losses of all kinds of crops from late frosts and droughts. The grasshoppers also have been a serious plague, ruining whole fields of oats, which had often to be cut green to save them. Surely it seems to be a year of plagues, yet we have much to be thankful for.

I do not wish to complain of my own losses, and perhaps I have even more blessings than I deserve. I have not taken one pound of honey from my bees. I would be ashamed to admit this if I did not know that there are many others all over the country who can say the same. I am sure it was not through mismanagement for I worked to build up strong colonies for the white clover flow, putting on the sections at the right time. At the opening of white clover bloom the season seemed favorable, but very soon the blossoms dried up, yielding no nectar. The bees filled their frames very well with chestnut honey. We had no basswood, the late frosts killing the buds.

All summer my bees would lay out on their hives in great masses. They had no work to do and no mind to swarm, and knowing it was not a favorable season for bees I did not try to make any increase by dividing. It has proved very fortunate for me that I did not divide them for I have had to feed enough now to insure them sufficient stores for winter. My bees were not to blame that their prospects were blasted as well as mine, but I do not intend that they shall suffer for want of care or food.

I will give for the benefit of the inexperienced bee keeper my method of fall management. I left the sections on until the 1st of September so that any boxes that were partly filled with honey could be emptied by the bees, as they usually will do this before using stores from below. Then taking off the sections and using only enough smoke to settle the bees so that I could see their condition and inside of the hive, I would drive them with smoke to the opposite side of the hive and take out the first three frames. Seeing but very little brood and perhaps plenty of honey, I would take away two frames of honey and place two empty frames of cleam comb next to the brood, leaving one comb of honey on the outside; then I put on a quart feeder, and fed half a pint of granulated sugar syrup about every third evening. This will stimulate the queen to laying, and will fill the frames with brood, thus providing young bees with which to go into winter quarters. The bees will then be ready for spring business, and as we usually have late, cold springs the old bees dwindle away before many young bees are reared.

I found so little brood that I concluded the queen with her wisdom foresaw the scarcity of stores and ceased her work too early for the good of her home and future interest, so with watchful care I am providing for my bees. In good seasons I do not find it necessary to do as I am doing now, yet I believe it would be a good thing to do when we find the colonies not very populous with bees. I do not disturb any of the other brood frames as there is danger of the bees balling the queen to protect her; they will sometimes do this when disturbed. Then, too, in disturbing the brood frames it is liable to kill the queen. I think it is hurtful to a colony to disturb them much in the fall. Early in the season it does them no harm, that is after the settled warm weather has begun. I have had to do more of it this season than usual with my nucleus to keep out the worms. I never knew the bee moths to be so troublesome as they are this season, and also the large black cricket. They seem to take refuge in the nucleus hives near the ground, and have even driven out small nuclei of bees and taken possession. I have laid it to them anyway, as I know of no other cause.

In about two weeks I will look at those frames that I put in, and if no brood is shown I will know that the queen is not prolific or she is not there. If I find her I will replace her with a young laying queen, and if for any reason there is no queen will give them one. This insures to each colony a good queen.

To take care of bees means work, and if we do not have time or want to work with our bees, then we must not expect to be successful in the business.

Colonies that have not enough stores by the 15th of September, or even the 1st of October, should be fed as fast they will take the food through the night. Feeding should be done early enough to have it all capped over before cold weather, as bees do better with sealed stores. This work of rearing brood can be done in the month of October to advantage if the weather is warm enough for bees to fly. It is better to look to the interests of your bees late than not at all.

I wish to correct a mistake in my article in the September number of the Bee Keeper where it reads "I have proved the deep frame in wintering, also the yellow bees.'' I intended to say the darker bees (the first cross from a yellow and pure black, which we must call mere hybrids and not a mixed up race). The other mistake was, "The honey I can sell for two cents a pound more than from any apiary of blacks." It should read "from any apiary of yellow bees," for the black bees cap their honey thick and the whitest of any race of bees. This gives my correct view as to the kind of bees from which to obtain first class honey, that which is called fancy white.

Sherburne, N. Y.

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 50c each.

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OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From the American Bee Journal.)

UNITING COLONIES OF BEES IN THE FALL.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes thus: "My bees have done very poorly this season as to honey, and seem light in bees. As we do not have much, if any, fall honey here, I do not expect the bees will get more than a living from now out, and I must either unite my bees or feed them for sufficient stores for winter. As I have more bees than I wish, I have resolved to unite them until they have honey enough so I do not need to feed. I wish you would tell us through the columns of the American Bee Journal the best plan for uniting in the fall of the year."

I have tried many plans of uniting bees, but prefer the following to any other for fall use, especially where the colonies to be united are rather light in bees:

In the first place, the queens in a part of the colonies are to be taken away and disposed of in some way, either by selling them or destroying. If sold, of course you will sell only good queens; but if killed, then the poorest are the ones to select out. By thus selecting and killing the poorest we can improve our apiary in quality, as well as to save buying sugar to feed But were there no difference in the queens I would remove all but those I expected to winter over, for so far as I have practiced this plan, I find that queenless bees are less inclined to quarrel, and are more disposed to stay where put, than are those having queens.

Having the queens disposed of, from the colonies which are to be united, wait three days to a week (three days in any event, so the colonies may realize their queenlessness) for some cool, cloudy day, when it is a few degrees colder than the bees desire to fly in, when you will find the bees all clustered compactly, something the way they are in winter. When taking the queens away, take all the combs from the hive but three, unless the colony is too large, leaving only those which contain the most honey. The combs left are to be spread apart from $\frac{3}{4}$ to an inch, setting them out two or three inches from the sides of the hive, so that the bees may be all clustered on these combs instead of hanging to the sides, or part of the hive. The hive which is to receive these bees and combs is to be also prepared beforehand, by taking away all the combs three or four, those left being the ones having the most honey in them, said combs being placed close to one side of the hive.

When the right day arrives as to temperature, light the smoker and put on your bee-veil, for in following the plans described you may not be able to use the hands to get a stinging bee off the face as you otherwise would; but during a part of the operation, both hands will be so employed that you cannot use them at anything else. Now go to the hive having the queen and uncover it, giving the bees a little smoke to keep them quiet, and leaving the hive open so that you can set the other frames right in without any hindrance. Next go to one of those you took the queen from, blowing smoke in at the entrance quite freely while uncovering the hive. Blow a few puffs of smoke around the combs and over them, when the smoker is to be set down, and the front fingers placed between the first two frames near the ends, the large fingers between the second and last frames, while the third and little fingers are placed beyond the third frame. Now close up with the thumbs and all of the fingers, thus lifting the frames and cluster of bees all out of the hive at once, when they are to be carried to the open hive where they are to stay, and set down in it all together, close up to the frames of bees that are in this hive. Go back and get the smoker, and blow smoke enough on the bees to keep them down, when you can arrange the frames, division-board and hive, as you like, without very many, if any, bees flying.

Should a few bees stick to the hive you took the frames out of, bring the hive to the one having the united colony in it, and brush them out on top of the frames, as they will be pretty well chilled by this time. In doing this you will have to smoke those in the united colony pretty well, or many will fly at you, for these partly-chilled bees will throw their poison out on their stings so that the scent of it will anger the bees of that colony that are in the united hive.

If you fixed all as it should be when taking the queen away and preparing for uniting, and smoke the bees as I have told, there will be only now and then one that will require this last operation, as all will be snugly clustered on the combs.

Close the hive as soon as you have things fixed to suit you, when everything is to be removed from the stand of the colony that was united with the other, so that, when the bees come to fly on the first warm day, they will find that all which looks like their old home is gone. Some bees will fly or hover over the old spot where home was, but, not finding it, will return to the united colony, having marked their new location enough on flying out to know where to go, seeing the old home is not found.

In this way I have never had any quarreling of bees, nor any queens killed, and it is so simple and easy that I like it much the best of any plan of uniting bees in the fall, and here give it in time so that all who wish can take advantage of it.

Borodino, N. Y.

(From the American Bee Journal.)

BRINE METHOD OF CARING FOR EMPTY COMBS.

BY J. A. GOLDEN.

Every once in awhile the question is asked, "How shall we keep the moth-worms out of the combs?" and the answer in general is. "Fume with sulphur," which is always a very unpleasant task. Therefore, Mr. Editor, I wish to give the beekeepers my method of preserving combs, for all the persons that have ever had brood-combs to take care of know that it requires vigilance in the strictest sense, to be successful, and when one finds he has combs that must go into the wax-extractor; besides, it always ruffles my temper to have a nice brood-comb mutilated by the pesky moth-worms, more than any other mishap in bee-keeping.

Having had entire success in curing bee-paralysis, of the most malignant type, and every case treated has remained permanently cured up to this time, not even one bee has ever shown the least symptom of the malady; although some of our great, good, and wise bee-keepers have honestly differed from me in their opinions, after testing the remedy, from the fact that that they did not succeed in curing the 'malady; while I believe all admitted that their bees did not die off nearly so fast as previous to treatment, at the same time there are many who have proved the salt remedy efficacious, so far as I have been able to hear from—so I use the same remedy for moth-worms.

Having accumulated a good many beautiful combs, from one year to another, and it worried my patience to find even once in awhile a mutilated comb, caused by the moth-worms, I sorted 40 beautiful, unsoiled combs, and the balance I rendered into wax. I make a strong salt-brine, and fully saturated the 40 combs with the brine; this was done over two years ago, and there has never been any trouble from the moth-worms since. If the treatment proves effectual against the ravages of the moth-worm, bee-keepers ought know it.

My plan of treatment here at the house-apiary is as follows (and after treating three or four combs one can treat them quite speedily and effectually, remembering that a thorough test is always the surest road to success in any problem in life—anything short of this causes disputes, contention and unpleasant sayings, and a failure in the end):

Make, say one quart of brine, putting in all the salt the water will dissolve. Take an empty brood-frame, cover one side with wire-screen, by tacking on with small tacks. Spread on a table an oilcloth, take a brood-comb, lay it on the table, and pour the cells, on one side, full of brine (I use a gum sprinkler.) Then lay on top the frame with wire-screen. Lay on the table another brood-comb, lift up the comb full of brine and turn over and hold it over the empty comb, and give the frame a quick upward jerk, and the brine will quickly pass into the cells of the empty comb. Drop the screen-frame on the comb just filled, and lay the comb just emptied down on the table, the other side up; pick up the one now with the screen on top, turn it over the one just emptied, and with a quick upward motion you will complete the comb. Thus you continue the work, refilling and emptying until all are treated. The brine should be quite warm, and will adhere to the cells better.

The wire-screen prevents the combs from breaking when throwing the brine out with the sudden upward motion or jerk. When the combs are dry, they will look frosty; thus they can be laid away, and, when wanted for use, give them a good rinsing in a boiler of tepid, clean water, when purer combs cannot be given to the bees. This if the experience of the writer.

Reinersville, Ohio.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

(From the Progressive Bee Keeper)

LATE SWARMS.

BY J. W. ROUSE.

I am often asked, "Are late swarms worth saving?" I always answer yes. Bees when in a normal condition, always know what they are doing, and late swarms never come only when there is a goood flow of nectar.

I once had some ten or twelve swarms to come as late as the 15th of September, and I saved every one of them, and they were as good colonies as I had the next spring. I always give a new swarm, either late or early, a frame or two of brood and honey, which starts the new swarm to housekeeping immediately, and also holds the new swarm to the hive.

If very late swarms come off, I would give them three or four frames of brood and honey from some populous colony that could spare them, or draw from two or three if necessary. Of course if increase is not desired, one could then double up or remove queen cells and put the swarm back, giving plenty of surplus room.

By leaving some of the honey on a little too long, waiting for other colonies to get their honey ready to take off, I am still having an occasional swarm.

I had one to come off just two weeks ago, and by giving them two frames of brood and honey and filling balance of brood chamber with empty combs, in three days I filled the surplus chamber with empty combs, and yesterday I extracted thirty-nine pounds of honey from them. It was a good swarm, weighing 8¾ pounds.

I had another swarm to come off two days ago, and they have their brood chamber nearly filled now. These late swarms interfered some with honey gathering, but where increase is desired they may come in very acceptably.

I am tickled in my sleeves at the other fellows who are fighting the five banders so much. I feel sure if they were not so hard to breed pure, there would be very many more of them. I do not mean to say that queen breeders are dishonest and are knowingly advising against their convictions, as I am not usually of a suspicious nature, and cast suspicions on no one because the may not see as I do.

The way the five banders work in my own apiary, and the letters I get from time to time of how they are doing for others and how pleased many of my customers are to get these golden beauties, encourages me to go on with them, let others do as they like.

There has been and is now a good honey flow, and the prospects are splendid for a good fall flow if frost does not come too soon. There is plenty of white clover still in bloom, and it will likely be in bloom until frost.

Mexico, Mo.

(From the American Bee Journal.)

GETTING THE WAX OUT OF OLD COMB.

BY JOHN CLARK.

Bee-keepers have found the work of rendering old combs into good, salable wax, troublesome, discouraging, and sometimes too slow and expensive an operation to "fool with" to any great extent. I have been keeping bees for a great many years, and such has been my experience. But recently, while experimenting, I discovered a plan which obviates the many difficulties which face a novice, or even an "old hand," to get the best results with the least work, and at the least expense; and for the benefit of the readers of the American Bee Journal, I will here give the plan I now use to get wax from my old comb.

I took an old feed basket—one that would go inside of the can, which I mention further on; gathered all the comb I wished to dispose of at one time, threw it into the basket, and carried it to the steam escape-pipe of our water-works. Here I provided myself with an old lard can, holding five gallons or more, and cut a round hole the size of the escape-pipe in one side of the can about three inches from the bottom. Then I placed about two inches of water in the bottom of the can, put the end of the escape-pipe through the whole in the can, set the basket containing the comb in the can, covered the top of the can with an old piece of carpet, turned on the steam, and in from three to five minutes the work was complete.

Then I lifted out the basket, after giving it several vigorous shakes, and threw away the *debris* with every bit of the wax removed, and lying on the water in the can. I let it lie there until cool, and then took it out in one solid cake of comparatively clean, pure wax.

Any one trying this plan as I have outlined it, will find no wax remaining in the slumgum or refuse, and but very little dirt or trash in the wax—not enough to injure its sale.

I have tried the sun extracting plan, and, in fact, a great many other was, but have never yet found anything that will begin to equal this for speed, convenience and good work. There is scarcely any one keeping bees but can have access to a steam escape-pipe in some shop, mill, or at some thresher where steam is used. By this process, one can load a wagon with combs, a basket, can and carpet, go to some steam escape-pipe, and extract the whole load alone in much less than a day.

I can truthfully say to any one wishing to get the wax from old comb, that this is the best, the cheapest and easiest way discovered, and can be readily utilized by any one at no cost. By following the method I have outlined above, every bee-keeper and honey-seller will find it saving in time and trouble, and the work a pleasure instead of laborious; and the work, when done, will be as nearly perfect as it is possible to get it.

Liberty, Ind.

(From the Nebraska Queen.)

UNITING WEAK COLONIES IN THE FALL. HOW TO DO IT.

BY JENNIE ATCHLEY.

Uniting bees in the fall is an easy task, if one knows how. There are many plans, and while all may be good I will only give one which will work in all countries, and at all times of the year, still it is an excellent one for fall.

First, I would pick out my colonies to be united, and cage one of the best looking queen in a cage as you would were you going to mail her; and I might say cage all the queens in this way before you begin to work, then, late in the evening of the same day or any evening not later than the third day take the empty combs from two or more hives, according to their strength and how many you wish to put together, leaving the combs containing the most honey in them to unite with the bees. Have an empty hive or comb basket along with you, and shake the bees off the combs of the first hive removing the combs, then bring up hive after hive that are to be put with this colony, and shake all in the first empty hive together, and when you are done shaking, place in combs of honey till you are sure the bees will have plenty for winter supply, placing a queen in a cage, with them and let the bees release her on the candy plan, or by taking away the covering from the candy, making a hole large enough for the bees and queen to get out when the bees have taken the candy away. Place the cage firmly between two combs so that it cannot fall to the bottom of the hive; put on the quilt, or whatever covering you use, if any, over the frames, place on the covers, put wire cloth over the entrance, take the hive to a bee tight but ventilated room, let it stay there three days or a week, then take it out and place where wanted to stand for the winter; or, if you prefer you can leave it in this room until you want to put it in the cellar if you live in a cold country where this is needed to be done; just before putting them away for winter, pick a warm day, give them a good fly, then tuck them away in the winter repository and they will be apt to go through O K as any you have.

When you put the bees out to fly remove the queen cage, close up the frames as you want them, and all is over.

Some may advise you to sell or kill the surplus queens, but I would advise you to use them in superseding old queens that are occupying some part of the apiary. These young queens are very valuable, as they are just what you need to give your old colonies in the spring, and the old queens are of but little use.

I have not, as yet, as I remember, overhauled an apiary of any size in the fall but I have found more or less old queens that need to be put out. Of course if you have no such queens then I would sell my surplus from uniting, to a neighbor or from whatever source you can find sale, and what ever you get for them is so much gain. But it will not pay a honey producer to sell his or her young vigorous queens at any reasonable price, as there is where success lies, in having all good queens in the spring, that all hives as near as possible may come on together. In uniting, you are to proceed as above till all are united, and you will likely wear a broad smile, the next spring when your bees are put out and they begin work. I would not try to unite my bees when it is too cold for them to fly as I have always found it unpleasant to successfully work with bees in cool or cold weather; to avoid the disagreeableness of robbers I would always begin pretty near night and unite a few or as many as I could each evening till all are done.

The above instructions are for those living in colder climates than this and as I have lived in countries where zero weather came, and used the above plan with good success, I am not afraid to recommend them for any country.

I will submit to my readers the way I manage weak colonies in this locality, even if you take a good laugh at me. My plans are to save all these young and valuable queens till spring as they are capital. I go over my yards and whenever I find a colony to weak in bees or honey to go through the winter as they ought, I cage the queens of all such weak colonies, leaving them in their respective hives; I now go to my extra strong colonies, and get a frame or frames, as the case may be, of bees and honey till I have enough to make a good colony for the protection and care of each queen till next March.

Just before I put in the new bees with the weak colonies, I shake the bees off their combs on the bottom boards of their hive, and also shake the frames of bees in on them, that I have brought to unite with them, place back the frames of combs and honey, secure the queen in cage as before close up hive, ventilate, and carry to the room as in common uniting; in four or five days I place them out on their stand where wanted, in the evening and all is well. I then have a good colony, no other colony hurt, and my queen saved. I proceed thus till all are sufficiently strong for winter.

I received some fine queens a few days ago and when they arrived I had no place for them. I went to some extra strong colonies, those that had upper stories on them, procured eight frames of bees and honey from different hives, until I had eight for each queen, put them in hives, placed in my queens in cages on the candy plan as before and they are still in the room; I put wire cloth on top of hives and left off the covers and I am confident I will not lose a single queen; today or tomorrow I will place them on stands, will have my fine queens in as good shape for winter as any of the balance and no colonies short or hurt. I have no robbing, no disturbance of any kind and if followed as I have directed will be be a grand success at all times when the weather is warm. I do not think it will pay any one to use up or extract all the combs of honey they have at the close of the season as I think that at many times in the fall I have used such honey to better advantage than to have sold it at a good price.

Beeville, Texas.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture—last edition—and the Bee-Keeper one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year for $1.65

A MAN WHO DOESN'T CARE ABOUT BLOOMERS, ANYWAY.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER, EX GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

If women want to wear bloomers when riding a bicycle I don't believe there is much use in objecting. They will do it anyway, so there is no special need of saying anything for or against the costume. I do not believe, moreover, that it is a matter of much importance whether they do or not. It is a question of personal opinion, and the woman is the same whether in skirts or in trousers. Of course we like to see women attractive in appearance, but if they *will* wear bloomers we must bow to their will. It is really no concern of ours after all; women have a right, within the bonds of reason, to dress as they please, and personally I don't care what they wear on the wheel. —*From "Shall Wheelwomen Wear Bloomers?" in Demorest's Magazine for October.*

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EDITORIAL.

5 per cent. discount will be allowed on all orders at catalogue prices received before December 1st.

There is more or less agitation going on in the several bee papers in regard to the uniting of the Beekeepers' Union and the N. A. Beekeepers' Association. We do not see any objection to this being done as the latter association is of no use to any one at present, and it certainly would not detract from the usefulness of the Union, while at the same time making it numerically stronger, and perhaps would cause more interest to be taken in it than at present.

One would think that the "science of apiculture" is retrograding, judging by the advice given by Wm. Ballentine, who conducts a bee column in the *Farm Journal.* He says he has about come to the conclusion that it is best to have a few old-fashioned box hives in every apiary for breeding purposes especially. This idea has been advocated by several beekeepers lately.

At the Toronto Convention Mr. Frank Benton distributed No. 8 of his pamphlet entitled BEES. These leaflets have been published by Mr. Benton at various times during the past ten years, and from whatever place at which he happened to be at the time. One number was issued from Tunis, one from Italy, two from Cyprus, one from Syria, two from Germany.

We are just in receipt from Mrs. Oliver Cole, of Sherburne, N. Y., one of our contributors and an extensive queen breeder, of a photograph of herself in the midst of her apiary. The picture is not printed distinctly enough to allow of a half-tone being made from it, or we would be glad to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

The officers of the North American Beekeepers' Association for the coming year are as follows: A. I. Root, Medina, O., President; Wm. McEvoy, Woodburn, Ont., Vice President; Dr. A. B. Mason, Auburndale, O., Secretary; W. Z. Hutchinson, Flint, Mich., Treasurer.

The annual convention of the North American Bee Keepers Association was held in the city of Toronto Canada, September 4 to 7 and was voted to be a very interesting and successful meeting by those who were in attendance. The writer had never before attended a "bee convention" and is consequently unable to judge by comparison, but has often wonderer of what interest or benefit these annual meetings could be to those who attend or in fact, of what benefit membership in the association could be to anyone. We attended the recent convention expecting to hear and take part in some deliberations of more than usual importance but it is needless to say we were very much disappointed. We consider our time and money little less than thrown away, for excepting the fact that we had the pleasure of meeting a few of the more prominent bee-keepers of this country and Canada, anyone can find fully as much to interest them in almost any single copy of any of the beepapers as was heard during the entire convention.

The convention was but a gathering of the more prominent bee men, which included Bee-keepers, Editors and Manufacturers of supplies, for the purpose of exchanging their pet theories and having a good time generally.

Of course there are always present at these conventions a fair representation of local beekeepers who live near the place where the convention is held, and but very few of these are members of the association.

At the recent convention the Canadians were greatly in the majority, and at one time things assumed the appearance of a session of the Ontario Beekeepers Association with a strong tendency to politics. Almost an entire session was taken up with an argument over certain local matters by Messrs. McKnight, McEvoy, Clark and others, of no possible interest to the Americans present, and it should not have been tolerated by the President of the Convention.

Taking everything into consideration we do not think the N. A. Beekeepers Association amounts to much as far as general usefulness goes, and if it is consolidated with the Beekeepers Union the latter will gain very little.

ROADS IN EUROPE.

The laudable efforts now being made in some parts of the United States to improve our poor highways have turned attention to the general excellence of those of Europe. At such times it is occasionally remarked. "But we cannot hope for many decades to attain this same state of perfection, for these Old World roads were begun generations ago." This is a mistake. In some Continental countries men scarcely in the decline of life can recall the time when they were surrounded with roads no better than those that abound in all parts of our Union It may encourage the American laborers in this good cause to know this fact.—*Theodore Stanton,, in October* LIPPINCOTT'S.

The Matter of Wine at Dinner.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome once gave a dinner and discussed the matter of wine with the head waiter—a kindly, fatherly old man—before the guests arrived. He was a man of experience and knowledge, and they went over the wine list together. "Well," said the waiter, "if you take my advice, you will give them a good champagne to start with, let's say Deutz and Geldermann 1878, and let that go round twice. After that, sir—well, here's a very good wine that I always recommend, at 5 shillings the bottle, and then, if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this," and he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six. "And don't you think," said Jerome, "that they will notice the difference?" "Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man. "We generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference between champagne at 16 shillings and champagne at 5 after the first two glasses."

PERHAPS YOU KNOW HER.

If th[illegible] any one should ask you
  Wh[illegible] loving on the sly,
Though I never dare to tell her
  Just [illegible]—I know not why,
You can [illegible] determine
  By the glances of my eye.

If you know the sweetest maiden
  In the widest world today,
Who has not an affectation
  As she walks along your way,
Do not hesitate a minute—
  She's the lady of my lay.

In the distant delta country
  There's a soil germed of the heat,
And the sugar cane in springtime
  Forms a picture all replete,
And 'tis there my love was nurtured,
  Where the maiden grew so sweet.

I've a fancy that the rosebud,
  Though it blooms but one brief hour,
Dearer is to many mortals
  Than the most enduring power,
But the merely sweetest maiden
  Is a far more precious dower.

—W. H. Ballou in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A TEST OF LOVE.

"I assure you, mother, that I do not want to marry yet," said Antoinette to Mme. Odiot. "I am so happy with yourself, but should I enjoy the same happiness, the same peace and the same contentment when I change your fireside for another? I doubt it! No, no, I have plenty of time yet, I am only 18 years of age. While I am much honored by the attentions of M. le Baron de Merillac I repeat that I must refuse him."

"My dear child," replied Mme. Odiot, "you should reflect that one of these days you will lose me. I have been suffering for a long time, and very little would suffice to carry me off. You will then find yourself without support, since your dear father is gone, and a husband is the natural support of a young girl when she has lost her parents. Baron Merillac is a very estimable young man. You will probably never get such another offer. He is enormously rich, and he has a title and is the only son of parents who will adore and worship you as if you were their own child. It would surely be madness to persist in a refusal that has no basis. The baron is a handsome cavalier, and his manners are of the best. What more can you wish?"

"Then you know him?" asked Antoinette, with surprise.

"Without doubt."

"Yet I have never seen him here," persisted [illegible]

"No, he has never been here, but I have met him several times at the house of Mme. de Saverny, where you would never accompany me, under the pretext that she displeased you, and it was Mme. de Saverny who spoke to me of the baron as a man who would be suitable for you, from every point of view."

"I shall like Mme. de Saverny still less now," exclaimed the girl. "What business is it of hers? If she is so anxious to get M. de Merillac married, let her take him herself. She is a widow."

"You are foolish, ma bonne cherie. M. de Merillac is 25 years old and Mme. de Saverny is 50. She might be his mother. But you should not get angry. One would almost think that you had some other reason than the one you give so vehemently for refusing M. de Merillac."

"Some other reason," stammered Antoinette, lowering her eyes, while a pretty little flush came into her cheeks.

Mme. Odiot watched her smilingly, and several minutes passed in silence.

Antoinette took up her sewing again, and being aware no doubt that her mother's eyes were fixed upon her presently rose and went over to the piano. Mme. Odiot stopped her as she went.

"We will settle the matter once for all," she said, "never to return to it. The reason you refuse M. de Merillac is because you don't want to marry. Is it not?"

"Mais oui, maman," said Antoinette in a voice that nevertheless lacked the ring of sincerity.

"So that no matter who else may come to me to ask your hand I may tell him no and send him about his business?"

"Oh! I didn't say that—perhaps later—when I am older—if the—if I liked him," stammered the young girl, much embarrassed.

"So be it! We will talk of something else. For instance, my dear nephew Gaston has now been with us for three weeks and has nearly finished his picture. He has been very busy making some sketches in the woods for another one he has in view. I think he is with your uncle at this moment. Let us go across and see him—I mean my brother. He has not been very well of late."

"Oh, no, mother; my uncle is quite well again," said Antoinette quickly.

"Ah, you have some news about him?"

Antoinette bit her lips. Her answer had slipped out too quickly.

"The gardener told me," she added naively.

Mme. Odiot pretended not to notice her daughter's embarrassment.

"Will you come with me? I am going at once. As he is your guardian I ought to let him know at once of your decision with regard to M. de Merillac, for he knew all about him."

"Oh, my uncle knew?"

"Yes."

"And he approved?"

"Yes."

"Then Gaston knew that it was proposed I should marry this baron?"

"Perhaps."

"But he has said nothing to me about it!"

"I thought you had not seen him!"

"Oh, yes—that is—oh, no! I have not," replied the girl, turning her face away in her confusion over her little fibs with which she was inexperienced.

"Let us go. Are you coming?"

Mme. Odiot turned away to hide a smile.

"Is my presence very necessary?" the young girl asked. Then she added: "I think that my uncle and yourself will be able to talk more at your ease if I go away; besides my uncle will question me, and I shan't know how to answer him."

"That is quite simple. You will answer him just as you answered me!"

"You are making fun of me, mother," replied Antoinette peevishly.

"Not the least in the world! It is not quite natural that you should refuse a match so agreeable to your mother and your tutor for so plausible a reason. You do not want to get married. But here we are talking again on this subject, which we had agreed to leave alone! It was you that started it again, you must notice!"

"Oh, now, mother, you make me cry!"

And Antoinette burst into tears and threw herself upon her mother's neck.

"Why do you cry, ma mignonne? There is surely no cause for tears in our conversation."

At this moment a servant girl entered the room and announced that the Baron de Merillac and his son were waiting outside.

"M. le Baron de Merillac and his son," she said.

Then she withdrew. Antoinette hurriedly made up her mind to conceal herself, when there appeared upon the threshold of the room her uncle and Gaston. She stood gaping at them without moving and examined them.

"What does this mean?" she stammered, turning toward her mother.

"Ask your uncle and Gaston himself," replied Mme. Odiot.

"It means," said M. Lambert very seriously, "that I come as your guardian to ask for you in marriage to the Baron de Merillac."

"But—the announcement just made by Justine?" interrupted Antoinette, who could not understand why the baron and his father did not make their appearance and why her uncle made this request, when they were evidently both waiting in the next room.

Her interrogating glances passed from her mother to M. Lambert and Gaston, the latter of whom appeared a little disturbed and nervous in spite of his smiling face. Antoinette had dried her tears, but her eyes were still red and swollen from crying.

Gaston noticed this.

"You have been crying, Antoinette?" he asked her while M. Lambert and Mme. Odiot stood apart and conversed in low tones.

"Yes," she replied to her cousin's question.

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Oh," was all he said.

"Well, Antoinette," interrupted M. Lambert, "you have given me no answer."

"Mother has already spoken to me about this gentleman, uncle, and—and"—

"And?" questioned Gaston's father.

"And"—continued Antoinette, playing nervously with a skein of wool she held in her hands.

"Well?" insisted M. Lambert. "Is it difficult to say?"

Gaston made a step in the direction of the young girl as though to encourage her.

"Tell them, mother, what I answered you," murmured the poor girl. Gaston's attitude was torture to her.

"Well," began Mme. Odiot, exchanging a glance with her brother, "my daughter does not wish to get married!"

Gaston made another step toward Antoinette and seized her hand.

"Not even with me?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"With you?" cried the young girl, blushing and growing pale by turns.

"Yes, with me, for I love you! Do you not know it?"

"I was sure of it," replied M. Lambert, with a wink.

"For goodness sake, explain yourselves!" exclaimed Antoinette, looking at all of them in turn.

"It is easy to explain," said Gaston. "I thought I had guessed your love for me, and I told my father, confessing my love for you at the same time. He and your mother talked it over and laid this trap to see if your love was strong enough to resist a rich and titled lover."

"Oh, Gaston! and you have fallen into the trap?"

"Yes, petite cousine, for I, too, wanted to feel quite sure that I was being loved for myself alone. Now I know and can no longer doubt, can I? You will be my wife, won't you?"

"But she has not said so," interrupted Mme. Odiot mischievously, without giving her daughter time to reply, and having hard work herself to keep a serious face.

"Yes, I have, mother," cried Antoinette, with delightful simplicity.

"Ah, Antoinette! Antoinette! Thank you, my darling little cousin," exclaim Gaston, mad with joy.

The young girl had flung herself upon her mother's neck and embraced her with all her heart.

"Naughty mother!" she murmured in her ear as she kissed her.

"You are crying still?" asked Mme. Odiot happily.

"Oh, no, chere petite mere. I am laughing now!"

And, turning her radiant face toward her uncle and cousin she placed her hand in that of Gaston and allowed him to draw her to his shoulder in a warm embrace.—From the French.

Just Thinking.

She started across the street at Fourth and Race, but when just half way over came to a dead halt between the two car tracks. Evidently she did not see the two cars bearing down upon her from opposite directions nor hear the shouts directed at her from bystanders and passengers.

The motormen kicked their gongs vigorously and put on brakes. There was a general scramble in the dazed woman's direction by half a dozen would be rescuers, and still she did not move. The cars were of the summer sort and the footboards would surely catch her and grind her to pieces if she was not snatched away from the danger. Years seemed to pass in the moments that followed, and just as every one, including the policeman and conductors, had turned to shut out from their view the terrible accident that must follow the cars came to a standstill within two feet of each other. Then she came to herself, and climbing into one of the cars she sidled across it and out again on the other side, while the crowd breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was a narrow escape, ma'am," said the conductor nearest her. "What was the matter? Just got frightened, I suppose?"

"No," she answered calmly; "I couldn't for the life of me remember what I did with that sample of white satin I wanted to get matched, and I was trying to recollect where it was."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," knew 18 languages. He was self taught, generally needing only a dictionary and a grammar to master any language he chose to learn.

A Masculine Protest.

"I wonder what my wife would say," demanded a weary looking man the other day, "if I should bring my tailor into the house and keep him there three or four days, snipping and cutting and occupying all the comfortable rooms, while she hung around on the outskirts, took her meals between hawk and buzzard, and just lived by the skin of her teeth?"

"You forget," interposed I, "that your wife does this from motives of economy."

"I don't know why I should forget it," he retorted hoarsely, "for she hammers it at me morning, noon and night. But I deny the economical part of it. By the time the dressmaker has had her pay and her three or four meals it comes to about the same thing as would the bill of a competent party who does the work outside.

"But even admitting that a few pennies are saved, look at the loss in other ways.

"If I ask my wife to go out for a walk or to read a letter, or to listen to one that I've written, she will say, 'I can't now, for I've got to help Mrs. —— galloon these braids.'"

"There is no such thing as gallooning braids," said I severely. "You are talking nonsense."

"Well, it's something just as absurd," he replied, "and I am tired of it. We can't have any conversation at meals, and my wife works as hard as the other woman and gets a nervous fit from trying things on; so altogether I object."—New York Recorder.

Origin of a Phrase.

Many years ago the wild deer that roamed through the forests of England used to dig holes in the earth with their fore feet. They pawed it out sometimes to the depth of several inches, sometimes a foot or more. These holes were called "scrapes," and travelers at dusk or night, or those who were careless about their footing, often tumbled into them. They were laughed at for their heedlessness when they came home covered with mud, and as this frequently occurred after they had been imbibing a bit, they were said to have "gotten into a scrape." Some Cambridge students took up this expression, and thus it came to be applied to people who had gotten into difficulties of various sorts.—New York Ledger.

Margaret of Parma.

Margaret of Parma was large, mentally and physically. Her features were strong and coarse, her voice masculine, and she had a hairy upper lip and chin. One of her contemporaries calls her "a man in petticoats." She cursed and swore like a man, and finally died of gout.

GRASSHOPPERS, $1 EACH.

They Had Been Trained to Steal Car Tickets Out of the Box.

Bobtail cars were all the go in St. Louis at one time. They were not so popular with the people as with the companies, as they were small and inexpensive affairs, the driver acting in the dual capacity of driver and conductor.

The farebox at the forward end, with its series of trapdoors and front and back of glass, was supposed to be an efficient device for the protection of the company's interests. At that time car tickets passed everywhere as currency. The peanut stands, the saloons and all retail stores accepted them at their face value for purchases.

The drivers knew this, and some of them would evolve schemes to abstract the coveted tickets after they were deposited by the passengers in the box. This was no easy matter, as the inventor had so fixed its internal arrangements that robbing the box by a curved wire or any pliable instrument was deemed an impossibility.

One driver took a live grasshopper, tied his two hind legs together to a piece of thread so that he was helpless. The ingenious cuss would then pry open some of the slanting trapdoors with a small stick and slowly let Mr. Grasshopper slide over one door, through another and so on down into the bottom of the box among the tickets. The hopper had the use of his four small legs, and when his master pulled the thread to which the insect was attached the hopper naturally grabbed hold of some of the tickets.

A grasshopper, when secured by the hind legs, will hold firmly with his fore legs to anything that comes within reach. As soon as the hopper reached the tickets he was pulled around the angles in the box and out, bringing with him from one to five or six tickets. The tapping was done at the end of the line or on some lonesome part of the road.

If the fellow who hatched that scheme had kept it to himself, perhaps the railway company would never have discovered his rascality. This chap had a long head and tried to make all he could out of his lucky find. He went into the wholesale grasshopper business. He knew that grasshoppers were not to be had in winter; therefore he laid in a supply. He fed them and took care of them. When Jack Frost cleared the fields of the chirpers, he started out on a tour among the drivers. He was careful about sounding his man first, and to those who were willing to be tempted he showed how the trick could be done. He had the grasshoppers and would furnish them at $1 apiece. By taking care of the hopper it would be good for a week, no matter how cold the weather. He plied his trade with some boldness, and it eventually led to his downfall and a wholesale discharge of drivers on several of the lines. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERHAPS THE WORST TIPPLE.

One Drink Makes Some Men Drunk All Day and Others Crazy.

Captain Casson of the British bark Cupica, while at Astoria, on his way out to sea from Portland, gave a reporter some interesting facts in regard to the gagus plant and the terrible effects it has on the natives of the Gauptil island, where it grows. Captain Casson is an authority on matters pertaining to the South Sea islands. In speaking of the gagus plant Captain Casson said:

"It is a species of cactus, and, as I said, grows only, to my knowledge, on the Gauptil island. The island is a small one, but is well populated by natives of the Malay race. In the interior this plant grows wild, flourishing especially in the red, rocky soil. It looks beautiful when growing, as you may judge by the bright hues with which it is spotted. Opium is a potent drug, but I am certain that the extract from the gagus plant is calculated to do more damage to the human system. The natives cut the plant in the early spring. After they have gathered a sufficient quantity, they put it in large bowls and crush it with huge stones.

"A grayish sap runs out freely, and this they collect and drink, after letting it ferment, which it does easily. Within half an hour after imbibing it the drinker becomes perfectly stupid and lies around like a log. The spell lasts a day or more, during which time the natives say they live in paradise. I have known sailors to try it, but never twice. Three years ago a man in my crew was driven crazy by one drink. The first effect of the liquor is to soften the bones and gradually eat them away. There are natives there, the victims of gagus, who are indeed boneless and unable to walk or use their limbs. Then they begin to wither away, until they die in misery and convulsions. Usually two years will finish the hardiest man. The sufferings of the slaves to the drink are terrible."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Yellow Rooms.

A man who has given the subject much thought has laid down a few rules which are worth thinking about. "I have not," said he, "put yellow into a sitting room in ten years, with the exception of the little that gets into a gold paper, and when I hear about Whistler's yellow room it makes me shudder.

"Yellows are all right for a hall or vestibule, but they must not be used in any room in which one rests or reads or works. Why? Because yellows do not absorb any light, but are strong reflectors, and the reflected rays of light are not only trying to the eyes, but positively affect the brain and the spirits, creating a distinct disturbance of the nervous centers. So the modern scientific decorator, at any rate, tells us, and we believe him.

"On the other hand, buffs and creams are recommended for the nursery and children's sleeping rooms because of their tonic qualities. They are better than white, which is apt to disturb the young optic nerves by its brilliancy, and are calculated to impart a cheerful but not too boisterous temperament as well as a good complexion to the youngsters."—Upholsterer.

Not All at Once.

Suzanne Logier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night en acting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of "The Two Orphans," and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fat" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe in the usual manner he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can and come back for the rest!"—Paris Letter.

STEVENSON'S PIRATICAL PLAN.

He Tells How Easy It Would Be to Rob London Hotels on Sunday.

The last time I had the happiness of seeing Stevenson was on Sunday, Aug. 21, 1887. He had been brought up from Bournemouth the day before in a wretched condition of health and was lodged in a private hotel in Finsbury Circus, in the city, ready to be easily moved to a steamer in the Thames on the morrow. I was warned, in a note, of his passage through town and of the uncertainty whether he could be seen. On the chance I went over early on the morrow, and, very happily for me, he had had a fair night and could see me for an hour or two. No one else but Mrs. Stevenson was with him. His position was one which might have daunted any man's spirit, doomed to exile, in miserable health, starting vaguely across the Atlantic, with all his domestic interests roofed up, and with no notion where, or if at all they should be replanted. If ever a man of imagination could be excused for repining, it was now. But Louis showed no white feather. He was radiantly humorous and romantic.

It was church time, and there was some talk of my witnessing his will, which I did not do, because there could be found no other reputable witness, the whole crew of the hotel being at church. This set Louis off on a splendid dream of romance. "This," he said, "is the way in which our valuable city hotels—packed doubtless with rich objects of jewelry—are deserted on a Sunday morning. Some bold piratical fellow, defying the spirit of Sabbatarianism, might make a handsome revenue by sacking the derelict hotels between the hours of 10 and 12. One hotel a week would suffice to enable such a man to retire into private life within the space of a year. A mask might perhaps be worn for the mere fancy of the thing and to terrify kitchen maids, but no real disguise would be needful to an enterprise that would require nothing but a brave heart and a careful study of the City Postal Directory." He spoke of the matter with so much fire and gallantry that I blushed for the youth of England and its lack of manly enterprise. No one ever could describe preposterous conduct with such a convincing air as Louis could. Common sense was positively humbled in his presence.—"Personal Memories of Stevenson," by Edmund Gosse, in Century.

The Humiliation of a Pharaoh.

The official Egyptian has apparently no particular respect for the remains of his ancestors, even when these are of royal lineage. Brugsch Bey, who has been assisting M. de Morgan, the Egyptologist, in his explorations, recently discovered a mummy, believed to be one of the pharaohs, and prepared to transport the prize to Cairo. On reaching the railway station he resolutely declined to confide this precious package to the luggage van. This the officials did not greatly mind, but they compelled the discoverer to take a first class ticket for Pharaoh as well as one for himself.

On reaching Cairo there was fresh trouble with the "octroi" officials. "What have you got there?" Brugsch Bey was asked. "A mummy," was the reply. "Ah, you can't get that through without paying." "But," urged Pharaoh's guardian, "mummies surely don't pay 'octroi' duty?" "Don't they?" replied the official. "We will see what the register says." Here the entire staff consulted the register; but, strangely enough, the article in question had been overlooked by the administration. "Well," said the officer, "we will enter that as dried fish. Duty, three piastres!"—Westminster Gazette.

The Transvaal is the country beyond the Vaal.

IN THE TUNNEL.

She was a strange looking old woman, as handsome as an old woman can be, rather elegantly dressed and with the air of one who belonged to good society.

She was sitting next me in the waiting room of the railroad station, but outside her horses were being fed and watered, and she was waiting to rest.

When the whistle sounded, she stopped her ears with both her hands and shuddered violently. When the engine came in sight, she looked at it as one might regard a hideous monster and muttered to herself in a way that made me fancy her not quite in her right mind.

Then of a sudden she turned to me, with a little bow, and said:

"You are traveling by rail, madam?"

I answered yes.

"How can you?" asked my interrogator. "Wherever I go, I go in my carriage. Those cars are so terrible, especially the tunnels."

"But if one is not blessed with a carriage?" I asked.

"Then you must go behind that terrible creature, I suppose," said the old lady, looking toward the engine, "but I'm sorry for you."

"Do accidents often happen in tunnels?" I asked, with an involuntary shudder.

"Accidents!" she cried. "Worse than that. I'll tell you what happened to me in a tunnel. There's time enough, if you don't mind listening."

I bowed. She put her handkerchief to her face for a moment and went on:

"You see that white house on the hill up there? That is mine. There my husband died, there my son married. It was after he married, when I was 60 years old, that this happened. Sixty! Just think of it—a time when life ought to run on without any event whatever—and then romance came to me—romance for the first time in my life, because, you see, I had married without any thought of that, a very good man—but so old—at 16.

"Well, as I said, at 60 he fell in love with me. I think he was 25, and, oh! but he was handsome. I was sitting on my porch when he rode by, and his horse shied at something and threw him at my feet. He seemed to be dead. I had him picked up and brought in, and the doctor and I restored him to life.

"Do you know what he was? I'll tell you. He was a rider at the circus close by, not a gentleman, they said, but his voice was so soft and his way so pleasant that he seemed one, and, then, what did that matter? He called me his good angel; he kissed my hand. At last he told me that he loved me.

"It was strange to hear. I would not listen to him at first, but at last he knelt at my feet, and I—ah, I was a woman still. I kissed him on his forehead, and I promised to be his wife.

"When my son heard of it, he was furious. He said terrible things. 'Mother,' he said, 'if you marry this impostor, who only wants your money, you will rue the day you were born.'

"I did not care for my son's wrath, nor that my friends all turned coldly from me. I married Adolphe, and we were very happy.

"As soon as we were married he began to talk of Europe and of the happy life one led in Paris. So I said, 'We will go to Paris.'

"We made ready to go. Of course we needed money. I had bank notes and checks to a large amount—a little fortune indeed—in my great wallet. I also had my diamonds. Adolphe took care of all these things. To reach the city whence our ship started we were obliged to go in the cars. Even then I hated and was afraid of them.

"I talked and laughed like a girl as we whirled over the country, but he grew more silent, and by the time we reached the tunnel very grave. I remember going into it. Adolphe took my hand and kissed it.

"I sat still. The cars rattled, the darkness grew deeper. I felt a little frightened and reached my hand to touch Adolphe. He was not there.

"I said, 'Adolphe.' There was no answer. I called, 'Adolphe!' again. Oh, it was so terrible—no answer, and the darkness like the darkness of death!

"At last it began to grow lighter. I could see shadow forms, but no shadow of Adolphe. I asked for him. At last they helped me and made search—he was not on the train. No one ever saw him again; he vanished in the tunnel.

"People tried to make me think ill of him. I would not. I, who felt his kisses on my hand still. Satan is envious of happiness, and"— There the old lady lowered her voice. "That thing with the red eye there is satan, though people don't know it. Don't go into the tunnel with him—remember what I say, and don't go into the tunnel"—

"Madam, your carriage is ready," said a middle aged woman, entering just then, and the old lady hurried off, shaking her head as she went and muttering to herself.

"She's been talking about the tunnel, ma'am?" asked the middle aged woman, with a courtesy.

"Yes," I said.

"She never had good sense, I think," said the woman, "and at 60 she married a foreigner, younger than her son. He managed to put half her fortune into checks and such things and run away with it after they had been married a month. He jumped off a train in a tunnel and got off unhurt.

"He was a rope dancer and good at jumping, or he'd never have done it, and he's living now with some bird of the same feather in Europe. She don't know it or don't believe it, poor old lady! Her wits ain't right, and she thinks satan carried him off. Goodby, madam. The old lady is in a hurry, and I must go to her."—Boston Herald.

PLANT MIMICRY.

Some of the Strange Tricks Played by Seeds For Propagation.

Dr. Lunstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry. The cultivated plant known as calendula may in different conditions produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have sails and are suited for transportation by the wind, while others have hooks and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar! Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but if it be sufficiently like a caterpillar a bird may eat it by mistake, the indigestible seeds will be subsequently sown, and so the trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvelous. There is a more graceful wild plant, with beautiful, delicate flowers, known to many as the cow wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow wheat to feast on a sweet banquet spread out upon the leaves. Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these ants and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it. On exploring some ant nests the explorer saw that this was not the first cow wheat seed which had been similarly treated. Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries.

The ants did not eat them or destroy them. In fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant cocoons. Once placed among the cocoons it requires a better eye than an ant has to distinguish the tares from the wheat. In the excitement of flitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated, and the seeds are also saved. The trick is found out some day, for the seeds, like the cocoons, awake out of sleep. The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered. They germinate and seem to thrive in the ant nests.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AFTER A YEAR.

The slender lilies nod their heads
  On either side the garden way,
And all along the flower beds
  Tall foxgloves stand in fair array.
The throstle, in the pear tree near
  Still carols, as when first we came,
The same old song he sang last year,
  And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell! How neat
  The ordered rosebuds, row on row!
It's still the scene that seemed so sweet
  A year ago—a year ago.
We noticed how that apple bough
  Stood out so green against the sky.
It's just as fair as ever now,
  But we are altered, you and I.

The days have come between us two
  And moved us ever more apart,
We cannot, as we used to do,
  Tell to each other all our heart,
Only a year since last we met,
  But in that year what things have been!
We walk, we talk together, yet
  We cannot bridge the gulf between.

All looks unchanged save us alone,
  We've drifted into other ways.
Time turns the page, the past is gone,
  And naught restores the vanished days.
The flying hours new scenes reveal.
  We never fancied, you and I,
They would come when we should feel
  No longer sad to say goodby.

—Longman's Magazine.

SEPARATION.

"It is usual, I believe," he said, "before dissolving partnership to take accounts. Let us see what we each brought into the firm."

"You begin," she answered.

"I brought fair ability, energy, ambition, a decent position, means of comfortable life, an unblemished name. Every one said I wasn't 'a bad sort,' and, more than all, I brought deep, true, passionate love."

Said the woman, "I brought beauty"—her statement was splendidly true—"youth, physical purity—to which you do not lay claim." He bowed. "Perhaps little else, for it was generous of you to marry the daughter of an undischarged bankrupt."

"What have we got out of our marriage?" continued the husband. "Let me speak. Of course the honeymoon was a failure. Poets and novelists"—he spoke bitterly—"tell wicked, ridiculous lies about honeymoons. They never are wholly happy, unless, perhaps, when it's the wife's second honeymoon. After that three months' exquisite, almost mad joy, then four months of happiness, followed by three of contentment, ending in a year of gradually increasing misery."

"Of course the honeymoon was a failure," she answered. "The next three months were happy, the following four not bad, the subsequent three indifferent, and the year was intolerable. You got more out of the business than I, for you put more in. Alas, I had not the beautiful mad love's capital, and yet"—

"And yet," interrupted the man, misunderstanding, "you have wasted that capital, and the beautiful mad love has gone, and I, who once would have died for you—more than that, would have lived disgracefully for you. I do not believe in the 'loved I not honor more'—am content to dissolve partnership, willing that we should part as friends."

"Content? Willing?" she asked. "Tell me, what do you regret most?"

"I regret my bankruptcy," he said. "I began our partnership with what I thought a splendid, inexhaustible fund of love. I look back to moments of happiness beyond description, and now I am insolvent in love. After all, I believe," he continued, with a pleasant, manly smile, "I believe that it is 'better to have loved and lost,'' even if it be the love and not the sweetheart that one has lost. Do you regret nothing? What clings in your mind?"

She shook her head.

"Come, you should tell me. There, on the table near you, is the deed of dissolution, the separation deed — it hasn't even been engrossed on parchment, but is printed on paper. At the end are two seals. We execute the dissolution deed by putting our fingers on the seals. The partnership was executed with our lips. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Hawkins, the lawyer, will be here to witness the execution. Tell me."

She shook her head again—her splendid head, regular in feature, delightful in complexion, crowned with gorgeous auburn hair, illumined by deep, large, violet eyes.

"You regret nothing?"

With a sigh she answered: "I regret that you have cast your pearls before me. I regret that I have misprized and lost your love; that I gave you little in return. I regret that my very inability to return your love truly has irritated me by making me feel your debtor; that feeling of irritation has helped to make you miserable and me miserable too."

"I did not use the word regret quite in that sense," he answered. "I meant, is there nothing that you look back to of happiness that yet lives in your memory?"

She put down the fan that had fluttered in her tender hands, and with half a smile, half a blush, answered, "There was one thing, one moment, that I regret."

He rose and walked up and down the room, the daintily furnished room, everything in which was a note in a dead love song.

"A year ago, almost to the day, certainly to tomorrow, we were at Etaples, you recollect?"

"It was for economy I went, because it was ridiculously cheap and very petty, and I hated Boulogne."

"I remember how we wandered about; how, alas, we quarreled in the lovely pine woods, or, to be true, I quarreled, and you suffered, and the splendid seashore, where I said bitter things because my friends were at Trouville and I at the quiet Paris Plage, and you were sad and silent."

"My dear," he interrupted, "I was greatly to blame."

"Hush! You must not interrupt. Then one day we took a boat—a clumsy boat—and sailed out, despite the warnings of the fishermen. I didn't care, you didn't care—what happened. We had quarreled, or, rather, I, at lunch, said harsh things."

"My dear," he interrupted, "there were faults on both sides. They rendered life intolerable and love impossible, but"—

"Hush! We rowed out. You had the sculls and I steered—at least I lay in the stern and splashed the waves with my hands—the hands you used to kiss so often."

She paused and looked at the hands—firm, plump and white and decked with lovely rings of curious workmanship. He, too, looked at them and sighed. She sighed.

"But out we went. Then the skies became dark, the water darkened, too, and grew rough, and you tried to turn. We were far, far away from shore. You must have been looking at me instead of the land, or you would have seen that we were floating fast in a current. With an effort you brought the boat round and pulled for safety. Oh, you looked splendid! Your thin jersey showed the lines of your strong, supple body, the muscles of your arms and chest rose superbly, and your manly face, flushed and firm, fascinated me."

The man smiled, half scornfully.

"You pulled hard, and I don't think I was frightened. I didn't care what happened. Then the rotten oar cracked, and you bound it round with our handkerchiefs, but it still was weak, so you tore off a long strip of my petticoat to bind it with, and we drifted, drifted out. When at last you tried again, it snapped, and the blade fell into the sea. Then you came to me, to the stern, and took the tiller from my hands. You put your arm round my waist and said, 'Don't be afraid, dear wife!' I knew we were drifting out to open sea, storm and death and was aware that you knew it. 'Don't be afraid, little wife,' you said, and suddenly put your arm round my neck."

"I remember."

"Yes, I know. Let me go on. You brought my face to yours and laid your lips on mine. Oh, that kiss—that kiss! It still stings on my lips. In it I felt the depth of your love. I felt that I loved you—felt that we were man and wife, and the only beings alive on land or sea. That kiss is what I regret—that kiss, the one moment of rapture in my life."

She paused.

"I remember."

"Why did that foolish steamer save us? I could have died there, happy in your arms—quite happy."

"Quite happy?"

"Yes, quite. To think that we quarreled within a week—at least I did—and things went worse than ever afterward! What are we women made of? The old song is wrong—we are made of gall and wormwood and marble. To think that we are here, and that paper lies there! You've acted very handsomely, allowing me more than half your income and letting me keep the flat."

"Do you think I could live in it after you have gone?" he answered, with a break in his voice. "There's nothing in it that does not speak of you. It's a graveyard of memories."

She looked at him over the fan and saw tears in his eyes. Then she rose and walked across the room.

"Herbert," she said in a timid voice, after a long pause, "it is 4 o'clock. He'll be here in five minutes to see the deed executed."

The man bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.

She took out her handkerchief, a ridiculous bit of lace and lawn, and touched her eyes.

"Herbert, tomorrow is just a year after that day. The night train starts at 8 o'clock. If we went to Etaples, we might find—might find—that kiss again."

He jumped up, tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips. "You mean to say"— He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips long and passionately on her mouth.

"I don't think we really need go to Etaples," she said, with a smile, after a long pause, "but it will be a pleasant little—little honeymoon."

He rang the bell, told the servant to tell Mr. Hawkins that no one was at home, and she bade the girl pack her things instantly. When the girl left the room, they both took hold of the deed and slowly, gravely tore it into two pieces.

"It is a new way," he observed, "of executing deeds of separation."—Sketch.

Abolish Fences.

The absence of fences makes a saving and is also a benefit, and the drives, walks and landscape effects are such that a cheerful harmony prevails, and the grouping of several homes thus forms one harmonious whole.

Milk Not a Disease Carrier.

Evidence of the antiseptic power of milk has been supplied by MM. Gilbert and Dominici. An adult man, whose fæces contained 67,000 germs per milligram, was restricted for five days to milk and at the end of two, three, four and five days respectively the germs had fallen to 14,000 5,000, 4,000 and 2,500. Here we have evidence of the antiseptic value of milk in contrast to the other side, so much of late discussed—viz. "Milk as a Vehicle of Disease."—London Invention.

A COWBOY RACE.

A pattering rush like the rattle of hail
When the storm king's wild coursers are out
on the trail,
A long roll of hoofs—and the earth is a drum!
The centaurs! See! Over the prairie they come!

A rollicking, clattering, battering beat,
A rhythmical thunder of galloping feet,
A swift swirling dustcloud—a mad hurricane
Of swarthy grim faces and tossing black mane.

Hurrah! In the face of the steeds of the sun
The gauntlet is flung and the race is begun!
—J. C. Davis.

THE PRIMULA LADY.

I entirely forget the name of the opera, what it was about and who sang in it, but I know it was the first I ever saw—if indeed I can be said to have seen it! At all events, I was present at the performance, and the evening and its occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory. I was 17, thoroughly unmusical, but possessed of a keen sense of enjoyment, and the scene, looked upon for the first time in my life, delighted me. The fair faces, the gorgeous toilets, the hum of voices, the light, the movement, all combined to quicken the beat of my pulse and make me feel giddy and light headed.

The curtain went up, and after the first few minutes I began to be bored. It was a heavy opera, so I was told, with no "airs" in it, and full of loud, deafening choruses. It seemed to me there were nothing but choruses—choruses of monks and soldiers and village maidens and peasants—and the noise wearied me. I did not understand the plot, and I turned to the spectators for amusement. Opposite to us, in a box immediately facing ours, sat a couple whose appearance arrested my attention. I could not see the lady's face, for it was turned away from me toward the stage, but in her hair was a diamond comb of quaint design that took my fancy. Against the smooth dark tresses the stones sparkled and glittered as in a setting of onyx. It was a warm evening, but she kept her brocade cloak of a curious shade of Rose du Barri pink shot with gold wrapped closely round her. She had no bouquet, but in front of her, on the ledge of the box, was an enormous black feather fan mounted in tortoise shell. Her companion—a slight man with a pale olive complexion and dark beard streaked with gray—had a face that interested me strangely. It wore such a weary expression—more weary perhaps than actually sad. He looked like a man who at some time or other during his life had made an effort beyond his strength and had never recovered from the exertion. Like me, he did not appear to be interested in the story of the opera.

The noise went on. The peasants retired, and after a short love scene between the hero and the heroine a band of soldiers came on and sang to some very loud music. I leaned back in my seat. My head was beginning to ache and my eyes to feel tired. I closed them, simply for a few minutes' rest. When I opened them, they seemed to light naturally on my opposite neighbors, and I started as I noticed the changed aspect of the box. The lady had evidently thrown off her cloak and had come more forward. Her eyes were no longer fixed on the stage. They were turned toward me. And what different eyes they were from those I thought she would possess. They were soft and veiled by lashes very little darker than her hair, which could scarcely be termed golden, it was so fair. How could I have believed her to be a brunette? She must have been seated in the shade when I first saw her and had since emerged into the light. She had moved her fan, and in its place lay a bouquet of mauve and white primulas. A small bunch of the same flowers were pinned into her simple high white dress at the throat and another showed among the loosely coiled tresses of her fair hair.

"It cannot be the same woman," I said to myself, "and yet my eyes were not closed for more than a minute or two, I am certain. There could not have been time—and—yet"— The irritating accompaniment to the "recitative," the perfume of my chaperon hostess' bouquet, the effort to explain the mystery, the unusualness of the scene, and the exhausted state of the air, all combined to produce an overpowering effect on my brain. I closed my eyes again and was very nearly asleep—not quite, I am certain—when a touch from Mrs. Waldo's fan and the sound of a light, unfamiliar laugh recalled me to myself and to a consciousness of my duty.

The first act had come to an end, and a gentleman had just entered our box to pay his respects to my chaperon, who forthwith introduced us, "Mr. Venning, Miss Linthrop." I bowed and felt very sheepish. I had literally been caught napping. Mrs. Waldo's explanation was not soothing:

"Miss Linthrop is unaccustomed to late hours, Mr. Venning. This is her first season, and her very first opera. I wish for her sake that it had been a more amusing one. Valezzi has clearly mistaken his vocation. He must never attempt another opera, must he? This one is deplorably dull."

"It is, as far as we have gone. But still one's first opera is always—one's first opera, and one is too well amused to be hypercritical I'm sure Miss Linthrop wasn't bored, although she might have been a little sleepy?"

"I was not at all bored," I replied, and then going straight to the point, as has ever been my wont, I continued: "Who are the people—the lady and gentleman in the opposite box—the lady with"— "With the primulas," I was going to say. But, lo! they had vanished, and so had she, and in her place sat the tall dark woman in the pink brocade cloak with the diamonds in her hair.

"The lady with the magnificent cloak?" said Mr. Venning interrogatively. "That is Baroness Kurz, and that is her husband with her—or rather he was with her a moment ago; but, as you see, he has just left the box."

"Who is Baron Kurz?" asked Mrs. Waldo. "I am perpetually hearing of him. German, of course?"

"Only partly so," replied Mr. Venning. "He is the son of a Scotchman, who made a good deal of money in California, and I believe his mother was a Pole. He was brought up by a German grandfather, whose name he eventually took. He is a clever fellow, but an unhappy one, I always fancy. She was a Miss Charcote, a daughter of Lady Jane Charcote."

"But who was the other lady in the box"—I inquired eagerly—"the lady with the primulas?"

"There was no other lady in Kurz's box tonight, Miss Linthrop. You must have been looking at some other box."

Mrs. Waldo laughed. "My young friend has been dreaming, Mr. Venning."

I scorned the imputation, but they would not believe me, and they were still laughing when the door opened and old Lord Saintsbury peeped in.

"Very merry here."

"My friend Miss Linthrop declares that she has seen a lady with primulas in her hair—such a terrible decoration—seated in Baron Kurz's box this evening," said Mrs. Waldo in her loud, clear, penetrating voice, that carried farther than any voice I have ever heard.

I noticed a shade flit across Lord Saintsbury's face. He turned his head sharply and glanced back. Then, stepping quickly into the box, he shut the door behind him.

"Why so mysterious?" asked Mrs. Waldo, smiling.

"Kurz was just behind me. He must have heard what you said." And the old gentleman looked genuinely distressed.

"But why not? We were only laughing at my young friend here. Are you going, Mr. Venning?"

I began to be afraid that I had made a goose of myself. And Lord Saintsbury was looking so solemn. Perhaps that was because he was in the ministry.

"Mrs. Waldo," he began, as soon as Mr. Venning had disappeared, "don't repeat that little story about—the—the lady with the primulas. It"—

"My dear Lord Saintsbury, why mayn't I? I love a little anecdote, and this is such a thrilling one."

"But you would not like to cause pain, I am sure."

"And you think Miss Linthrop so very thin skinned that she cannot take a little chaff?"

"It is not on her account that I am speaking. You may or may not have heard that Miss Charcote was not Kurz's first wife. No? Well, she was not. His first wife was a girl of the people—some said a nursemaid, some a peasant. It really doesn't signify which. At all events, she was neither a lady by birth nor a person of education. After a time he grew tired of her. His father died, and he came into money. He began to go in for society. He met Miss Charcote. One night—it was at the Grand Opera in Paris—she was seated for some time in Lady Jane Charcote's box. His wife was alone in the loge opposite. What she saw or thought I don't know, but when he returned to her she complained of feeling very tired, and he suggested that they should go home. She fainted on the staircase and was carried into their brougham. That same night she died. It was very sudden and rather mysterious."

"Good gracious! Did any one suspect the baron of having poisoned his wife?"

"Not that I know of. But they did say that his neglect had broken her heart. But to come to the point of my story. The first baroness Kurz—Rosine—was a fair, blue eyed woman, with a passion for primulas. In Paris, where she had no acquaintances and was only known by sight, and by many people was not supposed to be Kurz's wife, she always went by the name of 'the lady with the primulas.' That is why I was startled and upset by what you told me. That was why I was distressed that the flower should have been mentioned in Kurz's hearing—for hear I am sure he did."

It was my turn to feel distressed—distressed, but at the same time vividly interested. I was just going to ask Lord Saintsbury whether he had ever known Rosine personally, when Mr. Venning reappeared, and at the same moment I noticed that while we had been discussing the first Baroness Kurz her successor had disappeared from the opposite box—had left the house probably, I thought, bored by the dullness of act 1.

"Such an awful thing has happened!" Mr. Venning's face was pale, and his voice sounded low and hoarse. "Kurz has fallen down dead, just outside the omnibus box."

"Good gracious, how dreadful! But very likely he has only fainted."

Mr. Venning shook his head. "Cleveland met him looking ghastly—you know he does sometimes. And he asked him, 'Are you ill, Kurz?' And the other just stared at him and muttered: 'True, true! She has come for me,' and fell back dead."

I started to my feet. "Mrs. Waldo, I must go home. Please let me. Don't you come, but"—

"My dear child," and her voice sounded a shade harder and louder than usual, "don't make a scene, please." Our visitors had vanished at the bare mention of such a possibility, ever dreaded and held in abhorrence by the sterner sex.

"But I cannot stay. Didn't you hear? He is dead."

Mrs. Waldo stared at me with a look of derision on her handsome stony face. "But you did not know him. It is not customary for young ladies to make scenes over the death of a man they never knew. Such things are not done."

"Ah, but you don't understand. I saw her."

"Her? Whom?"

"The lady with the primulas—his first wife. She came to fetch him. He said so—you heard."

"My dear child, what nonsense! You were dreaming, of course. Hush! We must not talk any more now. We must listen."

And the curtain rose upon act 2.—St. James Budget.

Farmer Jones' Whisky Spring.

The discovery of an alleged spring of pure rye whisky on the farm of Silas Jones, near Smithton, Westmoreland county, has created intense excitement among the people of that place. Several days ago Farmer Jones, while digging a ditch, came upon an old well. He struck a ledge of soft sandstone, and from a crevice in its side came drops of whisky. To make sure of it the farmer tasted the liquid and pronounced it a fair quality of barleycorn. After arranging to run the drippings into a cask he closed up the well in order to keep the discovery secret. Many think the whisky comes from a storage vault of an old distillery that probably stood where Jones began digging. The oldest inhabitant does not remember such a distillery. Barrels of whisky were probably buried in the hillside and forgotten. Now that the casks are decaying, the contents are oozing out through the hill.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edison's Definition of Electricity.

Congressman O. M. Hall of this state tells this story of Edison: The latter appeared before the committee on patents to make an argument on some proposed bill. Mr. Hall, prefacing his question with an apology for the ignorance of the committee concerning electricity, asked Edison if he could tell the committee what electricity was. "Oh, yes," said the wizard. "It is a mysterious fluid about which nothing is known." The argument then proceeded.—St. Paul Globe.

THE OLD TIME FRIENDS.

"I like to meet the old time friends," the speaker said, "for, oh!
The best part of our lives is in the days of long ago!
And memory's sun upon the past in mellowed light descends.
I want to see the scenes of old and meet the old time friends!

"Sweet memory wears them in her crown—her brightest diadem,
I stretch my arms and fain would share my heart—my all with them!
And on their love that trusting heart with tenderest love depends.
The dearest friends earth holds for me are still the old time friends!"

Then one walked weeping from the crowd—and no one sought to check,
He grasped the speaker by the hand and fell upon his neck,
And said: "I'm Jones, the grocery man—though changed and broken so.
I wish you'd add a twenty to that bill of long ago!"

Then the speaker changed the subject, and he seized a hickory stick
And shouted to the audience, "Here's a raving lunatic!"
And they trounced him, and they bounced him, and they hustled him, and, oh!
They sent him up for thirty days—that friend of long ago!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A NIGHT RIDE.

The bicycle is a queer instrument. You think you know all about it; then suddenly you find there are still things to learn. The other evening I got on my bicycle and worked my way for five or six miles through one of the prettiest lanes in England to a country village where a friend of mine lives. The lane which leads to this village is one in which I did a good deal of practicing when I first took to the bicycle some months ago. It is bordered by hedges and trees on each side and looks like a long green tunnel through which the sun sends some flittering, flickering rays down on the excellent roadway, making a sort of dancing carpet of light and shade, eternally weaving themselves together and mimicking in shadow and sunshine the interlacing of the trees above.

But there is, alas, along the side of this lane a ditch with which I have before now made acquaintance while teaching myself how to ride. It is always a pleasant experience for a bicycler to revisit a spot where he has had his conflicts with the machine. It gives him a sense of having accomplished something. I recognized all the places where I had been thrown in the ditch and where I had been thrust through the hedge. It was nice to know that these exciting days were past, and that I now rode the machine as if I were a part of it.

The lane is a lonely place at any time of the day. Broader roads and more direct ones lead to the little village I have spoken of, but whose name I need not mention. My friend proved so entertaining that I staid on and on. I was invited to stop for dinner, and I did. I was afterward censured for this, when I ultimately did reach home. People in the country, I was told, were not always prepared to receive unexpected visitors to dinner. It was not the thing to drop down with my bicycle upon a helpless man in the country and then hang around the premises until I was invited to dinner. I am always putting my foot in it this way. It makes me feel guilty afterward, but what is a man to do?

It was pitch dark when I left the house, and when I came to the entrance of the lane it was even darker than pitch, if such a thing be possible. I lit my bicycle lamp for the first time in my life. The lamp had cost me a lot of money and was said to be the best in the market, but when it tried to compete with the appalling darkness of the lane I saw what a futile thing it was. It shed a dim circle of light a long way ahead that didn't seem to me to be of much practical use. I pushed the machine along and sprang lightly on its back. Now I thought I knew how to ride perfectly, but I was to find out that riding in the broad daylight and riding in the darkness are two entirely different things. The machine gave a wabble first in one direction and then in the other and my heart came into my mouth when I found that unless I saw the wheel I did not know how to balance the concern. Sitting down a moment afterward, fortunately not on the side where the ditch was, I had some time to meditate on the situation. The wheel was on top of me, and the lamp was out. This was old times over again, and I had not even the chance in the darkness to select the spot on which to fall. I did not like the idea of trundling the machine all the way along the lane when I ought to be able to do so much better time on its back, so I rose slowly, placed the machine upright again, and relit the lamp. The lamp hung on a couple of vacillating flanges which apparently were actuated by springs and gave the lamp a wabbly motion when you joggled unexpectedly over a stone. I got once more upon the machine, this time with better success, and we went along nicely for some distance. Then I got off again. Coming along that road in the daylight the lane seemed perfectly smooth and unobstructed. Yet I suddenly came against some unseen obstacle that appeared to me as I alighted to be a bowlder lying on the road. It was in reality a stone about the size of my fist. The lamp had gone out of course simultaneously with my fall. This one I have goes out whenever I joggle over anything. I have been told that it was on account of the bad oil I was using, but I have since secured the most expensive oil in the market, an oil with a beautiful name, but the lamp joggles out just the same.

After going over the stone I saw that I had to do something definite with the lamp. I took out my handkerchief and tied down the springs, so that the disk of light touched the front wheel. This wasn't so bad, as it showed me plainly the stones in the road, but hardly in time for me to avoid them, although I did dodge some by performing acrobatic feats that usually led to the ditch. In my evolutions and anxiety about the lamp I had forgotten the existence of that ditch, but it was there just the same, lying low and saying nothing. I found it without the least trouble. The lamp went out again, of course, and I began to fear that I would not have matches enough to last until I got into the radius of street lamps. I crawled out of the ditch, righted the machine and once more applied a match to the wick. I had lost the handkerchief, but I tied the lamp down with the oiling cloth. I was bowling along at a rapid and satisfactory pace through the bright circle of light in front of me, when all at once, within an incredibly short distance, there appeared before me a young man and a young woman, strolling along together with their arms about each other's waists. Their backs were toward me, and the lamp did not shine far enough ahead to let them know I was coming. Of course, if I had had presence of mind, I could have steered around them and passed on, but they had become so suddenly silhouetted against the darkness, just as a magic lantern picture is thrown upon a screen, that the unexpected sight drove what little sense I had clear away from me, and I gave one terrific yell fit to rouse any recently dead man and flung myself from the machine. The girl complicated matters by wildly throwing her arms around the young man's neck and calling upon him to protect her, which he had no chance to do, because the next instant the machine climbed his back. We three were in a heap in that silent lane before any of us knew what had happened, and of course the lamp went out. By way of excusing myself and saying something conciliatory I shouted out:

"What in the name of the prince of darkness are you two dawdling along this lane in the middle of the night for?"

The young man intimated to me in rather harsh language that if I would be good enough to wait there until he found his stick he would show me what he was doing. However, I found my machine first, and being in an utterly reckless mood I sprang upon it without examining it to see if anything were broken or not, though I knew that no ordinary fall would injure that machine, and away I went and left them there. I did not see that any explanation on my part would help matters, so I thought it best to leave well enough alone, which I did. Little use as the lamp was I found it had its advantages, because the lane turned a short distance ahead. In fact, it was always turning, even in the daylight, although I had never noticed that particularly before, and this time I ran square into the hedge on the side opposite the ditch. I extricated the machine and once more lit the lamp. I thought perhaps it was safer not to attempt to ride any more, and so walked along, trundling the wheel, for I knew there was a bridge some distance ahead that had no parapets and I did not want to enter into an encounter with it. As I walked along beside the bicycle I saw something move on the side of the road and within the circle of light. A stalwart, unkempt tramp, who had been making the roadside his bedroom, rose up on his elbow and said menacingly:

"Say, marster, can you oblige me with a match?"

"Yes, I can," I said climbing upon my machine and putting the wheels in motion. "Get on your bicycle and we'll have a match. Come along!" He merely stood up and cursed me in loud and forcible language.

I thought my troubles well over on coming to the street lamps. I was bowling along within half a mile of my own house when suddenly a policeman stepped out into the middle of the road.

"Stop!" he cried, and having a respect for the law I stopped and got off the machine. "What are you doing," he demanded, "traveling with your lamp out?"

"Good gracious," I said, "my lamp isn't out!" but on looking around I found, alas, it was, and I had not noticed the fact, so well was the street lighted. I assured him that it had been lighted a moment before, and that it must have jogged out.

"If you will put your hand on the lamp," I said, "you will find it is quite hot."

He did so and shook his head. I touched the lamp myself, for it, when lighted, becomes uncomfortably hot (it smokes worse than I do), and, would you believe it, it was as cold as a rich relation from whom you want to borrow money.

"You will have to come with me," he said.

"Won't a cash payment down save me the trouble of appearing before a magistrate?"

"No, it won't," said the policeman. "I must do my duty."

I detest a policeman who has to do his duty, so I said:

"Oh, very well! I joggled some money out of my pocket as I dropped off. You took me so by surprise. I'm going to light my lamp and look for it."

I lit the lamp and backed the machine up a bit. The policeman kindly helped me to look for the coins, but when his back was bent I pushed my machine forward a bit and sprang on it. My lamp was lit. He blew his whistle, but I managed to turn down a side street, then down another, and so managed to get safely home. But, much as I like the bicycle, I have made up my mind that night rides are too exciting for me until I get a lamp that, like that policeman, will do its duty.—New York Advertiser.

Canaries.

Sometimes a canary's coat gets a pale, sickly yellow. Give him half an ounce of ground red pepper such as is used on your table, and let the bird eat it as he likes. In a week he'll turn a beautiful orange color. Bird lice are troublesome at times. A pinch of powdered saffron put under the wings will drive away the pests. Gravel in the cage every day and a dish of tepid water for a bath every other day are indispensable to the singer's health and happiness.—Boston Advertiser.

A WESTERN MAN KILLER.

He Was Pained by a Reference to His Prowess at Dodge City.

It has often been noted by those favored men, who, in traveling about the west, made the acquaintance of famous killers, that the killer was always quietly and soberly reserved about the homicides he had committed and never cared to talk about them. Charles Bassett, who has great renown in the southwest as a gun fighter and a game man, is no exception to the rule. It chanced that all of Bassett's "killings" were on the side of public order and occurred while he was an officer of the law. For several years Bassett was marshal of Dodge City. Bat Masterson was Bassett's deputy.

It happened more than once in straightening out the destinies of Dodge that Bassett was called on to shoot, a ceremony wherein he was always careful to aim low, with gratifying results. When Luke Short, who afterward killed Jim Courtwright, a Texas desperado, was run out of Dodge, Bassett was the first man he came to in seeking help to get him back. Having secured Bassett, Luke Short gathered about him an array which had a record for cool nerve and quick, sure work with a Colt's pistol that would be hard to duplicate. Short was escorted back to Dodge by Bassett, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Bill Earp, Virgil Earp, Doc Holliday, Carly Bill, Shotgun Collins and others, who, as stark, indomitable fighters, had as much fame in their country as ever had the Black Douglas or Bruce or Wallace in his.

But as to the solemn reticence of these killers when touched on as to their bloody deeds Bassett is and has been for years the manager of a resort in Kansas City. One winter night Bassett and several others were standing near the big stove, drinking and defying the weather. The talk had drifted to the winter days of Dodge City, when Jack Nuckols, then city editor of the Kansas City Times, suddenly spoke up with:

"By the way, Charlie, you killed several men at Dodge City, didn't you?"

A look of pain and uneasiness came across Bassett's face like a cloud. He was staggered and worried, and showed it. A profound silence fell upon the several men present, and Nuckols began to grow embarrassed. For full half a minute Bassett looked at the questioner without saying a word; then, as if a thought had come to him that he knew was safe to act on, he helped himself to a drink of whisky all alone. When he returned, he backed up to the stove, and, surveying Nuckols, said in a mild, inquiring tone:

"Well, if I did, it was right."

Nuckols hastened to assure him that no one harbored a doubt on that point, and the subject was politely changed. Afterward one of the onlookers remarked:

"You can bet it bothered Bassett when it drove him to drinking whisky by himself. I'll bet 2 to 1 that's the first drink Bassett's taken alone in 20 years."—Washington Post.

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is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No Postals Answered. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4 12

Tourist (who cannot get a bed in an overcrowded village hostelry)—Haven't you at least a bundle of hay to give me?

Landlady (out of temper)—There's nothing left, I tell you, but a bit of cold roast beef!—Deutsche Warte.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19, 1895.—Demand for honey is light. Supply also light. Price of white comb 14c. Dark 11c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 7c per pound. No demand for beeswax. Light supply. Price 22c per lb.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 19, 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. No dark honey offered. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Slow demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 23 to 24c per lb There will be considerable fall honey offered later on. In the northern part of the state many have secured good crops.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Moderate supply. Price of comb 10 to 16c per lb. Extracted 5½ to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Price 27 to 30c per lb The demrnd for honey has improved. Receipts are moderate, yet think early sales will be best. Prices as usual.

H. R. Wright.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 18, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Supply equal to demand. Price of comb 16c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Some very fine California comb honey is selling at 13c for white. E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 24, 1895.—Very good demand for honey Scant supply. Price of comb 12 to 16c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beewax. Fair supply. Prices of beeswax 20 to 25c per lb. for good to choice yellow.

Chas. F. Muth & Son,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 25, 1895.—Fancy white comb honey retail 15c per lb. Wholesole 14c per lb. Second grade white comb honey 13c per lb. Amber comb honey 11 to 12c per lb. With cold weather and fruit off the market we look for a good demand for honey, as maple sugar and maple syrup are very high and scarce.

Extracted as to quality and package 5½ to 6½c. Beeswax 30c per lb.

S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

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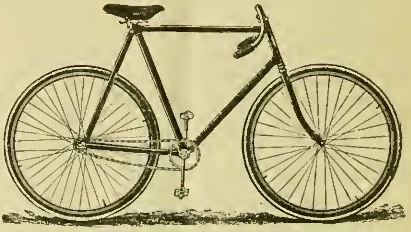

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.

Dayton, Ohio. 10-8

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1895. NO. 11.

At What Age do Bees Gather Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

The above heading may be thought by some to be of little interest, but as it has much to do with the surplus honey we secure, I thought a few words on the subject might not be amiss. Many seem to suppose that the bee is capable of going to the field to gather honey as soon as it emerges from the cell, or in three or four days at least, but some facts prove that they do not. Bees may be forced to go to the fields for pollen and honey at the age of five or six days old, but when the colony is in a normal condition, as it always should be to store honey to the best advantage, the bee is sixteen days old before it gathers honey. If we take combs of brood just hatching, and place them in a hive without any bees, as is frequently done to introduce a valuable queen, we will see young bees not over five or six days old go to the field, being compelled to do so for water, pollen, etc., because there is none of an older age to go; but this does not prove that bees of that age usually do so, any more than the experiment of feeding twenty pounds of honey to bees confined to the hive before one pound of wax is produced, proves that it always takes twenty pounds of honey to produce one pound of comb. I have conducted several experiments since I kept bees, to ascertain the age at which bees gather the first honey and as each has proven the same, I believe sixteen days to be the time when the bee brings her first load of honey, when the colony is in a normal condition. The experiment which I tried was this: A black queen was removed from the colony, and an Italian queen introduced in her place, about the middle of June. The date was marked on the hive, and as the 21st day thereafter arrived, a careful watch was kept to see when the first Italian bee hatched. When the first Italian bee had emerged from the cell a careful watch was again kept of the hive to see when the first Italian took its flight. This happened about two o'clock in the ofternoon, seven days later, when a few Italian bees came out for a playspell, but in less than an hour all had returned and none but black bees were seen going to and from the hive. As the days passed on the number of Italians increased at each playspell (about two o'clock on each pleasant day,) but none having the Italian markings were seen, except at these playspells, till the sixteenth day after the first Italian hatched. At this time a few came in with pollen and honey, commencing to work at about 10 A. M. After this the number of Italian honey gatherers increased while the number of blacks decreased, until the 45th day after the last black bee was hatched, when not a black bee was to be found in or about the hive. If the above is correct, and I believe it is, it will be seen that the eggs for our honey gatherers must be laid by the queen 37 days before our main honey harvest. if we would secure the best results from our bees ; as it takes 21 days from the time the egg is laid to the time the bee emerges from the cell, and this added to the sixteen makes the thirty-seven days. The above is applicable to any portion of the country where a certain flora produces the larger part of the honey crop. To be sure, the bees from the time they are three days old, help to perform the labors in the hive, such as building comb, feeding the larva, evaporating the nectar, etc., hence are of much value toward securing the crop of honey, if we have plenty of older bees beside, but otherwise all hatching after the middle of the honey harvest are of little use so far as our honey crop is concerned. Another thing which is acertained by these experiments, which was that the bees which gather the honey are not the ones which deposit it in the cells. I was reading in one of the papers not long ago, how the loaded bees from the fields carried their honey easily to the top of a four story hive. This was used as an argument in favor of placing the empty combs on top of the full ones, instead of raising up the second or third story and placing them between the full combs, as is usually recommended by those using the tiering up plan. As far as the loaded bees are concerned it makes no difference, as will be seen when I state that on the fifteenth day after the first Italian hatched, when none but black bees were seen going in and out at the entrance, I found that by taking off the cover and examining the sections that scarce a black bee was in them but all were Italians, which were at work there, building comb and depositing honey. After this I used an observatory hive containing but one comb. In this I also had black bees as field bees, and young Italians for the inside work. By watching the entrance through the glass I could see the loaded bees come in, and when one came on the side next to me, I could easily see what it did with its load of honey. The bee would pass along on the comb till it came to a young bee, when it would put out its tongue toward the young bee. If this bee had no load it would take the honey, but if it had our field bee must try again till one is found that could take the load, when it was given up to it. The field bee then rested a little while, when it would go for another load. Thus it will be seen that any entrance leading direct to the surplus arrangement, as was formerly made in many hives, is no use, but on the contrary is a positive damage, as in cold or cool nights it causes the bees to leave the sections, from allowing two much cold air to enter them. To secure the best results, it is necessary to be fully acquainted with all of the minor points of interests about the bees, so that we may combine them all to bear on that which will produce the most honey in these times of close competition and low prices.

Borodino, N. Y.

Fall Management of Bees.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

All work should be finished in the apiary by the 15th of October. If colonies are in need of more stores to carry them through the winter they should be fed as soon as possible; it is better to feed them late than not at all if stores are needed.

This season I find that the appearance of the combs is very deceiving, for as I lift them out many of them prove to be only half full of honey, the season having been a failure and the bees having had to live on their winter stores almost the entire fall. I have been feeding this year since the first of October. After taking off the feeders I use the Hill device over the frames for winter passages; then I put on a light chaff cushion until the first of December.

I think bees can be packed for winter too early, for if the weather continues warm they are restless. I formerly used loose chaff over a burlap covering for winter packing; years ago it was supposed necessary to pack this way. It is very inconvenient, for every time it became necessary to examine the colonies even though very careful, I would scatter some chaff among the bees, which would annoy them, and be the cause of considerable trouble to clean out later. Aside from the inconvenience in making ex-examinations it is considerable trouble to put this kind of packing on in the fall and remove it in the spring. I became tired of such fussy work, and commenced using chaff cushion with much better success some five years ago.

I now use loose burlaps for cushions. I cut two square pieces fully as large as the inside of the hive; I also cut a strip of burlap from five to ten inches wide and long enough to sew around the square pieces, leaving one side open to turn. Then I fill with oat chaff if it can be procured; if not, straw cut fine will do. Then it is sewed up and a nice square cushion is the result, which will fit into the corners of the hive. It is not advisable to make the cushions too hard and they will pack better where two are used. I make ten inch chaff cushions for winter use, and five inch cushions for use in the summer and fall when the sections are not in.

About the first of December, when I say good-bye to my bees, I give them two light cushions or one heavy one. I prefer two light ones. At the first oppearance of snow I contract the entrance to five or six inches, and put up a wide board in front of the hive to keep out snow and sleet in the winter. When the weather is moderate I take the opportunity to free the entrance of dead bees with a wire hook and to give fresh air. Chaff cushions give ventilation above. I have found them so wet with moisture or steam from the bees that I had to dry them by the fire, It is not advisable to use old carpets or rags for cushions.

WINTERING BEES.

While many successful bee-keepers winter their bees on summer stands, I think the majority of northern apiarists favor wintering them in cellars. Dry pure air and a proper and uniform temperature are the two essentials for successful wintering. These in my opinion cannot be so perfectly controlled out of doors as in some suitable place in doors. The best place is a dry cellar, warm enough to prevent freezing, and provided with sufficient ventilation to allow the gasses, which are generated by the bees, to pass off. The temperature should be about 45 degrees. The ordinary oil stove of today is an excellent thing for warming cellars when it is necessary to do so in extremely cold weather.

Every bee-keeper should have a separate apartment for his bees, where he should place them as near together as possible. I think they remain more quiet when they hear the soft humming of their neighbors. I think bees are naturally friendly and confiding with each other. The human family could learn a lesson from these insects, Hives can be set as closely together as possible out doors and each one will attend to their own business, working diligently for their own home and interests, and seldom will they ever rob each other unless led to do so by hives being left open, or combs or honey scattered around.

We live in a progressive age, and the bee-keepers must be progressive in bee-keeping as in other things. The diligent are crowned with success.

Sherburne, N. Y.

Feeding Bees in Cold Weather.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

Of the various plans for feeding bees in cold weather, I have never seen one in print which could be so safely and easily applied by the inexperienced as one which I had occasion to use the first winter I kept bees, which was in 1889.

Owing to early frosts the fall flow of honey for that year was a failure. I noticed there was not very much honey in the hives when I packed them for the winter, but thought there was probably enough to carry the bees through. But on lifting up the quilts one mild sunny afternoon in February I found the hives to be very destitute of honey ; four or five out of the seven colonies I then had did not show a single cell of sealed honey. I knew then that I would have to feed, and that very shortly; but how and what to feed I did not know.

I went to H. S. Sutton, an old and successful bee keeper, of whom I had bought my first bees the spring previous, and laid my case before him. He asked if I had any frames of honey ; to which I replied I had not as much as one ounce of honey about my place excepting what the bees had themselves, and that was very little. He told me to buy about eight or ten pounds of section honey for each colony, and to lay the sections flat on top of the frames, and to tuck the quilts and cushions in tightly to keep the heat from getting out, and let them alone. He said there would be honey enough in the under side of the sections to last them until it was time to take off the cushions and quilts some afternoon, and I could then score the top capping with a table fork, and put the hive cover on and leave the quilts off awhile, and the bees would carry the honey down to their combs. After getting the above directions, and a good lecture thrown in on the importance of seeing that bees have enough in the fall to take them through the winter, I went home to act accordingly.

I carried the above instructions out to the letter, and never had bees come out in the spring in better contition. I know they can be fed more cheaply at other times of the year, but I doubt if the beginner, who has had no experience in making sugar syrup or candy, will find anything cheaper or as safe as honey for feeding in cold weather. Feeding syrup on the summer stands is out of the question, and the danger of scorching the candy or getting it too hard or too soft, and debilitating the bees by improper food makes it hazardous to attempt it.

If I had honey in brood frames, and had to feed in cold weather, I would feed in a similar way, for by so doing the bees are not disturbed. Nothing so exhausts the vitality of bees as disturbing the cluster in cold weather, and if you take empty combs out of the hive and replace them with full ones, you must either disturb the cluster or necessitate a lateral movement of the cluster, and they will sometimes starve before doing so in cold weather, especially where the hive has been opened and the accumulated heat allowed to escape.

These instructions are intended only for the beginner, for the more experienced bee keeper will have his feeding done in the fall; but there are often beginners, who, like myself, will think that bees have enough, only to find out their mistake later.

Franklin, Pa.

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5 per cent. discount will be allowed on all orders at catalogue prices received before December 1st.

Race of Bees.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Gleanings of Oct. 15, '95 contains a plea for 5 banded bees by A. Norton, In the Sept. number of the *American Bee-Keeper* I gave my experience, since which time I have experimented a little further. I have three apiaries, in the home yard I keep 5 banded bees, where I breed my 5 banded bees and queens, at one out apiary I breed 3 banded bees and queens, at the other out yard I keep any kind of bees for honey only, and as my business is of such a nature that I must remain at home, I very rarely get to my out yards, but have just been to them and from the experience I have had I must certainly and honestly say that the 5 banded bees are far the nicest to handle, in fact I run across one or two colonies of 3 banded bees in the out apiary that are a little the crossest bees I have ever undertakn to handle. The 3 banded bees have probably stored the most honey but have had by far the best chance, as the 5 banded bees or home apiary is really overstocked and have been nearly all run for queen rearing. I expect this winter to thoroughly test their wintering qualities as well as to test their building up in the spring and will give the readers of the *Bee-Keeper* the benefit of my experience. As before stated I am not parial to any kind of a bee. I keep bees for the honey they gather, or in other words for the money they make and I as well as other bee-keepers want a bee that will give us a good surplus, but if I can get a good looking and well behaved bee I want them.

The time has again arrived when our bees should be prepared for winter and the best we can possibly do for them will not be too good, as our next seasons success will largely depend upon the care our bees get during the winter. To find ourselves with poor, weak, sickly, colonies in the spring assures us no honey crop. Often of late years we fail to get much honey even after we have brought our bees through in good shape, but we know we were not at fault, so let us try again and hope as we have been doing, for a big crop next year.

Steeleville, Ill.

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Notes and Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

No white honey in our local market this year.

An average yield of about 45 pounds of honey was secured in this locality—all from buckwheat.

As a result of the erroneous idea that bees destroy grapes by cutting the skin and extracting the juice, there are counties in California wherein bee-keeping is prohibited by law.

Replying to S. M. Keeler: The honey of "stingless bees" has not "the same good keeping qualities as that from our stinging bees," doubtless owing to the absence of formic acid. The honey is not stored in combs, but in irregular globes of a composition resembling propolis rather than wax, the odor of which is (to me) extremely offensive.

I have had bees, occupying improved hives, which required a second super before any of the several box hives in the same yard cast a swarm. Such an experience is incentive toward the adoption of the "tall breeder" system.

Bee-Keepers in the vicinity of Hawks Park, Florida, are considerably alarmed by the recent appearance of foul brood in that section. The present cases, which exist in the apiaries of E. G. Hewett, W. S. Hart and E. P. Porcher, the latter on Merritt's Island, are the first ever reported from Florida. It is, however, hopefully anticipated that it will soon be effectually eradicated by the "wide awake," resident bee-keepers, who, fortunately, are thoroughly competent to cope with the scourage.

Of the "hive bee," published in 1855, Frost's Encyclopedia of Animated Nature says: "Each society has but one female, the queen, several hundred males, called drones; and about twenty thousand working bees, which are sexless. The latter build the hives, construct the combs, secrete the honey, and in a word, do all the work of the establishment. The honey finds its was out of the abdomen of the workers in little scales, which being taken up and kneaded by the jaws, is then put in the proper place." Prof. Frost probably supposed they gathered the wax from clover, and buckwheat. And this but forty years ago.

Titusville, Pa.

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"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture and the Bee-Keeper one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year for $1.65.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

EDITOR AM. BEE KEEPER.—Dear Sir : There have been two light frosts in this locality, but not sufficient to kill the bean vines. Bees gather a little nectar and pollen from asters in the river bottom. During the fore part of the season the bees barely made a living owing to the frosts and drought. During July the rains came and vegetation revived, and the fall flow of honey has been good in this locality. Some swarms issued from the middle of August until the middle of September. A few large colonies that did not swarm have filled a case of sections ; and all colonies, with the exception of a few late swarms, have plenty of stores.

My partner in the sweets and stings came into the house a few days ago saying, "Look here, see what I have in my hand," at the same time exhibiting dead brood. "That last swarm that we had is starving." I immediately filled a feeder and gave it to them, and since then no more brood has been carried out.

Although there has been a failure of the honey crop for the past five years, we may conclude with the wise men, that what has been, will be again ; and it is wisdom to take care of our property in the way of bees and hives. These years have not been entire failures in most localities, for the bees were able to support themselves. The rain has come, and we anticipate another cycle of honey bearing flora.

The past six years our peach trees have borne fruit ; the six previous years they did not bloom. A friend said, "How did you come to have peaches ?" I replied, "we trusted in God, and planted the seed." So those who trust in God, and take care of their bees will reap their reward.

Yours truly, MRS. L. HARRISON.
821 Hurlburt St., Peoria, Ill.
Oct. 7, 1895.

EDITOR AM. BEE KEEPER.—Dear Friend : Your valuable journal has been a constant and regular visitor to my sad and bereaved home. Ever sence the death of my daughter, (a methodist missionary) who came home a year ago last June pronounced incurable with consumption, I have not been well myself, and never will be ; and you may have often wonderer why I have kept so silent, but my health has been very poorly this season that I have not been able to do justice to my bees, and all of my correspondence has suffered. But to-day while I was reading from my German Bee Journal, published at Leipsic, Germany, the account of their 40th *Wanderversammlung* of the bee-keepers, which convened at Castel (Schlöss Drachenfels,) the residence of the King of Saxony, and of the great honor bestowed upon them by both citizens and the Royal Family, my heart was lifted up.

King Albert and Princess Mathilde visited their annual convention in person, and expressed their surprise and great satisfaction when they listened to the reports that the German

Empire contained fully two million colonies of bees, with an annual gain of twenty-two thousand double centners of honey (a centner is one hundred pounds.) The King of Saxony accepted the protectorate over the 40th *Wanderversammlung* of German bee-keepers.

And while thus reading the encouraging account of bee-keeping in Germany, in came my mail with the American Bee Journal, bringing the sad news of the death of Father Langstroth, from whom I had not a month ago received a letter thanking me for the small amount I contributed toward his journey to Toronto ; and my heart was again filled with sorrow, as every bee-keeper could not help but love the public benefactor of the bee-keeping world.

I will give you the contents of his letter.

Dayton, Sept. 12, 1895.

MR. STEPHEN ROESE.

Dear Friend : Mr. G. W. York handed me a dollar at Toronto, enclosed in a letter to him from you. I thank you sincerely for your rememberance of me, and for the very kind wishes which accompanied it. You will be pleased to learn that I have recovered entirely from that head trouble which lasted three years. I never felt better in my life, and although almost 85 years old, can still do much work with my pen.

Trusting that we shall meet in the better world, I remain

Yours effectionately,

L. L. LANGSTROTH.

I am so glad I got these few lines from him, for I really esteemed him very much, and may his memory be lasting among the bee-keeping fraternity. Yours truly,

STEPHEN ROESE.

Maiden Rock, Wis. Oct. 19, 1895.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From the Canadian Bee Journal.)

WHERE TO KEEP COMB HONEY.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Multitudes of the toilers of the world who labor faithfully to secure a harvest, in their vocation in life, fail to receive the just reward of their labors, on account of not properly caring for their crop when it is within their own hands. Thus we find butter selling at half price after it is made, through carelessness and neglect between that and the marketing, eggs becoming stale after they have been produced, vegetables rotting in the cellar after they have been gathered, and honey depreciating in value after it is taken from the hive ; and go on throughout the varied lines of production. Would it not be better to spend more thought on how to care for the crop we have, than to ransack the earth and rack our brains with the one object in view to produce the greatest possible amount ? These thoughts have been brought by receiving the following from a correspondent : "Why does honey ooze out of the comb after it is taken from the hive and stored away?" This is a question which is often asked, and one which has confronted every comb honey raiser, sooner or later. Some seem to suppose that the cause of this state of affairs is that the bees do not thoroughly ripen the honey before capping it. A little thought must show the fallacy of this, for whether ripened or not, the honey can only ooze from the oells after being capped, on account of a larger bulk of liquid being in the cell afterward than there was at the time the bees sealed the cell. This can come only from one source, which is always brought about by either cool, damp weather, or a non-circulation of air, or both. Honey only swells as it becomes damp, and the first that will be seen of that dampness will be in the unsealed cells where the honey will have become so thin that it wiil stand out beyond the cells, or, in other words, the cells will be heaping full. If the dampness remains, the sealed honey will soon become transparent, while the honey from the unsealed cells will commence to run out, daubing everything below it, and eventually, if the cause is not removed, the cappings of the cells will burst, and the whole will become a sickening, sour mess. While in New York City, I once saw several thousand pounds of such stuff, which was once as nice comb honey as could be produced, but it had become unsightly and spoiled by being stored in a damp, cool cellar The cappings to the white combs were ruptured, with the honey oozing out of the cells, to such a degree that the nice white cases were all soaked with it. and which, with large puddles on the floor, gave off a sickening smell which, with the unsightly appearance caused one to think of honey as only something to be loathed. The commission merchant asked me what was the matter with the honey. I told him that the damp, cool cellar was what was the matter, but he could not believe it until I caused him to confess that the honey was all right before it was placed in that cellar six or eight weeks previous. When I first commenced keeping bees, I stored my honey in a tight room on the north side of the house, where it usually remained from four to six weeks before crating for market, and some of the first sections remained much longer than this. In crating this honey, I always found the centre and back side of the pile watery and transparent in appearance. As that which was stored first was always the worst, I thought that it must be owing to that being the poorest and least ripened honey, until one year I chanced to place this honey by itself in a warm, dry room, when to my surprise I found upon crating it, that this first honey was kept perfectly, while the honey stored in the old room was as watery as ever. This gave me the clue to the whole matter, so when I built my shop, I located my honey room in the southwest corner of the building and painted the south and west sides a black color, to absorb the heat from the midday and afternoon sun. On two sides of this room I fixed a platform one foot from the floor, so arranged that the sections rested on the edges of strips 1½x3 inches, which were long enough to hold 28 sections. The sections were often piled on these strips until they are fifteen or twenty feet high and thirty wide, making a cube, as it were, containing three to six thousand pounds of honey on either side, yet the whole was so piled that the air could circulate between each and every section. During the afternoons of August and September days, the temperature of this room would be raised to 100 and above, which would warm the pile of honey to nearly that degree of heat, and as this large body of honey, once heated, retained the same for a great length of time, the temperature in this room would be from 85° to 90° at six o'clock next morning, when it was as low as 40° to 60° outside. By this means the honey was being ripened each day, and that in the unsealed cells growing thicker and thicker, when by September 10th, or after being in the room from four to six weeks, the sections could be tipped over, or handled as carelessly as I pleased without any honey running from the few unsealed cells, which the bees often leave around the edges of the section boxes. By having the doors and windows open on hot, windy days, so as to cause the air to circulate freely through the pile, I found that it took less time to thoroughly ripen the honey than it did where all was kept closed. In doing this, of course it is necessary to have screens up so to keep the flies and bees out of the honey room. If I wish to keep honey so late in the fall that the sun fails to keep the room sufficiently warm, or from cool, cloudy weather, the temperature of the room falls below 80° for any length of time, I place an oil stove in it, and by regulating the flame to suit the circumstances, a temperature of about 90° of heat is always maintained. In this way honey can always be kept in perfect condition for any length of time, and when sent to market it will stand much abuse before it will begin to ooze out from the cells or sour. What we want to strive for most, is not to see how large a quantity of honey we can produce, no matter in what shape it reaches the consumer, but to see how good a quality we can secure looking well at all times to the enticing shape in which it is put upon the market. This will help us much in establishing a staple market for our production, and earn for ourselves a reputation which will sell our goods at an advance in price over a poorer article.

Borodino, N. Y.

(From Gleanings.)

QUEENS SLOW TO WORK IN AN ADDED STORY.

BY DR. C. C. MILLER.

Some of my experiences as to queens working in more than one story seem rather contradictory. When I have tried to force them to work in a story added above or below, they have seemed very stubbornly against it. I formerly had an impression that a queen in full laying, if changed into a different story or apartment, would be obliged to lay at least for a short time, and that, rather than let the eggs go to waste, she would lay them in any kind of cells to which she had access, providing they were not too deep.

In some cases I raised the story containing the brood-nest, put the queen into an empty story below, and put an excluder between. I have no exact memoranda of the results, but I think there was no case in which she continued laying right along, and I think there was always at least a day or two of sulking.

Last year I tried to get brood in some half-stories by adding them above or below with an excluder between. They contained both foundation and old comb The result was much less satisfactory than anything ever tried with stories of full depth. I hardly think the depth of the stories had anything to do with it, but the season was poorer. Looking at my book, I find I put a half-story over No. 57, May 14, A. M. May 15, P. M., I found no eggs, but found some May 16, A. M. I think this was one of the most successful cases.

At the other extreme was the case of No. 76. May 17, I put the queen above. By some means it was left till June 14, just four weeks later, when I found no brood or eggs in the upper story. Neither was brood to be found, nor eggs, in the lower story. I then put the queen into the lower story, and thought all would be well. But eight days later I found no eggs, nor did I find any later; and July 2, I found the old queen on the ground in front of the hive, when I killed her and ended the colony. A case of stubbornness with a vengeance wasn't it?

In the same line of witness is the fact that it is an exceedingly rare thing to find a queen laying in one of my supers, although there is nothing to hinder a queen any more than a worker from going up. In this case, however, it may be that conditions are not to her liking as to thickness of comb, and separators may have something to do with it.

QUEENS GO READILY FROM ONE STORY TO ANOTHER.

On the other hand, I have had many cases in which queens have gone of their own accord into an added story above or below; now I think in every such instance they have continued to go back and forth, keeping up the brood in both stories. Friend Hatch says his queens will go into a second story; but, once there, they never go down again. When I first read that, I wondered just a little whether there might not be some chance for a mistake somewhere; but I have great confidence in the man. It is possible that his different experience comes from different conditions. I wish he would tell us what kind of top and bottom bars he has, and how much space between them.

In my case, the top-bars were 1x$\frac{3}{8}$, and the bottom-bars $\frac{7}{8}$x$\frac{1}{4}$, with a full inch between them. The space between was filled with comb, so that really it wasn't so very different from a single story with frames of double depth.

SHALL THE BROOD-NEST BE ENLARGED HORIZONTALLY OR VERTICALLY?

The question as to whether a queen will go back and forth from one story to another becomes one of importance to those who think as many as ten frames or more are needed during part or the whole of the year. I confess that I am at present inclined to enter the camp of such believers. Having handled extensively both ten-frame and eight-frame hives, the compactness of the latter, together with ease and convenience of handling, is such that I am loath to go back to the ten-frame hive.

If as good results can be obtained, or even if nearly as good results can be obtained by using two stories a part or the whole of the year, avoiding thereby the lifting of the heavier hives, then I want to hold on to the eight-framers. This will hold especially true with such as now have eight-frame hives exclusively, for a change to a larger size would mean a heavy expense; whereas the trial of two stories of a size already in use would cost comparatively nothing.

With my present light, *if* queens

will be induced readily to occupy two stories, here's something like what seems desirable, only with two seasons of utter failure I know practically little more about it than I did two years ago: At the beginning of spring, give a story of combs below with some honey, so that there will be abundance of stores, and so that the queen can occupy as many frames as she likes of the sixteen. At the beginning of the honey-harvest, whether the whole sixteen frames shall be left, or whether the number be reduced to 12, 10, or to a single story, is a question on which I desire more light. In any case, at the close of the white-honey harvest two stories will be put or kept in use, remaining till perhaps October, when one story will be taken away till spring. If the hives were to remain on the summer stands there would be no need to take away one of the stories at any time of the year, unless thought advisable to do so during the harvest.

I am very much afraid, however, that, with such frames as I should like, and with the desirable absence of burr and brace combs, the queen would not readily go from one story to another. Possibly that might be remedied by some sort of ladder of comb from the first to the second story, so the queen could go from one to the other without setting her dainty feet down upon wood.

Marengo, Ill.

(From Gleanings.)

HOW AND WHERE TO KEEP COMB AND EXTRACTED HONEY.

Ed. Gleanings:—Can you inform us, or some of your readers through the columns of *Gleanings*, the temperature that extracted honey can be raised to with safety so it will not granulate again? also the proper temperature for keeping comb honey.

We notice that the sale and consumption of honey in comb is greatly reduced by honey being held in fluctuating and cold temperature; whereas, if kept in an even high temperature it would not chill nor granulate, and become premature old honey to all appearances.

We have spacious rooms that we use for cold storage of butter and eggs in the summer, and are now emptying them and contemplate heating those rooms to the proper temperature for comb honey. These rooms are so protected that they can hold any temperature, so they will not vary five degrees in six months.

We believe that will be a great benefit to the honey placed in our hands for sale, especially for such as comes to us before cold weather. We think one reason why honey sells best, and gives best satisfaction in the early part of the season, is because, in the later part of the season, it has been exposed to extreme changes in temperature, and it stiffens or granulates in the comb, and the consumer, buying such once, doesn't want it again. We do not know of a honey-dealer who keeps honey in a warm room, but generally in an open store, where the doors are not closed in many places in the coldest winter weather. We know of two hundred cases of honey that was carried over winter in that way, and is now unsalable except for bee-food. The holders say it came to them December last, and was granulated then, and would not sell. I should like to hear opinions on the practicability of furnishing an even high temperature for honey; and I think that, if grocers and holders of honey come to realize that cold temperature injures honey, many of them will not keep their stock of honey in the coldest part of the store, and, in many cases, in their ice-boxes, under the false idea that honey must be kept cool. H. R. WRIGHT.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 21.

[Good extracted honey, if brought to a temperature of not over 180° Fahrenheit, bottled and sealed *while hot*, will usually, if kept in a uniformly warm temperature, keep liquid for a year or more. Indeed, we had some fine clover honey, treated in this way, keep liquid for two years. But there is a great difference in honey. Some will candy much quicker than others. The riper—that is, thicker— the honey is, the longer it will keep liquid.

Cold atmosphere is quite favorable to candying of both extracted and comb.

The temperature of the storage-room should be about that of a living-room—70°. Higher would do no harm, but is inconvenient and expensive.

Cellars and cold rooms, especially when subject to freezing, are poor places for honey.

In melting candied extracted honey, the temperature should not go above 180°, otherwise the fine flavor will in a large measure be detroyed. The usual way is, to place the vessel of candied honey in another larger receptacle containing hot water.—ED.]

(From Gleanings.)

BOTTOM STARTERS IN SECTIONS.

SOME INSTRUCTIONS TO BEGINNERS.

BY DR. C. C. MILLER.

A correspondent writes: "I believe you cut a starter in both bottom and top of the section. I have tried putting in a bottom starter, but the bees always gnaw it down. Can you tell me what to do to prevent this sort of work?"

I believe it may be worth while for me to do more than merely answer the question asked. Possibly I overestimated the importance of a bottom starter, as we are always likely to think well of our own babies. But I know that, since I used bottom starters, I don't have combs break out in sections in shipping as I formerly did. Often, before using bottom starters, a section would be finished up with a space of about half an inch between the comb and the bottom bar of the section; and in transportation such a comb would swing back and forth and break off. Besides, a section looks ever so much better to be filled clear down, and it weighs more.

There is another point in favor of bottom starters for those who have out-apiaries that I never thought of till I saw it mentioned in the A B C. A starter that comes down within one-fourth inch of the bottom-bar of the section is inclined to swing in hauling to the out-apiary. If the starter is only an inch or so wide it will not swing at all. Just how wide it must be before it commences to swing, I don't know; but I know that a starter that fills the section all but a quarter of an inch will swing a great more than one that is three-quarters of an inch less.

In "A Year among the Bees" I say I shall never use bottom starters less than 1 in. deep, and shall experiment to see how much deeper can be used. That's one of the many cases in which I don't know as much as I thought I did. Further experience made me settle down on nothing wider than three-fourths inch for a bottom starter. Wider than that they're in too much danger of toppling over when they become warm with bees on them.

Sometimes bees will gnaw down to bottom starters; but if everything is just right, there isn't much danger in that direction. If sections are allowed to stay on a hive when there is no need for them, bees are likely to gnaw the foundation, both upper and lower, and the lower seems to have the worst of it. So it's a good plan to take off sections when a dearth comes, even if they be put on again later. Besides gnawing the foundation, the bees daub it with propolis when idle.

Bees are more likely to gnaw very thin foundation, whether it be at top or bottom, and the very thin topples over more easily than that which has a little more in the shape of side wall. When convenient I like to have the bottom starter of a little heavier foundation than the top.

I always use foundation enough to fill the section all but about a quarter of an inch, and I don't know for certain just what would be the result of using a narrower starter both at the top and bottom; but I suspect that there are times, when honey is not coming in very rapidly, when a bottom starter under a narrow top starter would be gnawed down; whereas, one with only a quarter-inch space between the two would be respected. Where there is a big space between the two starters, the bees are more likely to act as if they thought the bottom starter ought to be got out of the way; whereas, with only a fourth-inch space between, the bees at once begin to join the two starters, and after that the bottom starter is pretty safe.

To sum up, then, if you don't want bees to gnaw down your bottom starters, don't have too great a space between them and the top starters; don't use for them foundation too thin, and don't let sections stay on the hive when the bees are idle.

KEEPING TOPS OF SECTIONS CLEAN.

A friend thinks there should be some way devised by which the tops of sections in T supers and section-holders can be kept clean. It would certainly be a nice thing if they could be taken off the hive looking as clean as when put on; but I have some doubt whether it will ever be accomplished—that is, so that everv section shall be entirely clean under all circumstances; for I've seen many so clean that you'd have to look very close to see that bees had ever been on them.

The only way I know of that you could have sections so that it would be impossible for bees to put glue on them would be to have something solid fitting down perfeotly close upon them, and of such weight that bees could not raise it. You can have cloth to fit down close; but the bees can raise the edge, and then little by little they'll raise it more, and you'll have a big pile of bee-glue on top of your sections. You can have what are sometimes called "pattern-slats" over your sections, but it's simply impossible to have them fit so close that the bees can not squeeze glue into the cracks.

On the whole I suspect they are better off with nothing over them, allowing the bees a space above. In the early part of the white-honey harvest, bees don't seem to have the mania for plastering everything with propolis that they develop later. They seem to feel it their duty to glue only cracks and angles; so at such times, if we have one super with nothing but the air-space cover, it will come off clean, while another covered with either cloth or wood will have at least the edges daubed. Later in the season they will varnish a smooth surface with propolis; but is it desirable to leave sections on them? Possibly, to some extent. But I suspect that a good deal of the daubing of the tops of sections comes from leaving them on the hive when they ought to be off. A section filled and taken off early will be cleaner with nothing over it. If left after the harvest is over, it would be better for a piece of wood over it.

Marengo, Ill.

FOOTPRINTS.

I STOOD aside to let you pass;
Though smooth the path and fair to see,
Sweet with young flowers and soft with grass,
I knew there was not room for me

So ever more I walk behind
In your dear shadow, day by day,
Content if only I can find
Your footprints on my darkened way.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

—*From Demorest's Magazine for November.*

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

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EDITORIAL.

During the past two weeks we have been mailing notices to such of our readers who are in arrears for their subscription, asking them to pay up. We have had a great many responses, but there is a very large number from whom we have not yet heard. All who read this notice and are behind on their subscription will favor us by sending the amount at an early date.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a copy of Number Three Biggle Farm Library entitled the "Biggle Poultry Book." It is very attractively gotten up, and indeed is very comprehensive, and should be in the hands of everyone who keeps poultry, either for pleasure or profit. The book contains 160 pages, and includes 16 beautiful colored plates besides innumerable small half tone and wood engravings. The price is fifty cents. It can be obtained from the Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

At the time our last issue was being mailed to our subscribers we were in receipt of advice that Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of whom everyone connected with bee keeping has heard or known, had passed away; his death having occurred on Sunday, October 6th. Rev. Langstroth was 84 years old. He was born in Philadelphia, and was of German parentage. He purchased his first colony of bees in 1838, and from that time always took great interest in bee keeping. In 1852 he invented the movable comb hive, and all hives used today are patterned after it. Mr. Langstroth was married in 1836. Two daughters survive him. For many years he has had trouble in his head. These attacks would last from six months to a year, during which time he would be unable to write, and sometimes to even converse. During the past year or more he has been feeling much better than for some years previously, and was present at the recent Toronto Convention, taking active part therein. In his death the bee-keeping fraternity has lost a true friend.

We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the first annual exhibition of the Titusville Poultry Association, notice of holding of which will be found elsewhere. No doubt any of our readers who attend will be well repaid for doing so.

If this notice is marked you owe something on your subscription. We hope you will pay up promptly.

H. E. Hill of the South Florida Apiary Company has just sent us a photograph of their apiary at New Smyrna, Florida. In a later issue we will reproduce it for our readers. The scene is a typical southern one showing the apiary—which is, by the way, very neatly laid out—surrounded by a luxuriant growth of palms and vegetation that is found so profusely in southern Florida.

65 cents pays for the American Bee Keeper one year and a copy of the fifty cent book "How to Manage Bees."

We must urge our readers to send in more articles for publication. At this time of the year many of our readers can just as well write their experiences of the past summer, and these would be very acceptable reading to our subscribers. Just try it.

Dealers in bee keepers supplies should get our prices on goods in quantities before tying themselves up elsewhere. Our goods are guaranteed to be superior to those of any other manufacturer, and notwithstanding the claims of our competitors our "Falcon" sections are acknowledged by all who use them to be unequaled.

THE FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Of the Titusville Poultry Association will be held Dec. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1895.

It is the intention of the management to get together the largest and finest collection of birds ever seen in Northwestern Pennsylvania. Nothing will be left undone to secure to every exhibitor a full and proper display of his stock, and to this end exhibition coops will be furnished free and a competent care-taker will be continually in attendance. The premium list will be ready for distribution Nov. 1st, and promptly mailed to any person making application.

GEO. W. LIPPS,
Supt. and Pres't.
C. M. HAYES, Sec'y.
Titusville, Pa., Oct. 15, 1895.

The complete novel in the November issue of *Lippincott's*, "In Sight of the Goddess," by Harriet Riddle Davis, deals with life at the Capital. The tale is written with abundant local knowledge and striking ability.

Marjorie Richardson's "A Romance in Late Fall" is that of an elderly spinster, whose belated affections were amusingly yet pathetically misplaced. "The Strike at Colchester," by T. B. Exeter, was a strike of women against domestic duties, and speedily came to grief.

"A Brush with Kiowas" describes one of William Thompson's western adventures, which occurred on the Arkansas River in 1856. David Bruce Fitzgerald gives his experience "With the Oyster Police" on the Chesapeake. Owen Hall describes "A Dead City of Ceylon."

Dr. A. L. Benedict writes lucidly and sensibly on "Medical Education and the Education of Medical Men." Charles H. Cochrane shows how "A hundred and Twenty Miles an Hour" may be covered by electricity.

"The Pet Meanness"—a diseased form of economy, varying with the patient—is exposed by Frances Courtenay Baylor. Under the heading, "Our Fullest Throat of Song," William Cranston Lawton writes of J. R. Lowell with warm appreciation.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

It used to stand in the kitchen, in a corner cheery and bright,
Where the burning log in the fireplace shot up glowing fountains of light,
And the crackling flames played hide and seek with the shadows hid away
In the yawning mouth of the chimney, so awfully huge and gray,
Or leaped out on the red brick hearth and danced with the shadows there,
While the old wheel kept the best of time in the firelight's fitful glare.
Singing and spinning
Spinning and singing,
Now fast and faster it turns,
And the flames leaped high
And the shadows danced by
When grandmother used to spin.

The wool on the old brown spindle was as snowy as the snowdrifts outside
And seemed as we watched it whirling round like a snowball taking a ride.
Then winding the yarn in a big round ball, so firm and soft and white,
We were almost afraid it would really melt in the heat of the open firelight,
But tossed it about and watched it grow as the wheel kept buzzing round,
And laughed and romped in the ruddy glow and thought it the sweetest sound.
Spinning and singing,
Singing and spinning,
Now fast and faster it turns,
And the flames leaped high
And the shadows danced by
When grandmother used to spin.
—Chicago Record.

BLUFFED VACHEROS.

The buggy was ready, and Jose stood at the mare's head waiting for me to mount.

"Now, don't forget what I told you last night," said my partner in a low tone as I filled the belt of my revolver—"Colt's army"—with its complement of 35 cartridges. Though Mexicans are meaner than snakes on the ranches and no sane man would trust them with the worth of an old shoe button, they take a different line on their own ground. You had better keep your six shooter untied until the women of the place show up, then take off the whole concern and hand it over to Jose's wife, and don't ask for it until you leave the next day. Are you loaded?

Well be on then. Take care of yourself, lad."

In a few minutes the old ranch was fading out of sight, and I was bowling merrily across the prairie toward the Pouil, a Mexican village 40 miles to the northwest, on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. My companion was a swarthy youth of 18, with fine eyes, a flat nose and a wide, ugly mouth. Jose was a thorough Mexican, with the manners and speech of a Spaniard and the stolid taciturnity of an Indian, a man who would kill his best friend if necessity or anger prompted him, yet who obeyed his elder brother like a child and could be trusted to endure any privation and brave any danger for the sake of a flock of sheep. Principle and duty were not recognized in Jose's code of morality, but he often made sentiment and feeling act as exceedingly good substitutes.

It was a warm and pleasant day, and I enjoyed the complete idleness and rest of my position in a way which can scarcely be realized by any one who has not herded sheep for 18 months.

Hour after hour our good little mare kept up her quick, vigorous stride over the rolling prairie until at 4 in the afternoon we struck a road which led us up a long, steep hill. The air grew cooler every moment as we toiled upward. We were leaving the plains behind. I looked back over the long stretch of prairie we had traversed, lying brown and dry under the summer sun, and inwardly compared it to my own life, so dull and uneventful, desolate and monotonous. Before us the dark foothills rose grandly, range beyond range, and as we traveled on the road grew steeper.

We were among the mountains now, and the ranch and the sheep and the old life were 40 miles away. At last, turning off upon a track which branched to the right of the main road, we came upon a most refreshing thing, a running stream, which Jose pointed out to me as the Rio Cimarron, on the banks of which two miles farther on his native village stood and where our journey came to an end.

It seemed a short two miles, for the road was level again, and we spun on at a merry pace, at intervals meeting some relative of Jose's, each man raising his hat with a polite Spanish greeting which I fear was acknowledged very grimly by me, for beneath the hats I saw sharp eyes peering suspiciously at my equipment, and as we came in sight of the little town and Jose whipped up the mare to enter the place in style I felt a very peculiar disinclination to relinquish my trusty and beloved six shooter to any senora whatsoever.

But as we descended the last hill and drew up before a gray adobe dwelling, with the smallest windows and largest door I had ever seen, my suspicions died away and gave place to a feeling which I had not experienced for many months. Grouped in the big doorway of Jose's homestead were half a dozen girls—girls with soft brown eyes, delicate features and trim little figures. The tallest, I should suppose, would not reach to the shoulder of a well grown English lassie, but the proportions of their figures could not have been more perfect, and as they stood there in pretty colored prints, their glossy black hair loosely braided and reaching to their waists, their eyes big with innocent curiosity, they formed as pretty a picture as a man's heart could desire. I felt the color rush into my cheeks, and a queer sensation of pleasure pass through my whole being. Off came my hat as the buggy stopped with a spirited jerk, and the next moment I was bowing with all the grace I could muster, which was not much, and offering my revolver, knife and beaded belt to the little senora, whose dark eyes flashed with gratification and who thanked me with a great courtesy which would have become the queen of Spain herself.

The sun was low in the horizon when I sat down with Jose to our evening meal. We demolished it in solitary state, waited upon by the senora's sister, an exceedingly pretty girl of 14, with the bearing of a woman of four and twenty.

The errand that brought me to the Ponil was the buggy in which we had driven thither. Jose had bought it from my partner, but having no horse to convey it home had borrowed our mare, which I was to ride back on the following day. Thus I had still a breakfast to get through at Ponil and 40 miles to ride afterward under a burning sun. The probable nature of this breakfast was a serious anxiety to me as I ate my supper, and the meal was disposed of in solemn silence. When it was finished, we adjourned to a grassy bank outside the house to smoke a quiet pipe. The sun had disappeared now, and the dusk was creeping up swiftly from the east. In less than an hour night would be upon us. I lay back at my ease and drowsily watched the girls, who were sitting together a little way off busily sewing. Jose was with them fingering a piece of stuff—presumably a new dress—which his wife had placed upon his knee for inspection. It was a pretty, homelike scene, and I smiled to myself as I remembered the absurd hesitation I had felt at relinquishing my revolver. Revolvers! Could anything be more out of place in such an atmosphere as this?

So thinking, I turned to knock the ashes from my pipe, which had gone out, and was about to relight it when my attention was caught by an odd pattering sound, the distant tramp of galloping horses. Somebody seemed to be in a hurry this evening. I sat up and called to Jose. He was smiling at the time, playfully pulling his wife's hair. At my words and gesture he sprang to his feet with a startled look and ran quickly to a place from whence the road to Cimarron was visible for two miles.

He stood there nearly a minute, shading his eyes with his hand, then he ran back to us, and such a change had passed over the man's face that I stared at him in amazement. His lips, naturally loose, were now compressed into a thin, blue line; his eyes were strangely dilated; he held a knife in his hand. I sprang to my feet, half believing that the knife was meant for me. But Jose only touched my arm and gasped between set teeth, pointing toward the west:

"Vacheros come—vacheros from Cimarron!"

I failed to see the point. "Indeed, cowboys—well, what's the matter?"

Jose stamped and swore aloud.

"Matter! Carrambas! You no sabe! Desperado cowboys, these. Me know horses. Ah, vacheros diavolos! Vamos, you"—turning to the women and still speaking in broken English—"in casa. P'r'aps they no see you there. P'r'aps no. And you, senor, run — run fast away," pointing to the river. "Go very smart, and cowboys no catch you at all."

I looked around without moving as bewildered as ever. The women had scurried into the ranch like rabbits into a hole, and from two neighboring houses three Mexicans were tearing up to us at full speed, their faces as anxious as Jose's.

"What are you afraid of?" I exclaimed shortly, feeling strongly inclined to laugh. "We are five to two."

Jose shook his head impatiently and swore again.

"Si, si, si. But we have not one pistol, and you are a boy. They have rifles, everything, and they are vacheros with much whisky in them. Ah, los diavolos! You do not know. You know nothing."

The horsemen were not far away now, but I had not seen them yet, as they were riding from the west, and Jose's house lay between us. Now, the Mexican, finding me hopelessly careless of my own safety, went off hastily to confront the visitors, followed by his friends.

The men had scarcely disappeared around the corner of the house when a solution of Jose's panic dawned upon me. Mexicans have an intense dread of the low class cowboy, for these western bullies, the sum of whose education is good riding and lasso throwing, quick shooting and loud swearing, have no more scruple—perhaps a little less—in killing a Mexican than a calf, and when drunk delight in the committal of the most brutal crimes. They are not superlatively courageous, as a rule; but, having a good deal of devil may care recklessness about them and being perfectly well aware of the fear they inspire in the Mexican breast, they are a terrible scourge to the poor half breeds.

But I remembered now the stories which my partner had told me of freaks of "vacheros" in liquor. I thought of the bright eyed little senorita, and words came to my lips which I will not repeat. What a fool I had been to stand gaping here! There was only one thing to do, and now I hadn't left myself time to do that. I ran to the house and called.

"Senora, mio pistola, quick!" There was a bustle inside. The rusty hinges of the big door squeaked. A little face, pale and haggard with apprehension and looking at me with great, appealing eyes, peered out, and in another minute my revolver and knife were in their right places. As I fastened the buckle and hitched the belt into position I heard the loud voices of the cowboys thick in utterance hailing Jose. I was just in time, after all. The men had stopped to speak to the Mexican and listen to a polite expression of regret that his family were from home, in reply to which they vouchsafed a volley of oaths and tipsy laughter. Now came the jingle of spur and bridle as the vacheros approached the house with the intention of seeing for themselves.

My time had come. I set my teeth, loosened my revolver in its sheath, stepped around the corner of the house and came face to face with the visitors.

At the sight of a white man they gave an exclamation of surprise and pulled up sharply. Then there was a profound silence.

The position was a delicate one for all parties. The fingers of my right hand rested upon the hilt of my revolver, and my eyes were fixed with great steadfastness upon the center button of the foremost cowboy's coat. It was therefore patent that I meant business. On the other hand, I had two men against me more heavily armed than myself, probably better shots and excited with whisky, so that I was not happy or confident at all and not in the least inclined to begin.

At least the man nearest to me observed in an off hand but sober voice:

"Located here, captain?"

"Yes."

"For the night?"

"Yes."

"Taken your own quarters?"

"No. Come by invitation."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"So? Well, well, then I guess I'll get down. Eh, Jos?"

He made a movement toward slipping from his horse, but his eye never swerved from my right hand, which now trembled visibly.

I bent forward slightly, and drawing my revolver a few inches from its sheath laid my left hand upon the handle of my knife.

"There's a very decent camping place two miles farther on," I said slowly.

The cowboy hesitated and turned to his companion. A few words passed between them which I could not hear. Then my friend remarked in a mild and patronizing tone without dismounting:

"Are you a buster, young man?"

"Not as a rule. But there's not room for more than one white man in the Ponil tonight."

"We guess there is, though."

"Then it'll be your own funeral."

Another pause. I began to find breathing a laborious business and made the unpleasant discovery that both my hands were quivering in a peculiar and distressing way.

I longed for the struggle to begin, if it was to come at all, yet I knew that my only chance lay in keeping strictly on the defensive.

Again the cowboy turned to his companion, and some communication passed between them which I could not hear. Then he settled himself in his saddle with a grunt, and turning his horse with a tranquil "Good night" paced away, followed by his friend, as carelessly as if such had been his intention from the beginning.

The moment that the departure of the cowboys became an established fact I was surrounded by Mexicans, all jabbering at once and wringing my hands until my arms were in danger of dislocation.

It was in vain that I laughed and tried to explain that if I had done less than help them to defend the homestead I should have been the most despicable coward alive. Their enthusiasm was boundless, and presently I saw the big door open wide and sonora and her family coming toward me. This made me desperate, and I begged fervently to be allowed to go to rest. A procession of all the men and boys in the place was then formed, and I was conducted with prodigious state to a little cabin higher up the hill, where a spacious and comfortable bed had been prepared for me.—Condensed From Temple Bar.

It Was No News.

"The feelings of those two managing editors give one an idea of how the publisher of a German paper in St. Louis once felt," said a correspondent representing a paper in that town as the crowd of news gatherers filed out into the night to take the last car home. "There had been a big fire directly opposite the office of his paper the night before. A magnificent building was destroyed, with all its contents. The streets in the vicinity were filled with people, who so choked the thoroughfares as to almost prevent the firemen working. It was the event of the season, in a news sense, and the papers were naturally filled with telling the whole story. The publisher of the paper in question on reaching his office the next morning looked over the papers of his contemporaries first, and then, lighting a fresh cigar, took up his own paper to read what he felt sure would be the best report of all. To his amazement there was not a line concerning the fire in his paper. When he sufficiently realized the fact that no mention had been made of the conflagration he dashed up stairs to his city editor, and bursting into the room exclaimed:

" 'Why didn't we have a story of the fire?'

"The city editor, who was a German without a great deal of experience in this country, looked up calmly and replied:

" 'Vat vas the use of brintin anyting aboud it? Everypody in town vas dere to see de whole ting for hisself.' "—Washington Post.

SANDOWN BAY.

Oh, the summer sunshine
  Flooding Sandown bay,
Making gladness gladder
  While the children play!
Building mimic mountains,
  Digging mimic lakes,
Leaving great things dearer
  For the small things' sakes!

Loud waves, grey and curling,
  Foam in freshening spray,
God's mysterious music
  Mingling with the play.
All the broad sea's glory
  Dimly stretched away,
Like that unknown story
  Children know some day.

Rippling baby chatter!
  Sunny baby smiles!
What can greatly matter
  While you keep your wiles?
Does God hear this music
  Mingling with the sea's?
Does he love the laughter
  Sounding on the breeze?
—F. M. Owen in Good Words

A SEA ROMANCE.

It had gone two bells in the middle watch, and I could hardly keep my eyes open. The morning was exceedingly warm, but there was a light breeze from the westward—just enough to keep the canvas full. I had thought of everything I could remember to fight off the drowsiness that was stealing over me. I recalled the last song I had heard ashore and the girl who sang it. I thought of the letters I had to write before we made Hakodate, for we were cruising in the Japan sea on this night of June, 1886. There was no excuse to trim sail to keep oneself awake.

The breeze, though light, was steady, and at the foot of the main course, to which I had extended my walk and now stood under for the delightful draft it cast, was as motionless as if the sail rope had been of metal. I wandered down to the gunroom for a goblet of rum and lime juice to give relish to my next pipe.

"Hello, old man! Why have you turned out? Three bells have not struck yet."

The face that looked up to mine from the mess table was that of a beauty—so refined, not masculine comeliness, but positive beauty—that no debutante at a London drawing room, no matter how lovely, could demur to an exchange. There was nothing effeminate about the figure. The shoulders were square and muscular, and the neck showed unmistakable signs of strength. Arthur Bescoby, though we called him Miss Bescoby in the mess, was no girl boy, but a young man from the pleasant county of Kent, who was a good cricket and football player, pulled a strong oar and gave ample promise of being a valuable addition to her majesty's navy.

"I can't sleep, Paddy [Paddy was my pet name]. I don't know what it is that worries me so, but I feel wretched."

"You're in love, Bessy. This visit you made to Scotland has settled you."

Bescoby's face flushed. "No, I don't think I'm very hard hit, Paddy," he rejoined, "only something to keep my mind busy between mails. By the way, what did you make her out to be yesterday?"

I gave him the ship's position at noon and chaffed him at having forgotten it.

"Suppose you take a turn on the deck with me, Bess," I said, "and you can get a jolly good hosing at eight bells, which will do you more good than scribbling in this mess-room. Come along, and I'll tell you about the girl that saved my life at Limerick."

Before I concluded that remarkable tale Bescoby's blues had disappeared, and when the next watch was mustered he was all right again. He was a favorite of mine, and, although he spoke to me freely on many things there was still an air of reserve about him that made all perfect confidence impossible. He was sensitive to a degree and suffered under the chaffing which a lot of larky midshipmen find indispensable to fill their leisure hours.

"I'd like to speak to you, sir, for a minute," said a huge fellow, the tallest man in the ship, a marine whom we called Gog Thompson and who looked after Bescoby's clothes and washing as well as mine.

"Well, what is it, Gog? Quick, reel it off. I'm sleepy."

"Aye, aye, sir. It's about Mr. Bescoby. Did he ever talk to you about St. Elmo's light?"

"Why, yes. He was curious to see it. Well. what of it?"

"He's more than curious, sir. He's superstitious about it. He thinks it will have an effect upon his life."

"Nonsense," said I. "Mr. Bescoby has been chaffing you, Gog."

"No, sir," replied the big marine earnestly, who loved the handsome young middy as if he had been his son. "I know you are his chum, sir, and that if I told you you'd talk him out of those ideas. But, please, sir, don't mention that I had anything to say about it."

"Certainly not, Gog." And as the marine saluted and walked forward I remembered that Arthur was superstitious and had asked me many things about ghosts, fairies, banshees and other uncanny things indigenous to the isle of Saints. But he had never mentioned St. Elmo's light, that peculiar ball of electric light which is occasionally seen in the low latitudes clinging to the trucks and the ends of the yards.

"I'll pump him about it today," I thought, and fell asleep.

That afternoon when I was writing up my individual log Bescoby came into the gunroom. I saw the same curious and worried expression on his face that I had observed the night before.

"Bessy, what the deuce is the matter with you? Are you fretting because you have not yet seen St. Elmo's light?"

"Who has been telling you that yarn, Paddy?" he answered quickly, with a flush of annoyance. "I know. That big donkey, Gog, has been loading you up with a lot of bosh."

"Look here, old man," I said, "you confide in me. Now I have talked to you about banshees and ghosts. Tell me about this light business."

He sat down beside me, and putting his arm on my shoulder said in a shameful sort of way:

"My dear Paddy, I'll tell you all. I am a silly duffer, you know, and one week's shooting at Eaglesham Manor settled me. I met there a country woman of yours. I will not describe Nora to you. But here is her picture."

"Humph!" I thought. "Badly hit indeed," as he took a locket which he wore from a silk cord around his neck, opened it and laid it before me. It was the face of an exceedingly beautiful girl—a roguish, laughing face, with clusters of brown curly hair and deep blue eyes. It was well painted. The artist was evidently deeply interested in his subject.

"That is Nora," he said, and the gentle lowering of the voice as he pronounced the name of the loved one told the whole story.

"I congratulate you upon your good taste, Bess. Am I to be best man?"

"Don't chaff me, Paddy," he said. "Nora is as poor as I am, but she loves me. She will wait for me. I am sure she will. Now, some one has been telling her all about St. Elmo's light, and I promised her that when I saw it I would go aloft and examine it closely and make scientific observations and all that sort of thing.

"And the last words that Nora

spoke to me (we were on the shores of Eaglesham lake, and she had kissed me and called me her own sailor and told me that she knew she never could love any one half as well as a sailor) were: 'Arte, don't forget St. Elmo's light. And, Arte, when you see that light Nora will be near you in spirit. And when you see it you say "Nora, Nora Nora," three times, and wherever I am my soul will be close by you at that moment, Arte.'

"Oh, Paddy, she is as beautiful as an angel, and I am sick with longing to see her again," and the poor lovesick lad buried his face in his hands.

"By Jove, you've got it bad, Bessy," I said. "I thought I was fond of the girl that saved my life at Limerick, but my adoration is but as a tallow dip alongside St. Elmo's light compared to yours."

"Don't chaff me any more, will you, Paddy?" and the hapless lover looked pleadingly at me.

"I will not, Bessy. I don't wonder that Nora fell in love with you. You are too good looking for a man. And I promise you that if on my watch on deck I see St. Elmo's light I'll send Gog Thompson to pull you out by the heels."

After this conversation I noticed a change for the better in Bescoby. He had lost his moodiness and gave such hot shots to his tormentors, who used to chaff him for their digestion, that he silenced their batteries in short order. I think he felt relieved that he had told me his story, and I listened to the entire tale of his meeting with and engagement to the Irish beauty.

I hoped that she had not been flirting with my chum, but even as he told the story of their love I was villain enough to conclude in my own mind that Nora was looking out for a rich husband and was getting her hand in by practicing on Bescoby. There was such a strawberry and cream flavor about the business, a Paul and Virginia atmosphere, that I felt my countrywoman was simply amusing herself with the susceptible young sailor and nothing more.

Two days afterward we brought up in Hakodate. There were a few merchantmen in the harbor and an English yacht. At mess that evening one of our fellows who had been ashore gave us all the gossip of the place.

"That yacht is the Spray," he said, "and belongs to a rich Scotch lord, who has a large party on board. The consul told me all about them. His aunt and married sister are chaperoning the girls. One is awfully pretty, an Irish girl. She is engaged to his lordship, and they are to be married at the British embassy at Hongkong. I say, we must give them a dance. Just think how jolly! Here we are, away from home, and the lots of English girls we know. Hey for the maids of merry, merry England! Wouldn't it be grand if we got to Hongkong in time for the wedding?"

"What's the owner's name?" I asked.

"Lord Gilmour. A jolly young chap too. Has a grand shooting and great place somewhere near Glasgow."

"I want to see you for a minute, Paddy."

I looked around, and Bescoby was at my elbow. He was strangely pale, and his eyes wore a wild and most unnatural expression.

"Paddy," he said as he stood at one of the starboard ports, "there is something awfully wrong. I know this Lord Gilmour. It was at his house I staid. It was there I met Nora. And he was attentive to her, I remember, but she did not seem to care about him. And now she is on this yachting cruise with him. And he is engaged to some one on board. Oh, Paddy, I know there is something wrong!"

"Nonsense, belay all that stuff," I said cheerily. "If Nora is on board, which is not probable, there are other Irish girls in the world, and it does not follow that the Scotchman is engaged to her."

He shook his head, and as he walked away I felt just as surely as if I had heard the story that his Nora was the lord's fiancee, and that she had used him to bring her laggard to the proposing point.

Bescoby lost no time in confirming his suspicions. I met him on the bund ashore a few hours afterward, and he told me that he had seen one of the yachtsmen and got the whole story from him.

The false Nora was soon to become Lady Gilmour, and she had thrown her midshipman lover completely overboard.

"I met her, Paddy," the poor fellow said, "and she smiled at me and shook hands, but it was as if I was a pleasant acquaintance and nothing more. Lord Gilmour was quite friendly and spoke of the shooting and invited me on board. I had only one chance to speak to her, and I whispered, 'Nora, have you forgotten?' and she laughed and said, with an air of a woman of the world, 'You silly boy, I want you to forget all that nonsense.' But it's all over now. I will never see her again. Never, never!"

"Bosh." said I, slapping him on the back. "You'll get over all this. Why, that girl who saved my life in Limerick and who swore I was the only man she ever loved was married a week afterward to a wealthy tanner and had the impudence to send me one of her wedding cards."

But all this well meant consolation had no effect upon my friend, and I was glad when we got under way and pointed for the strait of Sunda. Bescoby went about his duty in a dull, mechanical sort of way, and even the fellows who used to persecute him most had respect for his despondency, although they knew not the cause. He never mentioned the name of his false sweetheart again, and I avoided all reference to the subject.

I was in the second hour of a delicious sleep a few nights afterward when somebody grasped me violently by the arm and shook me.

"Rouse up, sir! Rouse up!' cried Gog Thompson hurriedly. "I think there is something wrong with Mr. Bescoby. He is aloft on the mizzen royal, and I sent one of the boys after him, and the boy came back and said that he was talking to himself and muttering something about St. Elmo's light, and I'm afraid, sir, that he is out of his mind."

While I was hurriedly pulling on my trousers the marine told me that that singular phenomenon had been seen first on the main truck, and that another ball of fire had rested for a moment on the end of the mizzen royal yardarm. The minute Mr. Bescoby saw this he had rushed aloft and laid out on the yard. Filled with apprehension, I came on deck and started quickly up the weather rigging. There was a heavy swell on, and the ship was rolling considerably. I stopped at the mizzen topmast crosstrees and sung out softly:

"Hello, Bescoby! Lie down here for a moment. I've got something to tell you."

He did not reply, but kept talking to himself, so I began the ascent of the topgallant rigging. As the ship rolled heavily to leeward I saw his figure outlined against the dusky sky, and I heard him say in a peculiarly dull, but distinct monotone:

"I have found the light at last, Nora. I have kept my part of the promise. Is your spirit near me now?"

Again the big ship rolled to leeward, and the end of the royal yard was lifted up to the clear patch of sky. But there was no one there. Poor Bescoby had either sprung or fallen overboard.

I shouted to the quartermaster to put the wheel hard down, and as the ship came shaking in the wind I jumped to the topgallant backstay and slid rapidly to the deck. The boat was at once lowered away, and then another, but though we searched for more than an hour and burned lights over a vast area of water we found no trace of the hapless midshipman. There was gloom in the gunroom mess for many weeks afterward, for Bess was a general favorite.

I never told the story of this unfortunate attachment, and I never saw the woman, whose marriage I read of in a Hongkong paper, who had made my poor friend the sport of a summer vacation and ruined a young and promising life for her own gratification and for the winning of wealth and title.—San Francisco Call.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The Experienced Gentleman From Cincinnati Knew All About It.

"Speaking of queer things," said the man with the red nose as a troubled expression clouded his face, "something happened to me when I was living in South Bend which has bothered me not a little. I have told the story to perhaps 200 different people, but none of them was able to solve the mystery."

"Something tells me that I can do it," said the Cincinnati drummer, "and you can crack right ahead with your yarn."

"Well, I went down town one evening to see a man. My wife coaxed me to stay at home, but I had business of importance to transact. I promised her to be at home at sharp 10 o'clock, however, and to be sober. As I went out she intimated that if I didn't show up till midnight, and was boozy at that, something might happen to me, but of course I took that as a joke."

"Did you meet your man?" asked the drummer.

"Yes, I met him all right, and we put in a pleasant two hours together."

"Drink anything?"

"Two glasses of lemonade, and it was very weak stuff at that. About half past 11 I started for home. It was a beautiful starlight night, and in walking a mile I saw as many as a dozen falling stars. One of them struck in the street not ten feet away."

"Well, you got home?"

"Yes, I got home. My wife had gone to bed and left the hall light burning for me. I took off my hat and overcoat and was about to step out into the kitchen to get a drink of water when I suddenly lost consciousness. It was noon of the next day when I came to."

"Any wounds?" queried the drummer.

"Yes. I had been struck on the head and received a bad scalp wound. You can feel the scar right here under my fingers. The doctor couldn't make it out, nor has any one else been able to. No burglar had entered the house nor did I have an enemy. I am inclined to believe that I was struck by a falling star, and yet how could it enter the house? There was no lightning to strike me down, nor could I have been overcome with vertigo and fallen and hurt myself. It vexes and annoys me, and I wish the mystery could be cleared up."

"I'll clear it up for you," replied the drummer. "Precisely such a thing happened to me once—precisely—only I didn't come to for four days. Didn't it ever occur to you that your wife was waiting there in the hall, and that she struck you down with a club?"

"Mercy, no!"

"That's what happened to you and me and will happen to thousands of others. Your wife cracked your cocoanut."

"Is it possible?" gasped the victim. "Now that I think of it"—

"Now that you think of it you remember that when you came to she had her jaw set and an icy look in her eye?"

"Just so—just so."

"And about the first words she spoke to you were that it served you right, and next time you'd come home sober and at a reasonable hour."

"Exactly—just her words. And I wasn't struck by a falling star?"

"Not at all, sir."

"But by my own wife?"

"By your own wife, sir."

"And you could have solved the mystery any time in the last six years?"

"Any time, day or night."

"Well, by gum! Drummer, I thank heaven that I met you! You have rendered me a favor to win my everlasting gratitude. Give me your card that I may always cherish your cognomen and also come and take a drink with me. So it was my wife who whacked me? Yes, it must have been—must have been—but I never suspected it—never! Drummer, follow me to the convivial bar and nominate your brand." — Detroit Free Press.

Hawaiian Lava Tunnels.

In these volcanoes the orifice through which the lava flows is made high up on the mountain side, and in its gradual flow down the slope a long cylindrical mass is formed, the outside of which cools and hardens. This mass separates into branches, so that the whole formation may be compared to a tree with its trunk and branches, its head lying down the mountain side. As the exterior cools a tube is formed, from out of which the molted lava flows, and when the whole mass is cooled great tubes, some of them 10 or 15 feet in diameter, remain, into which the explorer may venture. Were it not for the fact that the sides and top of the tubes become crushed, they might be followed for miles in some cases. The interior of the tubes is ornamented with stalactites of lava, but of course not like the stalactites of limestone caves.—Lecture by G. H. Barton.

A Remarkable Potato.

Andrew Maxwell, a well known merchant in Glasgow, was in the island of Arran some years ago with his mother and sisters. The weather was unusually warm, and his venerable mother suffered so much from the heat that her hands became swollen, and as her marriage ring was fretting her finger one of her daughters, after no little coaxing, persuaded her to allow its removal. To the dismay of the daughter the ring was lost, but she procured another so like the old one that the change was not noticed when it was placed on her finger.

Next year the family went back to the same house, and in the autumn, when the farm servant in a neighboring building, having boiled potatoes for the pigs, was crushing a potato in her hand, she felt something hard, and, on looking at this thing inside the potato, she exclaimed to one of the Maxwell servants who was beside her, "Here's a ring in the potato," and showed a thin, worn marriage hoop. "I believe," said the other, "it is my mistress' ring, and we can find that out because her initials were inside the hoop." On examining it there were the initials, and the lost ring was identified. It had evidently been swept out among the ashes, the ashes thrown upon the ash pit, the contents of the ash pit on the potato field, and the ring absorbed by the potato inside of which it was found a year after it had been lost.

AFRICAN PIPES.

The Rare and Beautiful Collection of an English Gentleman.

A rare collection of tobacco pipes was exhibited by Mr. Robert Elliott of London at the international tobacco trade's exhibition in London. The collection comprised over 500 specimens from all parts of the world. The London Tobacco Trade Review thus speaks of the most interesting of the African types:

The first African pipe that came under notice was a beautiful piece of work. The stem, three feet in length, is braided with rawhide and ornamented with leaves and flowers in gold and silver, while the bowl is ivory mounted. An Ashanti pipe has a stem 43 inches in length, of carved wood, bound round for two-thirds of its length with native beaded work. Another Ashanti pipe with a pottery bowl has a stem of 43 inches, bound round with snakeskin, and these may be regarded as magnificent types of native art. A unique specimen is a pipe from Zanzibar. The bowl is of carved pottery, and the stem (60 inches) is plaited round with white and black horsehair. The mouthpiece is studded with silver, hammered in, and an immense amount of labor must have been expended in making this pipe. An African pipe with a large stone bowl was next seen, the stem being 55 inches long and partly bound in rawhide. There were two magnificent Ashanti pipes with stems (37 inches) beautifully beaded their entire length. From the north coast of Africa Mr. Elliott has obtained a pipe, the bowl of which is of bok horn and carved gourd. This is a remarkable specimen and is typical of the tastes of the natives in that part of Africa. Fearfully and wonderfully made also is an African pipe, the bowl of which is of carved stone weighing about seven pounds, while the 46 inch stem is bound with rawhide.

One of the most remarkable specimens is an Ashanti pipe, the bowl being of wood carved in the form of a woman's head. The eyes, tongue and ears are represented by corals. The back of the head is encircled by two rows of beads, in addition to which a pin of coral ornaments the hair. The stem (39 inches) is covered with plaited horsehair. A pipe from the west coast of Africa has a stem 57 inches in length, being of beautifully carved wood formed in sections. From the same district came a pipe, the bowl of which is made from the base of a deer's antler, the stem being bound in rawhide. There are also some fine pipes with pottery bowls collected on the west coast of Africa, and one African pipe consisted of a stone bowl with a stem three feet in length, decorated with handsome feathers. The collection of African pipes is unique and must amply repay Mr. Elliott for the pains he has taken in acquiring it. One Ashanti pipe has a bowl of carved horn, then bound with beadwork and ivory, while another has a carved buffalo horn stem decorated with silver work and beading in a manner which serves to demonstrate the penchant of the natives of that country for articles of an elaborate character, in the making of which a large amount of patience and perseverance has been necessary.

Prize Giving In French Schools.

And while on this general question of schools it occurs to me that the French carry out an excellent idea in the way of prize giving in their schools. While in this country we give to our school children as rewards of merit a certificate, a medal or a book, the most frequent prize in French schools is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the prize winner. The sum thus deposited to the pupil's account is on an average about 5 francs, or $1 in our money. The result is that early in youth the French child is taught the lesson of saving money. The girl or boy takes a pride in his bankbook, and his greatest desire is to add to it and to "see it grow." The result is, as recent statistics published in France show, that comfortable fortunes have been built upon these small bank accounts. In over 70 per cent of the instances where the bank account was started for the pupil the habit of thrift was inculcated, and the accounts were continued, while only in 30 per cent was the desire to add to the account lost.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cooper and His Broken Twig.

Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment, but such as it was he liked to work it, he was pleased with the effects, and indeed he did some quite sweet things with it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices for his savages and woodsmen to deceive and circumvent each other with, and he was never so happy as when he was working these innocent things and seeing them go. A favorite one was to make a moccasined person tread in the tracks of the moccasined enemy, and thus hide his own trail. Cooper wore out barrels and barrels of moccasins in working that trick.

Another stage property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized his broken twig above all the rest of his effects and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for 200 yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth $4 a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig, and if he can't do it go and borrow one. In fact, the Leather Stocking series ought to have been called the Broken Twig series.—"Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," by Mark Twain, in North American Review.

Divided the Spoils.

An impatient New York gentleman, going to the White mountains, was seated by the side of the driver. The stage on which he was had just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers.

New York Man—I say, driver, I will give $1 if you will pass that coach.

Driver (sleepily)—I will do it.

Then addressing the next driver he says, "Oh, I say, Bill!"

Bill—Waal?

First Driver—There is a man here who says he will give me $1 if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach. Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass, I'll give ye half.

Bill instantly hauled out, and in a moment the rear coach had about 60 feet advantage of the road.

The New York man paid the dollar.—Philadelphia Press.

Titles In Poland.

Women in search of titles might do well to go to Poland. It is said that in Warsaw alone, with a population of 500,000, there are 30,726 persons belonging to the hereditary nobility and 9,257 "personal nobles," people entitled to the distinction by reason of office or discovery. There are said to be as many princes in Poland as in Russia. In the latter country they are found plying every trade. According to the last census, there are now living nearly 1,000 Princes and Princesses Galitzin. There are hardly sufficient names in Russia to distinguish them, and great confusion results.—New York Tribune.

Under a Blue Light.

A gentleman who was invited out to dine at a West End mansion lately observed that the chandelier over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue.

"What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess.

"Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea, one may invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now, last Tuesday I gave a supper, and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to ask them, or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged 20 years the minute that they sat down.

"The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under one of the blue lights. It kills everything."

The gentleman looked up. He was under a blue light!—Pearson's Weekly.

Only One Country.

General Longstreet, in telling of some of his experiences in the war, said that during the campaign of the peninsula he never had any opportunity of sleeping except as his corps was passing him. One night, as he had dismounted, leaving his horse in the charge of his orderly, and going down into the angles of one of those Virginia fences, he overheard two soldiers talking, which interested him considerably, and, instead of sleeping, he listened to them. One soldier said to the other: "I suppose it's all right that we should march all night and fight by day. Of course it is right that we should do that for the love of country, if nothing else. I suppose that we should be poorly clothed, as we are, for the love of country. We should endure it. I suppose that to be poorly fed, as we are, we should suffer for the love of country. Of course we should do that. And I suppose, when you come to that, that we should die if necessary for the love of country. I am willing to. But there is just one thing that I want to say, that if ever I live to get out of this I'll be d——d if I will ever have another country."—Boston Budget.

COST OF KEEPING A MAN.

Estimated That the Average Briton Lives on $60 a Year.

An active man, comfortably fed and clothed, writes William Muir, consumes about three pounds of solids and four pounds of fluids per day and wears out about two suits of clothes in a year.

The value of agricultural produce garnered in the United Kingdom and consumed by its human beings, taken at present farm prices, is (per annum) about £230,000,000. The value of agricultural products imported from abroad and similarly consumed, taken at similar prices, is (per annum) about £200,000,000. This includes cotton and wool. The value of coal similarly consumed—burned for domestic purposes—taken at the full mine value of 8 shillings per ton, is (per annum) about £16,000,000. The sum spent in keeping dwelling houses in repair is (per annum) about £10,000,000.

The total of these sums is £456,000,000 and is the cost of the nation for a year's food, clothing, firing and shelter. In other words, it is the sum paid by the total population to those who have direct access to nature, who labor and garner her products for all. Manufacturing, distributing and retailing add about 80 per cent to these values, but the addition does not concern us.

Four hundred and fifty-six million pounds divided by the population, 38,000,000, gives £12 per head, which, therefore, is the value of the products of nature annually consumed in the United Kingdom by one human being, taking both sexes and all ages and ranks together. In other words, this sum is the annual average cost of a person. Expenditure in the United Kingdom averages £30 per head, but £18 of this pays for services, not products—services such as the manufacturing, distributing and retailing referred to above and other services, all of which support persons who have no direct access to the soil and who therefore must pay others for their share of its products.

Rich and poor men are of the same size. A millionaire's stomach and back are anatomically identical with those of a laboring man. Therefore equal numbers of rich and poor consume equal weights of produce in equal times. But this is not the same thing as equal values. We have just seen that the average annual value is £12, and we may fairly take it that the case of the agricultural laborer will give us the minimum value. An average British family is husband, wife and three children.

The income of an agricultural laborer's family (cash and perquisites) can fairly be taken at £50 a year. Of this they will pay about half for services (not products) to nonagricultural workers, who may be summed up as grocer, draper, schoolmaster, builder and policeman, so that we have £25 left as the cost of the food, clothing, firing and shelter of such a family valued as above. Say husband £7, wife £6, three children £4 each. This is a minimum.

Much consideration has led me to decide that as a maximum we may fairly take the imaginary case of a man who lives entirely on the most costly agricultural produce that is garnered in quantity—namely, beefsteaks at sixpence per pound, farm value. At three pounds per day such a man's annual cost for food will be £27; £13 more, which would make £40 in all, will cover everything else he personally consumes, for he shares his big house with scores of other people and parts with his clothes to others while they are as good as new.

We may therefore fairly conclude that the cost of a man in Great Britain is about:

	Per annum.
Minimum	£7
Average	12
Maximum	40

—Saturday Review.

Another Matter.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, she was much troubled by the fact that both Whigs and Tories claimed her as their own, while she of course was bound to show that she understood the duties of a constitutional monarch too well to favor any political party.

The Whigs would have it that the queen was on their side because, having found them in office, she did not turn them out. To this a Tory rhymester replied:

"The queen is with us," Whigs insulting say,
"For when she found us in she let us stay."
It may be so, but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

—Youth's Companion.

When Mars Was Inhabited.

There are many reasons in favor of the supposition that Mars is more likely to have been inhabited in past ages than at the present time in spite of its atmosphere or water or clouds. Mr. Proctor, for instance, has pointed out that a globe of the size of Mars would cool rather more than two and a half times as quickly as one of the size of the earth. If the earth and Mars were in a similar condition 18,000,000 years ago, Mars would have attained, according to that rate of cooling, to the earth's present condition 7,000,000 years—i. e., 11,000,000 years ago—and the earth would now require 28,000,000 future years in which to cool as much as Mars has cooled during the last 11,000,000 years. So far as regards that consideration, therefore, the probability of the present habitability of Mars must be compared with the probability of the earth's being inhabited when 28,000,000 more years will be past and gone.—Nineteenth Century.

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We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 50c each.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 22, 1895.—Demand for honey and comb is good. Price of No. 1 white comb 14 to 15c. No. 2 comb 12 to 13c per lb. Extracted white 6 to 6½c; dark 4½c per pound. No demand for beeswax. Price 20 to 25c per lb.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 26, 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of best white comb 14 and 12c per pound. Extracted 6 and 7c per lb. Dull demand for beeswax. Price 25 and 26c per lb.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Moderate supply. Price of comb 10 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 7½c per lb. Good demand for beeswax Light supply. Price 28 to 30c per lb Comb honey is in good demand, and receipts have not been so plenty as last year. White clover especially short.

H. R. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 21. 1895.—Good demand for honey. Supply equal to demand. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Light supply. California comb honey has a tendency to keep down the price of Vermont.

E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 23, 1895.—Good demand for honey Scant supply. Price of comb 12 to 16c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beewax. Fair supply. Prices 20 to 25c per lb. for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct 19, 1895.—We have closed out three car loads of California comb honey, also a number of shipments from nearby states. We are in good position to sell fancy comb honey at the following wholesale prices: Fancy white 1 lb. sections 14c lb. No. 1 white 1 lb. sections 13c lb. Amber 12 to 12½c lb. Buckwheat 10c lb. Extracted as to quality and style package 5 to 6½c lb. Beeswax 30c per lb.

S. T. FISH & Co., 189 South Water St.

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HANDSOMEST,

And in every respect

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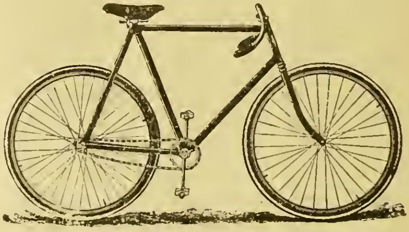

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.

Dayton, Ohio. 10-8

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Shading Hives in Winter.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes me as follows: Every winter I have trouble with my bees going out in weather too cold for them to fly and dying in great numbers on the snow. Do you have any such trouble, and if so how do you prevent it? Some tell me to scatter straw around my hives so the bees need not get down in the snow, but from some experience along this line I find that whenever the air is too cold for the bees to have a general flight that they die on the straw the same as on the snow, and besides, did they not do this, it is much work to put out straw every time we have snow, and when spring comes it leaves the apiary in a very unsatisfactory and untidy shape, so I do not like this plan in any event. Would shading the hives in some way do any good? This matter of bees coming out in the snow and dying used to be a great source of annoyance to me, and especially as it neared spring, at which time the loss was greater than at any other time of the year, for, in early spring, a single bee is of far more value as a factor toward brood rearing, than is half a dozen bees after the warmth of summer is fully upon us. To keep the bees from thus coming out and dying on the snow I used to sweep a little snow up in front of the entrance so the bees could not get out, but as the sun soon thawed it away, or melted it so that ice was formed over the entrance when it froze at night so as to shut the pure air out of the hive, I gave it up, especially as it was nothing permanent anyway, having to be repeated every time the snow came. I next tried other plans and finally hit upon that which is suggested by our correspondent, the shading of the hive. I would also say that a shade of the right kind is very beneficial in other ways besides keeping the bees from flying out on the snow. Some seem to think that the hives should set in the sun and that the sun shining on the hives does not heat up the interior of the same to an extent sufficient to disturb a healthy colony of bees, but from years of experience I am convinced that such are mistaken. I find that even chaff hives are warmed clear through their thick walls so as to make the bees break their cluster and run about the south side of the interior of the hive, along the warm material, to such an extent that it often results in disease. Especially is this true if the hive is painted any color other than white, for the darker the color, the more heat there is absorbed. I have repeatedly looked into hives at about three o'clock in the afternoon, on days when the sun had been shining brightly, and although the mercury then stood below the freezing-point in the shade, the bees were lively and active across the whole length of the front, or inside of the south side of the hive, while the north side of the interior of the hive had no bees about it, and that side of the cluster was unbroken. Besides this as our correspondent tells us, many bees would come to the entrance, and, finding it warm and nice there in the bright sunshine, out of the wind, would take wing, only to be chilled as soon as they left that comfortable nook, made so nice by the warm rays of the sun. As night came on, the cluster was again formed, only to be broken the next day, and so on, until from loss of bees by flying out, and by the consumption of an undue amount of stores to keep up the wasting tissues, caused by so much unnecessary exercise, disease was contracted and the colony caused to die with bee diarrhea or materially injured and weakened for being a profitable colony the next season. After watching proceedings for some time I began experimenting by shading the front of a part of the hives, while others were left as before. Right here let me digress a little. In all new experiments conducted by beginners, yes, and older ones too, it is not best to rush wildly into a thing, using the whole apiary for an experiment, for if we do we may repent after a severe loss. It is far better to keep on in our former way with all but a few colonies when trying new experiments, then if the experiment proves to be a bad one we shall not have made any very serious blunder; while should it prove of value, we can then use the thing on a larger scale. To return: All those shaded were quiet, with an unbroken cluster, at 3 P. M., while those not shaded continued to parade along the south side of the interior of the hive, and fly out and get lost. I now shaded all of the hives, since which I have been far more successful in wintering. For a shade I use a board about an inch shorter than the front side of the hive (hives face south), and a little wider than the hive is deep. This board is set on the bottom-board of the hive or the alighting-board, out about six inches from the hive when the top is leaned over against the front of the hive. In this way there is an average space of three inches all along the front of the hive, so that a free circulation of air is allowed, thus keeping the front of the hive as cool as the back side. When snow falls the entrance is not clogged with it, and it also keeps strong winds from disturbing the cluster and cooling the interior of the hive by blowing in at the entrance. When it is really warm enough for bees to fly, this board is no hindrance to them, but on the contrary, it keeps the entrance in such a condition that they can fly at any time when it is warm enough, without assistance from the apiarist by way of shovelling snow, etc. In the summer these boards are left turned down right in front of the hive, so as to give a large even surface for the bees to alight upon, as well as to help in keeping weeds and grass down. I believe they will work equally well with others, and would advise all who winter bees out door to try a few this winter and see if I am not right.

Borodino, N. Y.

Feeding.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Feeding, when pertaining to bees is a thing I would like to get around, yet most bee-keepers find it necessary and profitable at times. I have tried stimulative feeding pretty thoroughly, and have decided that usually is does not pay. Queen breeders, however, find it necessary when no honey is coming in. But this is not the feeding I now wish to speak of; feeding for winter stores is what I have reference to. This should rarely be necessary with an expert bee-keeper in anything like an ordinary locality; yet it occasionally happens, especially where the territory is overstocked, or where a lot of nuclei are united.

The best feeder that I have ever tried in feeding for winter stores, or when a quantity is wanted fed, is the Miller feeder. With a few dozen of these feeders the work can soon be completed. Another good feeder is the Mason fruit jar inverted in an upper story over the brood frames.

Feeding, I will admit, should all have been done long ago, but better feed late than never. Ed. Jolley, in the November number of the American Bee Keeper, speaks of feeding bees in cold weather. which is a very good method, and one that I have often made use of; but every bee-keeper hasn't the section honey, and to pay from 15 to 20 cents per pound for it is to expensive.

Upon examining your bees some nice warm day during February should you find that certain colonies are short of stores, a better way to feed them is to get some one pound jelly tumblers and punch a few small holes in the tin cover. After making a syrup of the best white sugar you can get, fill two or three of these tumblers with it—or extracted honey if you have it; then cut a slit in the cloth cover over the cluster of bees in the hive, and invert a tumbler over the slit, and put on an upper story packed full of nice dry fine leaves, or some substitute, and your bees will be all right. The feed will be just where it is wanted during a severe cold period.

The better way is always to have all feeding done during warm weather, say during September; but sometimes we fail in this, as I have with my nuclei this fall, other business having prevented me in feeding at the proper time, and I am to day (Nov. 18) still feeding, and some of the united nuclei are building comb; while we are having freezing weather most every night.

Steeleville, Ill.

Protecting Combs, when not in use, from the Bee Moth.

BY MRS. L. HARRISON.

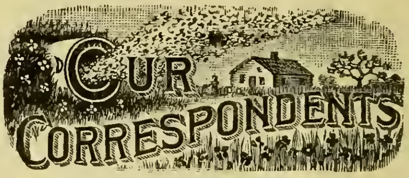
In my early days in bee-keeping I did much work and took a great deal of pains to keep combs from being destroyed by the ravages of the bee-moth. yet in many instances I failed. If the combs were forgotten for a few weeks, they would be completely riddled. The way I manage them now I can keep them year after year without danger of being destroyed. When bees die during the winter, in the spring I take out the combs, pare off queen cells and other needless bits of comb, and scrape the frames clean. I then scrub out the hive with boiling suds, rinse with boiling water, and when it is dry return the combs. Then the hive is stored in the cellar.

Sometimes I discover hives tenantless in May, and when I remove the combs find the grubs of the bee-moth parading through their galleries. These gentry I remove with a darning needle or some sharp pointed instrument without breaking the comb, and when the combs are ready they are stored in the cellar. After a week or ten days I examine all the combs carefully, and remove all grubs that have developed. I do this three times, and seldom find one during the third examination. Life does not come from nothing, and after all the moth eggs are hatched there will be no more grubs. No moths are allowed to mature there, and the cellar windows are covered with wire gauze.

If combs that are used for extracting are exposed to zero weather, the eggs of the moth well be destroyed. If they are stored where the bee-moth cannot get at them to lay her eggs, they will be safe from the inroad of these marauders.

Peoria, Ill.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture and the Bee-Keeper one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year for $1.65.



Editor Am. Bee Keeper.—Dear Sir: It is about time now for wide-awake bee-keepers to be thinking of getting their sections ready for next summer. In order to have combs fastened at the bottom in sections I have tried putting in "V" shaped foundation starters $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep—$\frac{3}{4}$ wide at the bottom, and fasten them at the top and bottom. I like this plan better than filling the sections with the foundation.

How to keep sections clean is a question that all bee-keepers are asking. I will propose a plan that I feel sure will accomplish it, although I have not given it a thorough trial. It is by having sections made tight on top and separators wider so as to come up flush with the top of the sections; then the bees cannot touch the outside of the sections, and when the sections are pressed together with followers, they cannot even put the propolis on the edges. This plan gives the bees free range through the sections in all directions, also good ventilation so that the new honey will evaporate freely.

When the separators are perforated and the sections made to match as above, the separators are held straight in place. I think bees will feel more at home this way, and it will save them lots of work building such walls of propolis to stop the cracks overhead, and it will be easier and cheaper for the bee-keeper than Dr. Miller's "bag of sand." Yours truly,

S. M. Keeler.

Chenango Bridge, N. Y.,
Nov. 23, 1895.

OUR EXTRACTOR

(From L. A. W. Bulletin.)

THE DISSATISFIED BEE.

NIXON WATERMAN.

'Twas on a happy summer morn when all the world was glad and gay,
A busy, honey-seeking bee set out on her accustomed way
To gather all the hidden sweets distiled by blossoms fresh and fair
That, fragrant from their bath of dew, were waiting for her everywhere.

The morn was sleepy with content, and as she crooned about her task
She fell to musing, "It would be a pleasure could I rest and bask
Among the flowers all the day as does the golden butterfly,
And watch the fleecy clouds that sail like phantom ships across the sky."

"'Twould be a joy," thought she, "to dream amid the roses and the phlox,
Or let the breezes swing me in a hammock, made of hollyhocks;
And for my dainty feast to mix the rich red poppy's drowsy wine
With perfume from the mignonette and honey from the eglantine."

"The grass-hopper never toils, nor does the butterfly," said she,
"And shall I have no pleasure-time? Is there no rest for weary bee?
Enough of duty! Long have I performed my task day after day,
As patient bees have ever done, but now the time has come for play."

And so, as bee ne'er did before, she laid aside her simple task
That happy morn that she might learn how pleasant it would be to bask
Among the flowers all the day as did the golden butterfly,
And watch the fleecy clouds that sailed like phantom ships across the sky.

And like a queen she lay and dreamed among the roses and the phlox;
She let the breezes swing her in a hammock made of hollyhocks.
And for her dainty feast she mixed the flame-red poppy's drowsy wine
With perfume from the mingnonette and honey from the eglantine.

Her dissipation soon produced a season of profound repose,
And while she deeply slumbered on the velvet bosom of a rose
The dark came down, and when she woke her little heart was wild with fright;
She wept, and when she cried aloud her cries were echoed by the night.

With much regret she thought upon her folly and declared that she,
If saved from harm, would evermore do as becomes a prudent bee.
And while the night wind chilled her heart and dews were falling cold and damp,
A night-policeman fire-fly came and held aloft his shining lamp.

In deep contrition she confessed the foolish things which she had done,
And how it came she was not home, as bees should be, at set of sun;
When the policeman saw her tears he sought her sorrow to allay,
"Come follow me," he said, "and with my lamp I'll light the way."

She gladly followed him until she came in safety to the hive;
It filled her heart with joy to know that she had reached her friends alive.
And from that day to this they say no bee has ever dared to roam
So late that she has had to have the night-policeman take her home.

PRODUCING COMB HONEY.

[From an address delivered by Mr. B. Taylor, at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 5, 1895.]

I am quite certain I can winter with certainty in almost any kind of hive, provided it is filled with a large colony of young bees, and plenty of natural sealed stores at the commencement of winter, and I give intelligent care as to winter quarters; this I will give by putting my colonies in a dry, dark, well-ventilated cellar, and keeping them at a temperature as near 40 degree as possible. Each colony will be covered with soft felt, sheeting paper, or a quilt or two more thicknesses of burlap or cotton sheeting, and these fastened down tightly to the top of the hive (the cover being removed), so as to retain the natural heat of the bees, for I am now convinced, by repeated experiments, that the colonies should be covered warmly, even in the cellar. I will let the bottom-boards of the hives remain, but will have a wide entrance (the entire width of the hive), both in front and rear, left open.

The bees will be put into winter quarters when real winter has apparently come.

I have some second swarms that came late; these will be at once supplied with heavy combs of natural stores, which I have in stock, regardless of the flowers yielding fall honey, for I want those young colonies to be stimulated to rear all the brood possible, and this they will not do if stinted for stores; the second swarms will make my best colonies for next year.

FALL TREATMENT.

This fall I will give strong colonies all the supers of sections filled with full sheets of moderately heavy foundation; they will partly or wholly draw it out, and if any brood chambers should be light in stores when these cases are removed, I will give them heavy combs of honey to make them rich in winter stores and spring food for rearing early the army of workers that are to gather a great crop of clover and basswood honey next year.

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.

The sections of honey stored this fall will be extracted, and then set out some fair afternoon so the bees may clean them of every particle of honey. During the winter and spring the combs will be leveled to uniform thickness on a comb leveler, and then returned to the section-cases, with one of my slotted handy separators between each two combs, and then set in a proper place until 10 days before clover blooms next year, when I will put one case on each strong colony previous to swarming; in the cases the bees will have no combs to build, and they will fill them as speedily as a set of extracting-combs; the sections will have the comb built solid to them on all parts, the honey will be very white, and the combs the smoothest you ever say. If I do not have enough drawn combs to hold my crop I will use full sheets of foundation in sections to supply the deficiency, putting the sections with foundation in the center of the supers, and drawn combs on the outside.

SPRING TREATMENT.

Next spring, as soon as there is a fair prospect that hard winter weather is passed, I will move my colonies to the summer stands. Each will be examined on the first fair day after they have had a good flight, to ascertain the amount of bees and stores, and to know they have a queen. The colonies will be in my handy hives of 10 frames of 100 inches each of worker comb, or 1,000 inches of straight worker comb per hive, and with not two square inches of drone-comb in any hive. They will be supplied with combs of honey if lacking in stores, united with others if queenless, and then covered warmly, and then left in quiet, unless something should call attention to some particular hive, when special attention will be given it.

After some of the colonies have become strong in bees, I will put an extra hive, filled with worker comb, under them ; this doubling of hives will be done for experiment, to ascertain if this enlarging of brood room will give better results in comb honey than single hives ; but the most of my colonies will be in single hives, and near the time white clover blooms, as has been mentioned, all strong colonies will be given a super of prepared sections, the section room increased as needed, by putting other cases under the partly-filled ones, and swarming prevented, if plenty of storing room will do it, but no other means will be tried to prevent swarming.

SWARMING.

When a colony swarms they will be hived in one of my small handy hives, on eight empty frames, with starters in them ; only the two outside frames will be filled with dummies This will reduce the hive to 800 inches of comb space. I will hive on the starters only, provided I do not care to increase my colonies, for I know I can get more comb honey by hiving an empty brood-chamber, but if I should conclude I want to increase my colonies, I will fill the frames with full sheets of worker foundation on horizontal wires, so the foundation cannot stretch at the top and make drone-comb of it ; for, with me, a large cell, however made, is sure to be filled with male brood, and I cannot afford to rear drones in my small hives (they are equally unprofitable in large hives) ; but whether I use empty frames, or frames of foundation, the hive will be contracted to 800 inches of comb space.

The new hive will be set where the parent colony stood, the supers will be removed to it, the old colony placed on the vacant end of the double stand, with its entrance toward the opposite direction, and the new swarm hived in the new hive, which will then be given all the cases of prepared sections they can fill until the end of the basswood honey season, near the end of July, when all the cases of sections will be removed to the iron honey-house, where the cases will be set on end with one inch of space between them so the air can be circulated through them freely. Here they will remain some 60 days at a high temperature and plenty of circulating air, and the honey even in the uncapped cells will become so thick as not to leak, even if left lying on its side.

If I conclude to increase my colonies the parent hive will be removed to a new stand the sixth or seventh day from swarming ; this will reinforce the new colony and increase the yield of surplus honey.

WHEN TO PUT IN CELLAR.

From the 1st to the 15th of November is the best time to put bees in the cellar in the Northwestern states. We are pleased to have our colonies have a good play in warm days as late as possible, but there is but little hope for such days after November 15th, and as early as that date our colonies will be put into snug warm quarters and left in quiet for a five months' rest.

(From Bee Keepers Record.)

AMONG THE BEES.

SUPER AREA.

I had commenced writing an article upon super area, about which—owing to the advantages I have worthily or unworthily obtained during my career as an "authority" on bee matters—I consider myself in a position to give a very experienced opinion. Upon reading the RECORD, however, I found that Mr. H. W. Brice had on page 141 of October issue, to some extent forestalled me, and consequently I, for a time, gave up the idea of dealing with that particular subject. But upon second thoughts, and considering that as my experience extended over a very wide range of country, as well as covering a considerable period of time—occupied in visiting many hundreds of bee-keepers in nearly every shire of these islands—I might, to say the least, support our friend Mr. Brice's experiences as noted by him concerning the county of Kent. In the last issue of "Gleanings" (Americam) I also notice that Mr. G. M. Doolittle—a well-known American bee-keeper—has a few words to say upon the same matter, making it apparent that the super-area question has been stimultaneously disturbing the minds of several of us bee-men, even though located so far apart as Britain and America. I am well aware that one cannot make a bee-keeper of a man in a day, or even in a single year, but there comes a natural inference that—after so much has been written and taught about bee-keeping—manufacturers of appliances should cease to send out from their factories hives which no advanced apiarist would for a moment think of using. I allude to those in which there is a want of full and sufficient super accomodation. Although hives are sold in numbers at the present day which allow no more than one super to be put on at one time, yet thousands of others are sent out with unlimited accommodation for supering, but, which accommodation is not taken advantage of by keepers of bees (I don't call them bee-keepers), and as a natural consequence quite a quantity of honey is left ungathered, and a proportionate amount of disappointment felt by the owner when he hears of such large crops of honey taken by other members of the craft. I could mention one county where there are many hundreds of hives—with hinged roofs—upon which it is impossible to place more than a single super at one time without damaging the hive. In the majority of these cases the only way of enlarging the hive is by removing the roof-hinges, and this necessitates the wrenching away of some portion of the hive walls, because by exposure to the weather the screws become a fixture. But this is a small matter; the real harm is in giving the owner of the hive (of course, a non-reader) the idea that there is no necessity for using four or five supers on a stock at one time, or (he argues) "why was the hive made to hold only *one*?" He regards the hive-maker as an authority on such matters—as he should be—and trusts to his supposed better judgement.

Want of super space to the bee-keeper is equivalent to a want of forage by the milk producer ; both have the chance of making a fair profit, but owing to the above failure they make a wreck of their undertaking. For myself, although I want a hive so made as to be *capable* of holding an indefinite number of supers, yet their is another side even to this opposed view of the question of super space, and that is over-doing it, or giving a colony too great an amount of the same. Although we don't find quite so many erring in this direction, yet there are hundreds who seem to fancy that no matter how much room is given the bees they can fill the same. What is the consequence ? The bees either fail to " go up " in the supers at all or just store a little honey here and a little there, rarely finishing—in the case of sectional supers—a single section properly. I have often been inquired of why the sections were not sealed over properly, or why were they so light in weight?—these quiries usually being accompanied with the information, " I have followed up the advice given in your book upon bee-keeping and have " tiered-up well.'' Yes, they *have* " tiered up'' with a vengeance! Except in bad seasons the obove result is attained by giving more room than the requirements of the bees necessitate. There is a happy medium, a knowledge of which can only be gained by experience ; yet a little timely information given by "old hands" will help the novice very considerably, and save a deal of the lost time which would surely accrue if these things had to be ferreted out without any such help.

Much remains to be learned in bee-keeping even by those who are regarded as being *au fait* in the business. One might ask, Why is it that whereas one colony in an apiary will fill a single super, even to the last section, without swarming out, although but a single super was given them, and yet the next colony will swarm before their super is two-thirds completed, and so upset all the calculations of the bee-keeper? Well, I don't know. The "why and wherefore" will be found out by someone at some time, no doubt ; and when that knowledge is gained it will become quite an easy matter to know just when to put the super on or augment the number already on. For my own part, I find that if their is an appearance of laxity of work in the morning, (a fine day, of course, when the flow is on), coupled with the knowledge that the super is well filled with comb and crowded with bees during the middle of the day, it is quite time to add another super under that already on. This has, to me, been the most successful indication for many years past ; yet even this is far from satisfactory information to the beginner, who will in the majority of cases fail to properly discriminate between the lax and energetic bee-work. Knowledge of how to differentiate between the two, will, however, come very quickly to those who closely observe and take an unlimited interest in his little dependents ; they will soon " twig '' the rapid business-like outward " whir " of the forage with the heavy sluggish movement of the incomer and the absence of the " hanger-on " perambulating the alighting board or surrounding the entrance. Yes, I rub my hands with glee when I see that rocket-like rush straight from the very opening of the entrance of the busy forage bee—" there's honey (and money, too) in it."—W. B. WEBSTER, *Binfield, Berks.*

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FALCONER, N. Y.

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EDITORIAL.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year is our wish for each of our readers.

Another year is slipping into the past and the last number of the BEE-KEEPER is before you for 1895. A year ago we prophesied that this would be a good honey year. We were mistaken. Everything pointed to a prosperous year up to the middle of the spring when came an unusual drought, followed by frosts in many localities, completely destroying all prospects for the bee-keeper. The result has been the loss of many colonies and in some localities whole apiaries. Bee-keepers have been very much discouraged, but many will "stick to it" and we hope success will ultimately be their reward.

We notice by the November number of the *Kansas Bee Journal* that its name has been changed to the *Rural Kansan* with promises of enlargement for the December number. Hereafter the greater part of each issue will be devoted to agriculture.

4 per cent. discount will be allowed on all orders at catalogue prices received before January 1st.

Dr. Miller in December Gleanings makes the assertion that the series of "Lessons for Bee Keepers" now running in the *Southland Queen*, which is published by the Jenny Atchley Co. is copied from back numbers of the American Bee Journal. This is a rather grave charge but the Doctor is not in the habit of making a mistake.

We are in want of Beeswax and as stated elsewhere, we will pay 28c per lb. for good wax shipped freight paid to Falconer, N. Y.

Elsewhere is printed the report of the Committee appointed at the Annual Convention of the N. A. Bee-Keepers' Association on the Amalgamation of that body with the National Bee-Keepers' Union. We think the report is acceptable in every way and should be adopted by the so-called N. A. B. A. as soon as possible. The union is an association which has been and will be of great benefit to the bee-keeping fraternity, while the N. A. is and has always been of no benefit to any but a few who receive various pecuniary benefits or the questionable honor of holding an office. Long live the Union.

If this notice is marked you owe something on your subscription. We hope you will pay up promptly.

Elsewhere we give a complete index to volume V of the Bee Keeper.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 50c each.

Report of the Committee on Amalgamation.

We, the committee appointed at the North American Bee-Keepers' Convention held at Toronto, Ont., on September 6th, 1895, on the proposed consolidation of the North American Bee-Keepers' Association and the National Bee Keepers' Union, report as follows:

The duties and powers of the Committee are clearly defined in the Resolution which authorized the appointment of the Committee, which after prolonged discussion, was unanimously adopted. This resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to take into consideration the proposed amalgamation of the National Bee-Keepers' Union and the North American Bee-Keepers' Association, and to arrange terms therefor, with full power to perfect the same so far as this Association is concerned; and to report through the bee periodicals as soon as possible. The present President of this Association to be one of the members of that Committee.

The Committee met and organized, and have unanimously adopted the following address:

To Officers and Members of the National Bee-Keepers' Union, Greeting.

Being co-workers in one common cause—the welfare of the bee keeping fraternity, and the advancement and defense of the pursuit of apiculture in America—we are authorized by the North American Bee-Keesers' Association to offer you the "hand of fellowship" congratulating you on your efficient organization and successful work during the 10 years of your existence.

As there is no necessity for the existence of two organizations to occomplish the work which can easily be done by one, we propose a consolidation of our two Societies, for the purpose of creating a closer "bond of union" between apiarists, and saving them the extra expense of membership in two bodies in order to gain the benefits and advandages which one can bestow, when united for that purpose.

Ever realizing that "in union there is strength," we offer you any portion of our name you may desire to appropriate.

We offer you our grand history and work accomplished during the past quarter of a Century.

We offer you our members, in every State, Province and Territory of North America, and, so far as we can, we promise their co-operation in all measures looking to the advancements of the interests of the pursuit, and a continuance of the glorious record you have made in the 10 years of your successful existence.

All we ask in return is, that you add to your already efficient Organization, similar annual conventions to those we have heretofore been holding, at some convenient time and place, and if possible, that you devise some equitable system of delegation, so as to make such thoroughly representative, competent to act for the entire membership.

We desire that this proposition be submitted to your members, together with such Constitutional provisions as may be necessary to effect the consolidation and provide for annual meetings, so that a full and free vote upon the same may be taken at your next annual election of Officers, and hope that this proposition may be excepted—that being the only necessary step to unite us both into one strong and well-equipped organizations. If the consolidation is effected, it would be desirable for it to go into effect as soon as possible.

Thomas G. Newman, Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Gemmill, Stratford, Ont.
J. T. Calvert, Medina, Ohio.
M. B. Holmes, Athens, Ont.
A. B. Mason, Toledo, Ohio.
Eugene Secor, Forest City, Iowa.
R. F. Holtermann. Brantford ,Ont.

CONSTITUTION
OF THE
North American Bee=Keepers' Union.

ARTICLE I.—Name.

This organization shall be known as the "North American Bee-Keepers' Union." and shall hold meetings annually at such time and place as may be designated by the Board of Directors, due notice being mailed to all members at least 60 days previously, and published in the bee periodicals of the Unitad States and Canada.

ARTICLE II.—Object.

Its object shall be to protect the interests of its members. to defend their rights, and to disseminate apicultural knowledge among the people.

ARTICLE III.—Officers.

Sec. 1.—The officers of this Union shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, whose duties shall be those usually performed by such Officers.

Sec. 2.—The Secretary shall be General Manager, and shall have charge of the executive work of the Union, under the advice of the Board of Directors.

Sec. 3 —The Officers shall be elected by ballot, and hold their several offices for one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 4.—Nominations for Officers shall be sent to the General Manager before the first day of November in each year. who shall cause the same to be printed in the bee periodicals—and shall be printed and mailed by Dec. 1, with the necessary Ballots, to every member who has paid dues for the previous year.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall furnish a bond of $2,000 (to be approved and held by the President), for the faithful accounting of the funds of the Union, and shall pay out the funds only on Vouchers signed by the President and Secretary.

Sec. 6.—The terms of office shall be for the calendar year. and the polls shall close on the last day of December.

Sec. 7.—Each annual meeting shall. by majority vote. elect a Chairman and Recorder from those present, to preside over the meeting, and prepare a suitable Report of the Proceedings for publication in the bee-periodicals as soon as possible after the close of the meeting. Any member, (whether an Officer of the Union or not), shall be eligible to these positions.

ARTICLE IV.—Board of Directors.

The Officers shall constitute a Board of Directors, which shall determine which course shall be taken by this Union. upon any matters presented to it for action ; and cause such extra Assessments to be made upon the members as may become necessary ; provided that only one Assessment shall be made in any one fiscal year, without a majority vote of all the members (upon blanks furnished for that purpose), together with a statement showing good reasons for Assessment.

ARTICLE V.—Members.

Any person may become a member by paying to the Secretary an Entrance Fee of $1.00 for, which he shall receive a printed receipt, making him a member of the Union, entitled to all its rights and benefits until the 31st day of December, following. The Annual Fee of $1.00 shall be due on the first day of January in each year. and MUST be paid within three months in order to retain membership in this Union.

ARTICLE VI.—Funds.

Sec. 1.—The Funds of this Union shall be used for any purpose in the interest of the pursuit of bee-culture. when approved by the Board of Directors ; and to pay the legitmante expenses of the Union.

Sce. 2.—The salary of the General Manager shall be determined by the Board of Directors, but shall not be more than twenty (20) per cent of the gross income for each fiscal year.

ARTICLE VII.—Amendments.

This Constitution may be amended by a majority vote of all of the members ; provided that all proposed amendments shall be presented in writing, signed by three members, and sent to the General Manager before the first day of November, so that they may be presented in his Annual Report.

THE EDITOR'S POSITION.

An editor, however humble his gifts, soon learns—what some of his correspondents seem to find is difficult to understand—that a periodical is not a eleemosynary institution nor a mutual admiration society ; that it cannot be safely conducted on motives of friendship or philanthropy; that it is "run" for the benefit of its owners and its readers, and only incidentally for that of contributors. Writers exist for the public, not the public for the writer : the writer is entitled to recognition and reward only so far as he supplies matter likely to be attractive or profitable to the public. The magazine could not go on without contributors, but no particular contributor is essential to it, for others will come forward to take his place. Personal considerations ought to weigh very lightly with an editor. To accept an article out of kindness, fear, or favor, simply to oblige the writer, however dear or however renowned, is excusable only when the question of intrinsic value is so nearly on the balance that there is little to gain or lose either by taking or by leaving it.—*Frederic M. Bird, in December* Lippincott's.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUR. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review.	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

ON THE STAIRS.

We were sitting after waltzing
On the stairs.
He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose ere yet I missed it,
And, as tenderly he kissed it,
Swiftly in his pocket hid it
Unawares.

We were talking after waltzing
On the stairs.
I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,
Which I think he apprehended;
I was kissed before I knew it,
Unawares.

We were silent after waltzing
On the stairs.
I had stormed with angry feeling,
But he spoke love, never heeding,
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,
All my depth of love revealing
Unawares.

—Boston Courier.

A PSYCHIC CYCLIST.

BY J. H CONNELLY.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

With suspicion and dislike Miss Kate Craig, seated on the porch, eyed Mr. Fitz-Maurice Rodney, the sleek, well groomed, good looking gentleman entering the garden gate in company with her host, Mr. Peyton. She had preserved the faculty, common in childhood, but generally lost in later life, of intuitional knowledge of character, a truly psychic sense, and was wonderfully correct in her judgment upon those with whom she came in contact. But almost anybody would have said she had certainly made a mistake in the case of Mr. Rodney. Generally he made a decidedly favorable impression. He not only looked well, but his manners were excellent and even distinguished. And he was believed to be rich. The pretext of an important land "deal" had brought him to Danfield and acquaintance with Mr. Peyton, and though there had been much delay in consummating that transaction it was not to be wondered at, since he had become so much engrossed with paying court to Miss Selina Peyton to care for mere sordid business. Yet Miss Craig was innately conscious that he was a rascal and once hinted as much to Mr. Peyton very mildly. He received the idea so badly, almost seeming to deem her suspicion a sort of sacrilege, that she fain to pass it off lightly as a jest, philosophically reflecting: "After all, what is it to me if he swindles my landlord, who wishes it and needs it as a lesson? But I am sorry for poor Selina."

Mr. and Mrs. Peyton were infatuated with the man and wished nothing more than that he should marry their daughter, while she—a gentle, innocent girl, with a dominant instinct of obedience—would never have dreamed of rebelling against their manifest wish, even if she had had a dislike for the man.

To avoid meeting her bete noir at the dinner table Miss Craig mounted her bicycle and went away for a long ride. Ten months in the year she was a city schoolteacher, and the exhilarating freedom of long rural rides during her summer vacation was not simply enjoyment but ecstasy to her.

At dusk she returned, and as she and Selina stood together at the gate in the gathering darkness, with their arms about each other's waists, the latter whispered timidly, "I'm going to be married."

Kate was startled, even shocked. and remained silent until the prospective bride whispered in a tone of gentle reproach, "You do not seem glad." Then, trying her best to make some such response as would be expected, she could only say evasively: "Indeed you have my very best wishes for your happiness. But I was surprised. Is it not a little sudden?"

"Yes. It was not to be before fall

but Mr. Rodney must go out to California on business, to be gone three or four months probably, and wishes to take me along. So we are to be married tomorrow. I suppose it may as well be at one time as another."

"You do not seem very enthusiastic about it. Do you love him very much?"

"Oh, I don't know. He is not objectionable, and mamma says he is a very good match. I suppose we will be as happy as most couples are. Mamma says so anyway."

"And it is to be tomorrow?"

"Yes; he and papa are arranging for it now."

"As I said, you have my best wishes. I think marrying is always more or less risky, and in your case"—

"Selina!" called Mr. Peyton from the porch, and the girl, responding, went into the house.

Kate seated herself on the porch steps and remained there alone until Mr. Rodney, going away, awoke her from a reverie by his courteous "Good night." Then she went in. All the family seemed to have already retired, and after a glance into the empty parlor she started toward her room.

Something glittering on the floor near the hall hatrack caught her eye, and she picked it up. It was a little blue satin ribbon, bearing the initials "F. R." daintily embroidered in gold thread—Mr. Rodney's hat mark. With a sensation of disgust she flung it down; then, after a moment's pause, picked it up again, muttering, "It is worth trying anyway," and ascended the stairs.

As a member of Dr. J. R. Buchanan's "psychometric class" Miss Craig had, three or four years previously, developed her inherently strong perceptive faculty and had often, from contact with material objects, accurately described the appearance, character, mentality, aspirations and even the habits and associations of persons quite unknown to her who had possessed or worn those objects. Even scraps of writing had conveyed to her acute psychic sensibility clear impressions of those by whom they were written. And now she purposed trying by this faculty to penetrate the evil mystery she divined in the man her friend was about to marry.

Holding the ribbon in her hand and occasionally pressing it to her brow, she was quickly conscious of two distinct but entangled sequences of impressions conveyed by different personalities, a man and a woman, as if the fabric had been saturated with the auras of both. First she studied the woman and had a clear impression of a tall, handsome, imperious brunette with a bold face and flashing black eyes, who believed herself that man's wife and was very jealous of him. And she believed she knew where to find that woman, though she was less confident of this, since such perception involved other powers of the mind with which she was less familiar. Her impressions of Mr. Rodney's real personality were at least as vivid as his knowledge of himself could have been and confirmed the justice of her resolve to at all hazards save an innocent girl from the shame and grief of becoming his wife.

"Is there a town named Fairmount near here?" she asked Mrs. Peyton the next morning.

"Not very near. It is 30 miles away."

"Has it a queer, little, old fashioned inn, with a tall post before it bearing a big blue sign, swinging in a frame?"

"Oh, yes. The Eagle tavern, a Revolutionary relic. But why do you ask?"

"Only to know if I 'dreamed true,'" laughed the girl, turning away.

She had no more doubt. Her perception, as well as her impressions, had been correct, and she knew where to find Mrs. Rodney. But—30 miles away! Could she go there and return with her before the wedding? If the woman had a bicycle, and if she could ride it well, it would not be difficult for them to get back by 1 o'clock. But "ifs" are always dangerous. What would be her limit of time? "Two o'clock," she was told, was set for the ceremony. "Good," she said to herself. "He shall not wed today."

The coachman told her the way to Fairmount, and immediately after breakfast she set out upon her wheel. The road was somewhat hilly, and her task proved harder than she had expected. But she was a good rider and made the run in 20 minutes less than three hours, which, under the circumstances, was doing well.

So clear had been her psychic impressions that when she entered the parlor of the Eagle tavern she recognized at once in a woman who met her there the person she sought and said to her in a tone of sympathy, "Ill news makes the bearer unwelcome, but I hope you will blame me as little as possible for what I come to tell you."

"I can tell better about that when I hear what it is," replied Mrs. Rodney suspiciously.

"It is about your husband."

"What do you know about my husband? How do you know I have one?"

"No matter about that now. I do know, and my knowledge concerns you very materially."

"Who are you anyway?" angrily demanded the woman, whose unreasoning jealousy made her suspicious of every woman who even knew the man she claimed. But Kate's answer metaphorically swept her off her feet: "While you are wasting words he is about marrying another wife. By 2 o'clock he will do so if you do not care to prevent it."

"What! Jerry! Marry another wife! Who is she? Where is he? Let me get at him and you'll see if I prevent it."

"He is 30 miles from here. But that is not much if you can ride a safety."

"Of course I can. But my wheel is in the city."

"Then we must hire one. It is the only way to get there in time."

"We can do it in two hours. Heavens! It is nearly noon now!"

They consulted the landlord, but though there were plenty of bicycles in town he knew of none to be hired, and the best he could do would be to hitch up a team that "ought to get them to Danfield by 3 or 4 o'clock."

"That seems to be the best we can do," said Kate ruefully.

But when he had gone out to order the team the wife said: "No, something more. Give me his address. and if there's a telegraph from here I'll make the wire hot with a message that will stop his marrying."

"A splendid idea! Why didn't I think of that?"

"Because he isn't your husband, I suppose."

They found the telegraph office easily enough, and the operator was about to accept Mrs. Rodney's message when suddenly he remembered that "the wire to Danfield was down," and nothing could be got through. Of course they perceived no connection between that fact and the pantomime of a man who stood behind them, shaking his head and showing a $10 note to the operator. They were not even aware of the man.

"Fate is against us," muttered Mrs. Rodney as she turned away. "The devil always helps Jerry."

Hardly had they regained the tavern when a man came offering to hire them a wheel, only, as it was a man's wheel, the rider would have to wear bloomers, he said.

"That's all right," replied Mrs. Rodney. "I'll have them by the time you get the wheel here."

With the aid of the landlady's sewing machine she quickly transformed a dark petticoat into a pair of baggy trousers, which she tied about her ankles with strings. Her silk skirt she rolled in a tight bundle, to be carried behind her and donned at the journey's end, and when the wheel was brought she mounted it at once.

The hills were hard to climb and dangerous to descend. Each woman had several falls, but neither was seriously hurt, the worst damage being a scratch on Mrs. Rodney's brow from which a little blood trickled. Neither of them noticed that a man followed them on a wheel all the way, the same one who stood behind them in the telegraph office.

A few minutes before 3 o'clock they reached their destination, and Mrs. Rodney donned her silk skirt. The smart and respectable appearance it gave to her lower half contrasted so violently with her bedraggled, disheveled, gore dabbled and mud caked upper half that Kate could not refrain from laughing, but her own plight was little if any better.

Mrs. Peyton, who met them on the porch, cried out in alarm: "Good gracious! What has happened? Oh, I'm sorry you went out."

"You will be glad of it directly, I hope," answered the girl seriously. "Has the wedding taken place yet?"

"Oh, yes. Half an hour ago."

Mrs. Rodney sprang forward, her eyes blazing, and hoarsely demanded, "Do you mean that Mr. Rodney married somebody here today?"

"Why, certainly; yes," replied Mrs. Peyton, retreating a little before the frightful looking woman. "He married my daughter."

"He couldn't. He is my husband!"

Mrs. Peyton shrieked and swooned in Kate's arms. Several persons ran out at her cry, and Mrs. Rodney slipped into the parlor unnoticed in the confusion, followed by the pursuing wheelman, who stealthily appeared from the shrubbery.

The enraged wife strode quickly to where Mrs. Rodney stood surrounded by guests and burst into a torrent of denunciation. "You treacherous, lying scoundrel!" she hurled at him in a voice vibrant with fury. "I've caught you, have I? You thought you could fool me with your lies. So this is your big bank cracking job, eh? Marrying another girl! Where is she? Show her to me. I want to tell her who you are—what she has married. You lying thief!"

The respectable company stood in petrified horror. The bridegroom at bay, nerved by desperation to a masterly effort at bravado, exclaimed in assumed astonishment, "Who is this crazy woman?"

"What! You don't know me, Jerry! And I'm crazy, am I? Not half as crazy as you'll be when I land you in state prison for bigamy."

"I'll get an officer," he cried, starting for the door, in hope of flight, but at his second step that pursuing wheelman stopped him, cheerily saying, "For fear she might forget to press the bigamy charge, Jerry, I'll just scoop you in myself for burglary."

Jerry sprang back and attempted to draw a revolver, but was clutched, "back heeled" and laid low in an instant with the man kneeling on his breast. Wifely fealty, overcoming sense of wrong, moved Mrs. Rodney to hurl a heavy porcelain vase at the officer's head, but luckily her aim was bad. When the prostrate rascal had been handcuffed, his captor explained:

"I am John Lawrence of the New

York detective force, and this man, known to you as Mr. Fitz-Maurice Rodney, as I understand, is Jerry Donohue, bank burglar, confidence man and accomplished all around crook. He's wanted for the South Elkton bank robbery. We got his pals three days ago, but he was so well covered we might not have run across him for a long time if I hadn't suspected where Molly was going when she slipped out of town. And he came near getting away as it was. If he had got that wire you wanted to send, old girl, he'd be far away now."

As Jerry already had a wife his marriage with Selina Peyton was, of course, void. In prison he sadly reflects that he was "ruined by a woman," but, like most men making such retrospective lament, does not really know which particular woman did the mischief.

Tossing In a Blanket.

Tossing in a blanket was formerly a punishment for insubordinate volunteers during the Napoleon panic period. The Westminster boys once seized a bookseller, Curle, who had pirated and published the head king's scholar's oration without permission, and after tossing him in a blanket ducked him under the pump and kicked him out of Dean's yard.

In the Alps.

On reaching a certain spot the driver turned round on his seat and observed to the passengers: "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys. I must therefore ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot."—Swiss Paper.

The active part of man consists of powerful instincts, some of which are gentle and continuous; others violent and short; some baser, some nobler, and all necessary.—F. W. Newman.

Queer Facts About Spiders.

My attention was called by a clerk in a drug store to a web which had been superbly decorated with flakes and scales of logwood. I thought at first that this beautiful passementerie effect had been produced accidentally, but after watching for a few minutes I saw the spider descend into the box of logwood, affix a thread of silk to a flake of the dye, hoist it to the web above and securely fasten it to one of the transverse strands. The glittering scales moved at the slightest jar or when they were struck by a current of air and were dazzling to the eye. This little decorative artist had indeed constructed a truly palatial residence.

Some spiders unquestionably are affected by music to a marked degree.

On one occasion I noticed a spider which had swung down from the ceiling of a church and hung suspended just above the organist's hands. The organist informed me that he had repeatedly noticed that spiders were affected by music. Several days afterward while seated at the organ I observed the same spider. Several times I drove her away and enticed her back by playing alternately soft andante and loud bravura selections. Professor C. Reclain, during a concert at Leipsic, saw a spider descend from one of the chandeliers while a violin solo was being played, but as soon as the orchestra began to sound it quickly ran back again.—Boston Herald.

Complacency.

"Yes," said Willie Wibbles, "I went to the weception with a boil on my neck."

"And what did your friends think of you?"

"All jealous, deah boy. It was the swellest thing there."—Washington Star.

THE SONG OF THE GUN.

The furnace was white with steel alight
When my new born spirit came
In a molten flood of the war god's blood,
In a passion of fire and flame.

I looked o'er the deep from a lofty steep
With a strong heart full of pride,
Like a king alone on his stately throne
Whose word no man denied.

My thunder spoke from the battle smoke
When the waves ran crimson red,
And heroes died by my iron side
Till the foreign foemen fled.

The sentence of death was in my breath,
And many a ship went down.
Oh, the gun is lord of the feeble sword,
And greater is his renown.

Now the long grass hides my rusty sides,
And round me the children play.
But I dream by night of a last great fight,
Ere the trump of the judgment day.

For men must fight in the cause of right
Till the time when war shall cease,
And the song of the gun will ne'er be done
Till the dawn of lasting peace.
—New York Tribune.

DAPHNE.

Tall, angular and peculiarly plain, she was the wife of a Queensland bush carrier, and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that ladies of that station are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily laden bullock wagons across the plains and never ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to a civilized life again.

In the Queensland bush carrying trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries—the townships of Hughenden, Longreach and Charleville—and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table topped wagons bound for the stations in the great west, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, jog trot class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Let me picture for you a night's camp of one of these nomad families.

Imagine a treeless plain, say, some 200 or 300 miles from civilization, extending as far as the eye can reach on every side. In the foreground you will probably have a fair sized water hole, up to the side of which as you look lumbers an enormous wagon, piled with loading of every kind and description and drawn by perhaps 20 bullocks. Wearied after their long day's march, the team drags up to the water and then comes to a halt with a deep grunt of satisfaction. The sun, which throughout the day has caused them untold agonies, now lies low upon the horizon, turning the dreary plain into the likeness of a waveless sea and painting the placid water hole with colors of ever changing beauty. Once at a standstill, the work of unyoking commences, and after this is accomplished the off sider, or driver's assistant, bells certain bullocks and conducts the herd to water and the best grass. The driver meanwhile places the yokes in proper order upon the pole preparatory to an early start upon the morrow.

The carrier's wife by this time has descended from her perch on the summit of the load, and with a crowd of nut brown children at her heels has set about her preparation of the evening meal. Ere it is eaten the sun has packed his pillows in the west and dropped into his crimson bed.

As daylight disappears and without an interval of twilight, darkness descends upon the plain, and one by one sundry jewels drop out of the treasure house of night to deck the canopy of heaven. The stillness is almost remarkable. and later on when each member of the tiny party has found a resting place among the loading or beneath the wagon it becomes even more intense till only the whistle of a curlew, the cry of a marauding dingo or the distant boom of the bullock bells jars upon the sleeping night.

By daybreak the community is once more astir, and when breakfast has been eaten the team is yoked up. Then the woman places herself and children upon the top of the wagon, the carrier takes his place and cracks his heavy whip, the bullocks sway forward, and once more the journey is resumed across the same interminable plain. So, week in and week out, from year's end to year's end, the same life goes forward, never varying save when rain or scarcity of grass makes the track impassable. Small wonder, therefore, that the women grow to be hard and rough, consorting, as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man. These are some of the folk who in reality do the building up of our colonies, although the credit goes to another noiser, uglier and far less useful class. But to get back to my story.

As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular and particularly plain, and in spite of the glaring incongruity of it it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hidgeree-Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with them occurred on the edge of a Boree scrub, a dismal place and more than 100 miles removed from either of the above townships They were camped beside a big water hole, and on dismounting from my horse I was introduced by the carrier with becoming ceremony to his wife. Great were the proofs of friendship they showed me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality. Next morning I went my way, they theirs, and it was nearly a year before we met again.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon, and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner which by those unskilled in such matters might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string, for his eyes lit up, his voice softened, and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

"She is gettin on well," he said, "but all the same it is terribly slow work."

Now, it must be known here that, although the Kalaba hospital occupies the best position in the township, even then it is, if anything, a little less cheerful than an undertaker's showroom. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stares at it from the fourth, and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid. I am told that Kalaba was only designed as a depot for the great west, and I console myself with the reflection that in the very near future the overland railway will obviate that necessity. Then it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. At present it is the decalogue turned backward.

When my business was finished I rode up to the hospital and left some newspapers. Daphne being the only patient, I found her occupying the best bed in the only ward. Her wiry black hair [illegible] in [illegible] confusion about the pillow. while her complexion harmonized, as well as a well tanned skin would permit, with the dingy whiteness of the counterpane. Only the great dark eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which when read aright spelt hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Toward the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and preceded by the matron he stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway dazed, bewildered perhaps by the half darkness. Then recognizing his wife he advanced toward the bed.

"Daphne, old gal," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, "an 'ow's it with ye now? Ye looks better by a darned sight."

She gave a little sigh before she replied:

"I'm nearly well now, Bill, better'n I 'ave been by a long chalk. Sit ye down, old man, an tell us 'ow it goes with the children an the team."

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place fell to scrubbing his face with a flaring red cotton handkerchief.

"The kids is fit, an the team's first class," he answered.

Then, with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown hands upon the coverlet.

"My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin."

Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little wan smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face. Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

"An 'ow's the roads lookin out back?" she asked.

"A1 an no mistake, green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgeree creek there's water in every hole, an the little wild flowers yer used to like is that thick along the track yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some." On the lining of his big cabbage tree hat he took a tiny bunch of bush bluebells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule. She, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks.

"Bill," she said softly, "you was allus a good chap to me."

"Nay, nay. my lass; you mustn't say that. You don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder. Things ain't the same at all without ye. Make 'aste an get well an come back to the kids an me an let's get out of this 'ere town."

"Bill, I shan't be"—

"Shan't be what, lass?"

He looked rather anxiously down at her.

"I shan't be"— The weak voice paused as if to think of a word. Then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued.

Finally she said:

"I—I shan't be long."

Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued:

"I'm 'avin new tires put on the fore wheels, an we've got a new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an Blossom, that were too old for the work. We've got full loadin out to the Diammantia an back, an when the trip's done there'll perhaps be a matter o' £20 to put in the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass. an come back to your place on the lead. The bush wind, an the blue sky, an the sight o' them wild flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin any worse, are yer?"

"No, old man. The doctor says I'll be out this side o' Sunday."

"That's the talk! We're camped down yonder on the creek, an the day ye're out I'll come up an fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, an the loadin'll be aboard, an the very next mornin we'll have the yokes on an be where a man's got room to breathe."

"Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like what the parson who comes here every Monday calls poetry."

There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply:

"Yer see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't been ill like this afore."

Another long silence fell upon the pair. Then he rose to say goodby, and his wife's face grew, if possible, paler than before.

"Bill," she began falteringly, "I've been a-tryin all the time yer've been here to tell yer somethin, but I dunno how to begin. It's this way"—

"Out wi' it, my lass. What's wrong? Ain't they been a-treatin yer well in 'orsepital?"

"It's not that, Bill," she answered. "But there—I can't tell ye. Flesh an blood couldn't, let alone yer wife. Ye must just ask the doctor when yer get outside if 'e's got anything to say agin me walkin with the team. Will yer?"

"If yer say so, in course. But, Daphne, there ain't nothin agin it, is there?"

"You ax 'im. 'E'll tell yer, Bill. But 'ere's the matron comin. I guess yer'd better be goin. Tell them kiddies their mother ain't forgot 'em."

Raising herself with an effort, she pulled the big man's tangled head down to her and kissed him on the forehead with a gentleness that would have been grotesque if the sentiment that prompted it had not been so grewsomely pathetic. Then as the matron approached the bed he went down the corridor to find the house surgeon.

The latter, I may tell you, was a rough man, imbittered by hard work and insufficient returns, the position of house surgeon in a bush hospital being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession.

When Daphne's husband entered, he was engaged in writing to the board, demanding for the sixth time an increase in his meager salary.

He looked up and seeing the man before him said roughly:

"Well, what do you want?"

The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

"Beg yer pardon, sir, an sorry for interruptin, but the missus axed me to ax you if it were likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin alongside the team when she comes out?"

"Whose missis? Oh, I understand—the woman in the ward there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man, what are you talking about! Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?"

"I mean in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out."

"Well enough to come out? Why, man alive, she's as well now as ever she will be. It was a compound fracture of both femurs and a double amputation. She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with. No, no! You'd better look out for a house in the township and find somebody to move her about for the rest of her life. She'll never be able to travel with you again. Here, hang it man, go outside if you are going to be ill."

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but—if yer don't mind I'll just sit down for a minute. Everything's a-goin round an round, an I don't somehow feel kinder well."—Chambers' Journal.

THE TIPPING NUISANCE.

How It Operates In London, Paris and New York City.

The tipping system has rendered existence in Paris and London more of a pain than a pleasure, but in those cities the expectations of those who are in the habit of receiving gratuities are at least within moderation. Even the harpies in the shape of the old women who insist on taking charge of a man's overcoat or stick—"Voulez-vous vous debarrasser, monsieur?" is their monotonous chant—are got rid of with a few sous, but New York is a place of greater expectations, where the lowest gratuity is 10 cents, and a quarter of a dollar the usual consideration expected for anything like the delicate attentions crowned by a finger bowl. The cabman who sits impassive on the box of the coupe and has no idea of getting down to attend to the luggage, the porter who brings the baggage or parcels, the waiter who serves the lightest refection or even drinks, the barber who shaves one, the boy who brushes coat and hat—each and all are inspired by expectations fostered by their employers, who rely upon the public to help them pay wages.

The barber shop nuisance is particularly exasperating, and ought to be abolished through the adoption of some such plan as obtains in certain old established shops on the boulevard, such as Francois'. The customer produces a franc, or 50 centimes, a half franc (10 cents). The cashier keeps 5 cents (25 centimes) for himself, and places the equal amount of change on the desk, where it is appropriated by the barber. Thus the shop gets 5 cents, the barber 5 cents—share and share alike.

The same sort of organized system of "tipping" is adopted at certain hotels in Paris, particularly those patronized rather by provincials than by foreigners. When the bill is presented, no "attendance" is charged in the account, but a certain percentage is added to the sum total, and this money placed on the desk is equally distributed among the servants. Thus the visitor is spared the annoyance of being virtually obliged to pay twice over for attendance, for at other hotels, after having at least one franc per diem attendance in the bill, he is confronted with the following persons, who expect, and in some cases demand, "tips:" First, the chambermaid, who has brought him hot water and the tub; next, the masculine assistant of the femme de chambre, who has "made up" the room; next, the bedroom waiter, who has served the first breakfast; next the dining room waiters in a body, from the head waiter to the occasional attendant; finally, the old established concierge, who has seldom stirred from her place to hand him letters and the key, and, as a sort of an anticlimax, her youthful and spry assistant.

Therefore, New York, in its "tipping" complications, is not yet up to Paris, where ladies without small change in their purses are pursued by irate coachers with vermilion hued maledictions; but for a new metropolis we are going it pretty strong. The difference and distinction between the European tip and the American one is that abroad the individual who expects a gratuity —and this is particularly true in England—as a rule does something to earn and deserve it, whereas here at home the driver, who simply drives, for which he is presumably paid; the barber, who merely shaves; the waiter, who serves, etc., are only performing their duty without extraordinary pains or service. Why, then, should they be "tipped?"—New York Letter in Boston Herald.

Not Pretty, but Valuable.

In discussing the risks which professional ball players run and the prevalence of decrepit and crippled fingers in the profession, the baseball editor of the New York Herald recalls the case of Silver Flint, once a famous catcher, whose hands were mutilated and pounded out of shape. Back in the eighties Flint was in a railroad wreck in Illinois. When they dug him out he was badly skinned and somewhat stunned. Several surgeons who were at the scene of the accident began a hasty examination of the half conscious baseball catcher to discover what injuries he had received. They found none until they raised his right hand. It was bloody (from a cut in the wrist), and of course in its natural unshapeliness. "Good heavens!" exclaimed one of the surgeons, "the poor fellow hasn't a whole bone in his hand. It will have to be amputated." Silver was regaining consciousness and heard the doctor's decision. Jerking the member from the would be amputator's grasp, he yelled: "Cut it off, eh? Well, I guess not! It's a bit out of gear, but there's not another in the League that can stop a wild pitch so well. Excuse me; I'll keep it. I've use for it in my business."

Mrs. Bill Cook's Gang.

Our correspondent at Guthrie writes us as follows under date of nineteen hundred and something:

"The west bound express, due at 12:15 this afternoon, was held up by female bandits about ten miles east of this city. Several kodak views of a bonnet that was just too lovely for anything were taken, but the male passengers who had seats were courteously allowed to keep them. Great excitement prevails."—Detroit Tribune.

The Terrible Buddhistic Hell.

The place of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is, providing such a thing be possible, a more terrible place of punishment than the Christian hell is supposed to be. This Buddhistic hell is a sort of apartment house, divided into eight "easy stages." In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for untold ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with redhot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin is all carefully filed or rasped from the body and irritating mixtures applied. In the third stage the nails, hair and eyes are plucked out and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are carefully roasted, Yema, the Buddhistic satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immense vat among the eyes, nails and hair previously removed. Then, in plain hearing of the sore footed, blind, maimed, roasted and bleeding victim, the whole horrid mass is pounded into a jelly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown, and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of perdition.—St. Louis Republic.

Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not the occasional organs by which they act and the transitory modes in which they appear.—Burke.

Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

"I GUESS I CAN."

She washed the dishes and made the bed
And patiently got on her knees to scrub.
In winter she milked the cows in the shed,
In summer bent o'er the steaming tub.
She made the garden and swept and baked
And cooked for boarders and raked the hay
And never complained that her poor head ached
Or John was almost always away.
When they asked her if she would like to vote
She said with a sigh and a look remote,
"I have done more work than my old man.
If I have the time, why, I guess I can."

She rocked the cradle the while she churned;
She kept the children so clean and neat,
And most of the living her poor hands earned,
While John talked politics in the street.
When any were sick, the watch she kept.
She gathered the little ones Sabbath day
And walked two miles to the church alway.
She mended and sewed while her husband slept;
She taught the children each day a spell.
When they asked if she favored the suffrage plan,
She timidly glanced at her husband, "Well,
If John is willing, I guess I can."

And so she drudged, and she baked and brewed,
And toiled from dawn to the midnight hour.
John drank and gossiped and spat and chewed
And talked and grumbled of "woman's sphere."
And her children grew into stalwart men,
Brave and helpful and by her side.
She knew she made them, and once again
When they asked the question she said with pride:
"There's a hundred dollar woman sometimes
Yoked to a small ten dollar man.
I'm sure it isn't one of the crimes
To vote against him. I guess I can."
—Mrs. Emma P. Seabury in Woman's Journal.

The Cock of the Walk.

He has all the faults and few of the virtues of a jealous husband, and if he objects forcibly to see any one dangling about his own wives he is absolutely unscrupulous in the matter of poaching on other people's preserves. In short, in his matrimonial relations his motto may be said to be, "What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own." When he is in good temper he is moderately polite to the fair sex and may at times be seen standing with his eyes half closed while a chosen circle of lady friends perform for him much the same kindly office as Bottom exacted of his attendant elves.

When, again, he has eaten and drunk as much as he can conveniently carry, he will be generous enough to summon his favorite sultana for the time being and allow her to pick up any surplus food. But even then it is a Damoclean repast, for if her lord and master, who is like the schoolboy — generally hungry and always greedy—suddenly feels that his crop can contain one more grain the lady becomes painfully aware that her presence—or shall we say her assistance?—is no longer required. She becomes the recipient of a hearty peck and is sent about her business, an innocent victim, like Vashti, of a despot's caprice.

At the morning and evening meal, when all fowls have a right to feel hungry and there is a general rush for the food, we note a painful lack of dignity about the royal movements, for then cocky thinks nothing of upsetting the ladies of the court in all directions and pecking right and left with a hearty good will which spares neither age nor sex.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Causes of Diphtheria.

It has been asserted that there is an observable increase in diphtheria cases among school children almost immediately upon their return to school after holidays and a gradual decrease as the term advances. This is accounted for by the fact that during vacations the drainage is imperfectly attended to, but with the opening of school there is abundant flushing of pipes by reason of constant use. This theory is interesting when it is taken into consideration that a number of violent outbreaks of this disease have followed long dry spells. Under such circumstances an abundance of water becomes a matter of the utmost importance. Indeed many physicians and scientists are willing to assert that an ample supply of good water, with the free use of potash or good soap, would do much toward keeping not only diphtheria but many other diseases in check.

VOLUMINOUS BIBLES.

Some Sacred Writings That Are Perfectly Appalling In Their Bulk.

The sacred books of the Buddhists are perfectly appalling in their bulk. They are called the Tripitaka, the Three Baskets, and were originally written in Pali, a vernacular form of Sanskrit. They have been translated into many languages, such as Chinese, Tibetan and Mantchoo. They have also been written and published in various alphabets, not only in Devanagari, but in Cingalese, Burmese and Siamese letters. The copy in 19 volumes lately presented to the University of Oxford by the king of Siam contains the Pali text written in Siamese letters, but the language is always the same. It is the Pali, or the vulgar tongue, as it was supposed to have been spoken by Buddha himself about 500 B. C. After having been preserved for centuries by oral tradition it was reduced for the first time to writing under King Vattagamani in 88-76 B. C., the time when the truly literary period of India may be said to begin. But besides this Pali canon there is another in Sanskrit, and there are books in the Sanskrit canon which are not to be found in the Pali canon, and vice versa.

According to a tradition current among the southern as well as the northern Buddhists, the original canon consisted of 84,000 books, 82,000 being ascribed to Buddha himself and 2,000 to his disciples. Book, however, seems to have meant here no more than treatise or topic.

But as a matter of fact the Pali canon consists, according to the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, of 275,250 stanzas and its commentary of 361,550 stanzas, each stanza reckoned at 32 syllables. This would give us 8,808,000 syllables for the text and 11,569,600 syllables for the commentary. This is of course an enormous amount. The question is only whether the Rev. Spence Hardy and his assistants, who are responsible for these statements, counted rightly. Professor Rhys Davis, by taking the average of words in ten leaves, arrives at much smaller sums—namely, at 1,752,800 words for the Pali canon, which in an English translation, as he says, would amount to about twice that number, or 3,505,600 words. Even this would be ample for a Bible. It would make the Buddhist Bible nearly five times as large as our own, but it seems to me that Spence Hardy's account is more likely to be correct. Professor Rhys Davis, by adopting the same plan of reckoning, brings the number of words in the Bible to about 900,000. We found it given as 773,692. But who shall decide?

What the bulk of such a work would be we may gather from what we know of the bulk of the translations. There is a complete copy of the Chinese translation at the India office in London; also in the Bodleian, and a catalogue of it made by a Japanese pupil of mine, the Rev. Bunylu Nanjio, brings the number of separate works in it to 1,662. The Tibetan translation, which dates from the eighth century, consists of two collections, commonly called the Kanjur and Tanjur.

The Kanjur consists of 100 volumes in folio, the Tanjur of 225 volumes, each volume weighing between four and five pounds. This collection, published by command of the emperor of China, sells for £630. A copy of it is found at the India office. The Buriates, a Mongolian tribe converted to Buddhism, bartered 7,000 oxen for one copy of the Kanjur, and the same tribe paid 12,000 silver rubles for a complete copy of both Kanjur and Tanjur. What must it be to believe in 325 volumes, each weighing five pounds —nay, even to read through such a bible!—Professor Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

GAMBLING IN MEXICO.

Characters Met With In the Gaming Rooms of the Capital City.

Enter a Mexican gambling saloon when things are a little slack, and you will see the habitues of the monte table discussing the topics of the day while they roll their cigarettes and loll back in their chairs as if they had met for no other purpose. Seated on a chair a little removed from the table is a man who has probably inhabited the gambling saloon for days past. He is now overcome with sleep, and as he sits with his legs crossed and his head rocking from side to side one wonders how he can keep his seat or how it is that his greasy tall hat does not topple off.

Then you will see an unshaven, unkempt fellow nursing his knee and moodily gazing at the roulette table for hours, while the little ball spins round and the croupier rakes in the coin and hands out the winnings with machinelike deftness and accuracy. No one ever suspects the croupier. Nine out of ten of those who bet and win have no idea of what is coming to them. But they take what the croupier gives them as a matter of course. He has no inducement to cheat, for the bank is not his, and anyway the bank must win in the long run, come what may.

A Chinaman may saunter in to give some animation to the table. He asks for no chips, but wagers hard, cold silver. Where the Mexican lays $1 he will lay $5, and oftener than not he wins. With the absence of undignified hurry and eagerness peculiar to the oriental he does not take in his winnings at once, but produces a cigarette, rolls and lights it and then lays holds of his dollars. You will be sure to see at any table a mild lunatic with paper and pencil before him noting each point and slowly laying foundations of a "new and infallible system." As if there were any way of obviating a law of nature!

Now and then a young gambler will enter, bringing with him into the heavy laden atmosphere a gust of fresh air from the street. He will bet and have a run of luck that will draw to him the attention of all the lack luster eyes that surround the table. One or more will gradually sidle up to him and with parched, trembling lips ask him where he is going to place his money and ask leave to follow his lead.

Where but round the gambling table do you see so many and such striking examples of statuesque immobility? You count not by minutes, but by hours, the time that gray haired votary of chance has sat with his eyes fixed on vacancy. And how much longer will he stay in that posture? Perhaps until the lamps are turned off in the gray morning or until he summons up energy enough to stagger off to the pawnshop to raise a pittance. And that man who has sat so long with his head buried in his hands—what is he thinking of? Perhaps of the home as it was once and as it might have been still.

A sprinkling of Anglo-Saxons is generally there to give heightened piquancy to the scene. A "sporty" railroad conductor just in from his run perhaps goes there to try his luck, and you may see the tattered, demoralized specimen of his race who in sheer pity has been given a trial and turned off by all the American enterprises in Mexico. How does he get a living now?—Mexican Herald.

Complacency.

"Yes," said Willie Wibbles, "I went to the weception with a boil on my neck."

"And what did your friends think of you?"

"All jealous, deah boy. It was the swellest thing there."—Washington Star.

GENERAL MILES.

The Strategy He Employed In Dealing With the Indians.

"Few people have any idea of the strategy employed by General Miles in his Indian campaigns," says Major Girard, who was with General Miles on many campaigns against hostile Indian tribes of the northwest. "Here is a little incident showing that he knew how to deal with them, and that in an emergency he was quick to think and act, and that his measures were effective. Up on Frenchman's creek, near the British line, our band of 120 men were so placed that every one felt a trifle uncomfortable. Within 20 miles of our camp was a band of 2,000 Sioux warriors, armed and anxious for a fight. The chief of the tribe came to our camp for a confab with General Miles. Seeing that a satisfactory and peaceful settlement of the difficulty could not be made, and knowing that the Indian forces far outnumbered ours and that they were nearly as well armed, General Miles ordered a Hotchkiss gun to be loaded and trained to bear on a rock a mile away. At his command the gun was fired, and, of course, the rock was shattered, the pieces flying in all directions. The astonished chief went back to the camp and told his warriors that it was best to leave Bear Coat alone, as his guns shot twice—once at the muzzle and again a mile off.

"He utilized Indian against Indian, and did not rely on any particular tribe or man. In his band of scouts were representatives of all the tribes—Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows, Pawnees, Arapahoes, Nez Perces, etc.—and in every Indian camp within 500 miles he had his spies, whose duty it was to report the course of action decided upon at the war council. Consequently he was enabled to anticipate the movements of a hostile party and meet them at such a point that the advantage was all on his side and victory was comparatively easy.

"During a campaign General Miles sent a young and inefficient officer with two mounted companies to ascertain the exact location of 2,000 Sioux Indians who were supposed to be hunting buffaloes in the neighborhood. The officer found the Indians, but instead of carrying out orders and reporting immediately to General Miles made a little war on his own account, and was drawn into a running fight. Soon surrounded on all sides, he began to realize that he had made a mistake, and sent a courier for aid. General Miles immediately ordered 'boots and saddles' sounded, and started to the rescue. We started on a rapid trot, but, becoming anxious, I urged the general to order a more rapid pace. Said he, 'If I wear out the horses at first, we can't do anything when we arrive.' The horses were kept at a trot, with an occasional gallop, the whole 20 miles. Arriving at the scene of action, he deployed the command into three lines, made a mounted charge, and soon had the Indians scattered far and wide. We camped half way back to the main camp, and General Miles sent for the young officer and talked to him kindly, but firmly, and relieved him from command of the scouts—a very light punishment. But General Miles was always as clement as he could be and maintain the strict discipline for which he was famous."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"There is nothing in the world that I would not do for you, darling," he protested rapturously.

"Oh, really, Ned!" responded the delighted girl. "Then you will go with me tomorrow down to Spot & Cashem's bargain sale?"

But before she had finished speaking the sweet girl's face turned pale. The young man had already fled.—Somerville Journal.

THE PAPER AGE.

Many Strong and Durable Articles Made From Paper Pulp.

We have had the golden age and the iron age and various other ages, but the present, says an exchange, will probably be known as the wooden or paper age. Paper dress material masquerading as silk is the latest invention in the paper line and threatens to drive the silkworm out of business. Spruce sawdust, cotton or jute waste and alcohol are put into the machine and come out at the other end shining, delicately colored, rustling silk, suitable for the most fastidious lady's gown. Of course this paper silk doesn't wear so well as the real fabric, but think how much cheaper it will be!

Enthusiastic paper manufacturers say the new woman and the new man will dine off paper dishes. It is not improbable that the hat of the future will be an indestructible paper affair, impervious to fire and water. Over in Paris any enterprising milliner will be able to show you stylish bonnets and hats made entirely of paper—frame, trimming, ornaments and all. Parasols of paper do not seem to have been thought of yet, but satchels and trunks of paper are common enough. The paper trunk, despite its frail sound, is the despair of the baggage smasher. It refuses to smash.

So do paper car wheels. They have been in use for years on some of the most important railroads in this country. It must not be supposed that the wheels are made entirely of paper. This material only forms the interior shell. Having been subjected to terrific pressure, it is molded and firmly bolted to the outer rim, which is of steel. Greater durability and lightness are claimed for these wheels, but don't let the idea of lightness lead you to get under one. If you do, you may possibly have use for one of the paper coffins which are being turned out at wholesale by a firm at Westfield, Mass.

The railroad train of the future is likely not only to have paper wheels, but to run on paper rails. These are made entirely of paper and are formed in molds under great pressure. They have been used to some extent in Russia and Germany and are said to be free from many of the defects of the ordinary steel rail.

Paper horseshoes are another European invention. Among the advantages claimed for them is that they maintain a rough surface, enabling the horse to get a good grip on the smooth pavements. German paper makers have put on the market a substance called "papier sculptor," which is used instead of clay for modeling. It is simply paper pulp kept soft enough to be worked.

Papier mache ceilings and wall decorations are very fashionable. They may look like leather or brocade or a thousand and one handsome embossed effects, but they are wood pulp just the same.

The house furnishing departments in the big shops furnish interesting evidence of the extent to which paper enters into ordinary life. Paper pails and tubs are appreciated by the suburban dweller who hasn't "set" tubs. They are much lighter and easier to keep clean as well as cheaper than the old style. Water coolers are made of paper. So is the much abused cuspidor.

Peach baskets, berry baskets and butter boxes are made of paper, and almost everything under the sun—salt, which used to come in pretty blue and white bags; oatmeal, crackers, ice cream, candy, shoes, corsets, dresses—is sent home in a paper box.—Baltimore News.

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 20, '95.—The Demand for both comb and extracted honey good. Fair supply. Price of No. 1 white comb 14c. Amber 12c. Dark 10c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. Price 20 to 25c per lb.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 21, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 12 to 15c per pound. Extracted 6 and 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Fair supply Price 26c per lb. for prime yellow.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Supply moderate. Price of comb 9 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax Light supply. Price 28 to 32c per lb. Honey receipts not as much as last year. Prices are good for the times.

H. R. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 19, 1895.—Good demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 13 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. No sale for buckwheat honey in this market.

E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

CINCINNATI, O., No. 20, 1895.—Demand for honey is fair. Good supply. Price of comb 12 to 15c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Very good demand for beewax. Fair supply. Prices 22 to 27c per lb.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 19, 1895.—We have closed out three car loads of California comb honey, also a number of shipments from nearby states. We are in good position to sell fancy comb honey at the following wholesale prices: Fancy white 1 lb. sections 14c lb. No. 1 white 1 lb. sections 13c lb. Amber 12 to 12½c lb. Buckwheat 10c lb. Extracted as to quality and style package 5 to 6½c lb. Beeswax 30c per lb.

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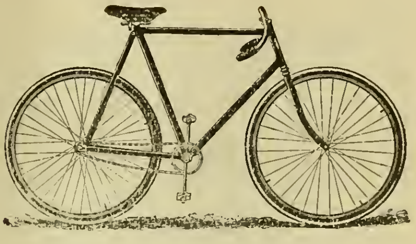
H. C. WARE,
Port Byron, N. Y.

P. S. If bees are paid for this fall, they can be left with me until spring, and I will winter them the best I can.



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